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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

Hello Sailor!

AFRO-PARIS!

THE ODD COUPLE

EDDIE & SUNSHINE INTERVIEW
by Don Watson

TONY MARCHANT
DEAD OR ALIVE
PAUL YOUNG

Eddie and Sunshine. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

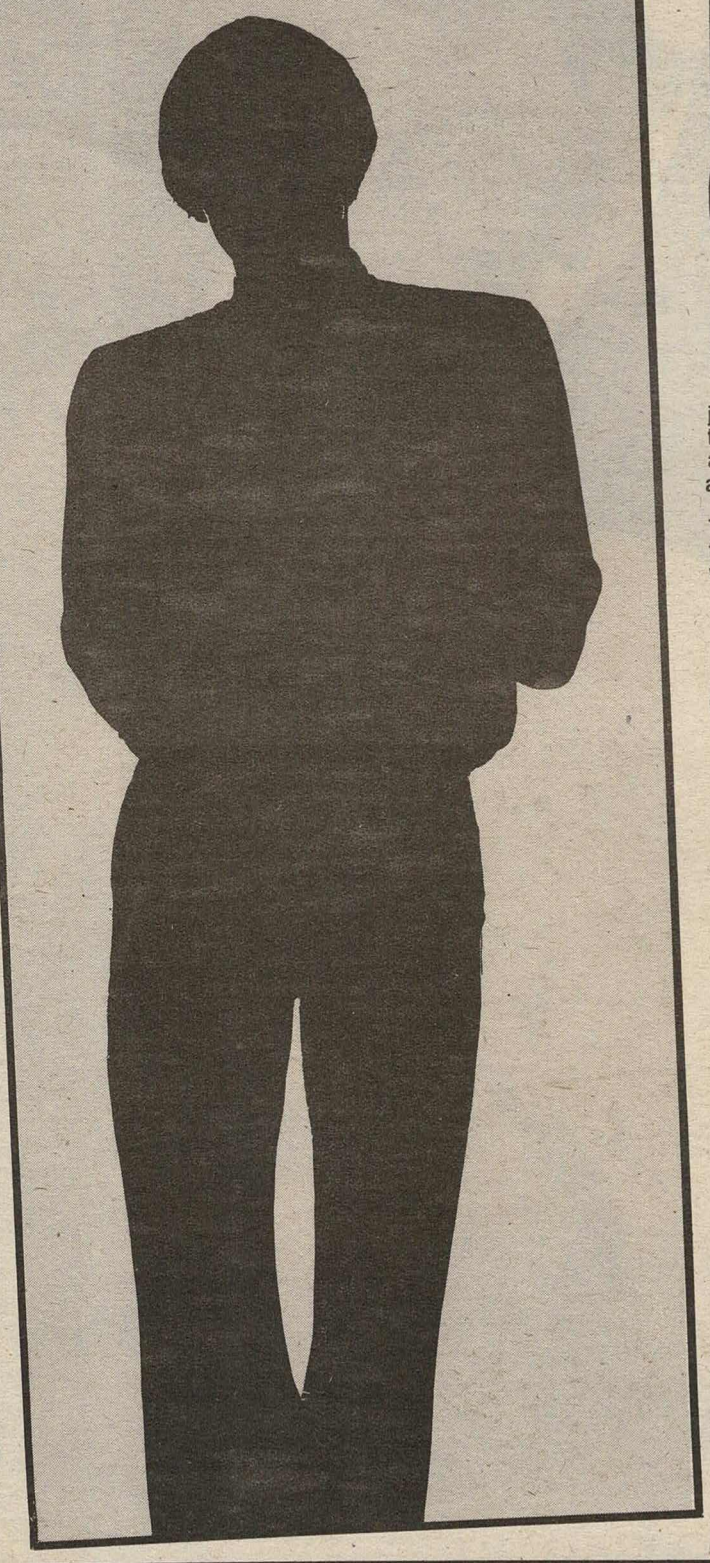
DEVOTO LP & TOUR ● COSTELLO SINGLE & LP ● UNDERCOVER POLICE ● READING WALKOUTS ●

HOWARD DEVOTO's delayed UK tour, his first solo outing since the demise of Magazine, is finally going ahead.

It was originally planned for over a month ago and an itinerary was released to the Press, but it was withdrawn within a matter of hours, so fortunately the cancelled dates waren't printed by the music papers – except *Sounds* who, in their own childish way, probably saw it as the only way of retrieving one of the 34 news exclusives they've lost to *NME* since December.

Confirmed dates for Devoto are at Leeds Warehouse (July 11), Derby Blue Note (12), Liverpool State Rooms (13), Manchester Hacienda Club (14), Glasgow Night Moves (15), Birmingham Tin Can (16) and London Kensington Commonwealth Institute (23). He'll be backed by former Magazine accomplice Dave Formula (keyboards), Alan St. Clair (guitars), Martin Heath (bass) and Pat Ahern (drums).

A principal reason for the tour delay was that his solo album wasn't ready for release at the time of the original dates, but it's now been completed and will be out in mid-July, featuring the same musicians as above. Meanwhile, a single titled 'Rainy Season' is issued by Virgin this week.



IF

ADRIAN THRILLS doffs a trilby to PAUL YOUNG, the man who made cover versions credible again. PETER ANDERSON dusts his lenscap.

DISCOUNTING moments of rare magic like Elvis Costello's cool, tranquil croon through 'One Day I'll Fly Away' and Grace Jones's radical reappraisal of 'Warm Leatherette', the art of song interpretation – as opposed to meek and mawkish covering – would appear to be a dying pursuit.

Resurrecting a hit of yesteryear – preferably a bubblegum classic or a standard from the golden era of soul – has become a well-trodden short cut to chart success over the past 12 months.

But for all the cobwebbed vaults that have been plundered in the search for potential hit singles, the trend has produced next to nothing of lasting artistic value. An easy hit is a cheap hit and almost all of the current crop of covers are very readily forgotten.

The one shining exception to the trough of abject mediocrity is a startling single by Paul Young, once the gritty lead voice with suburban soul revivalists The Q-Tips.

Young has taken Marvin Gaye's 1963 Tamla Motown stomper 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' and transposed the original's gruff, earthy bravado into a slice of magnificent deep soul melancholy. Replacing the trashy Drifters-style strings of the old Motown blueprint with an opaque electronic hum, Young has also altered the entire mood and sentiment of the original, making what was once basically a macho boast int a song of yearning, reflective regret.

Paul Young has been recognised as having one of the most expressive voices in pop for some time. In both The Q-Tips and his previous group Streetband, his ability to control and project his voice from the stage established him

COSTELLO UNCLOAKED

ELVIS COSTELLO flings aside his cloak of anonymity as The Imposter, and re-emerges under his true colours with a new single and album.

This is the immediate result of a new licensing deal just finalised by F-Beat Records with RCA, following the ending of their association with WEA – the agreement is worldwide, apart from North America and Scandinavia.

Released on July 29, the new album is titled 'Punch The Clock' and – in addition to The Attractions – it features the Afrodiziak singers and the TKO horns. It was produced by the team of Clive Winstanley, known for their work with Madness and Dexys, among others.

Highlights of the set are a remodelled version of 'Pills And Soap', his now-deleted chart hit as The Imposter; Costello and The Attractions' styling of 'Shipbuilding', the Robert Wyatt hit written for him by Elvis and Clive Langer, and here featuring the trumpet playing of jazz star Chet Baker; and the new Costello single 'Everyday I Write The Book'. The LP contains 13 tracks.

The single is released this weekend, and features the backing vocals of Afrodiziak. The B-side 'Heathen Town' is not on the album, although it was recorded during the same sessions.

***CURTIS MAYFIELD** is to top London Council event at the bill in the latest Greater the Crystal Palace Bowl this Saturday (2), and it will be the final performance of his UK tour. Billed as "Blues In the Bowl", it's another of the string of concerts being organised by the council to mark Peace Year – and admission is free.*

Also appearing are harmonica master James Cotton, long time sideman of the late Muddy Waters and now fronting his own five-piece band; Alexis Korner guesting with Mainsqueeze, the R&B outfit featuring Eric Bell and Dick Heckstall-Smith, among others; and Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis – plus surprise guests.

The event starts at noon and finishes at 8pm. Besides the main concert, there'll be numerous stalls and sideshows run by peace groups and community organisations, as well as children's entertainments. There's ample free car parking, and the site is easily reached by rail (Victoria to Crystal Palace on Penge West), various bus routes from the West End – or tube to Brixton, then by 2b or 3 bus.

***READING FESTIVAL** organisers have encountered unexpected snags in their plans to feature several top American acts in this year's event.*

Of the five who were reported two weeks ago as being under negotiation, three have already dropped out – The Ramones, Nils Lofgren and Todd Rundgren & Utopia. And one of the leading British acts already announced, Big Country, have further complicated matters by withdrawing.

Booker Jack Barrie told NME*: "Our problem is that, with a maximum attendance of 30,000, we can't afford to bring our major US acts exclusively for Reading. We have to bring them in on the back of a European tour, and it seems that a number of festivals on the European circuit are falling apart, so the acts in question aren't now coming over."*

Barrie added that he is still hopeful of securing either Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul or Southside Johnny & The Asbury Dukes – or both. He is talking with The Band who (as previously reported) are reforming to take part in the World Peace Festival at the beginning of August, though there are now rumours that all is not well with this event – but it's been impossible to check the story as the festival's publicist has, significantly, left!

Big Country pulled out because they said they wanted a holiday, so now the organisers are busily trying to book names of equivalent stature to fill the gaps. Until they do so, Stranlgers will headline on the Friday (August 26), Black Sabbath on the Saturday with Marillion second top, and Thin Lizzy on the Sunday.

THE POLICE are planning a few carefully selected lowkey and unannounced UK dates in July, when they will be working under an alias. So if you happen to spot a group called The Synchronicities or The Strings playing in your local club, you'll know what to expect!

Reason for the subterfuge is that they are using the gigs to warm up for their major two and a half month US tour, which starts on July 23. As already reported, their next official UK tour will be just before Christmas, when they'll be appearing in a number of key cities throughout the country.

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

4 *EDDIE & SUNSHINE*
6 *CHART TO CHART*
9 *HONOR BLACKMAN*
11 *SOFT DRINKS*
12 *SWAN'S WAY*
14 *PETE BURNS*
16 *TONY MARCHANT*
17 *KING OF COMEDY*
18 *SINGLES*
20 *FLASHDANCE*
22 *L'AFRIQUE*
26 *POWER POP LPs*
27 *WHAM! REVIEW*
31 *PRINT*
32 *RECORD NEWS*
33 *TOUR NEWS*
35 *GIG GUIDE*
38 *LIVE! BAUHAUS*
39 *SUPERFLY CURTIS*
43 *REGGAE*
45 *X-WORD*
46 *GASBAG*
47 *T-ZERS*

16 *TONY MARCHANT*

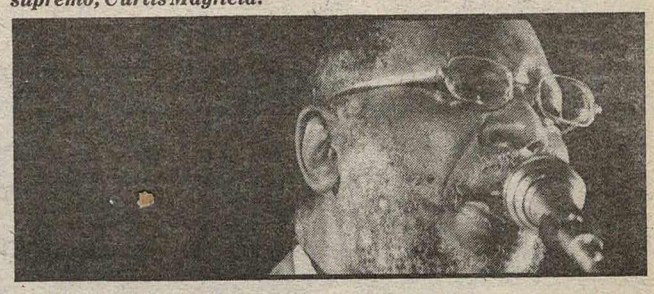
***Rebel without a degree? Paolo Hewitt talks to the new wave playwright of* Thick As Thieves *and* Welcome Home.**

22 *L'AFRIQUE*

Vivien Goldman takes a long, lingering look at the vibrant African music scene of Paris. And we give you the full, unexpurgated account.

39 *SUPERFLY CURTIS*

Graham Lock throws aside his beret and moves on up with the soul supremo, Curtis Mayfield.



CURTIS TO TOP BOWL ● LIFTING THE HAT OFF PAUL YOUNG ●

THE HAT FITS...

as a live performer with few peers. But it is only since the start of his solo career late last year that Young has finally harnessed fully his talents.

The two singles that preceded the current hit – 'Iron Out The Roughspots' and 'Love Of The Common People' – were also both covers, although they too hinted at the singer's ability to make a song his.

"I see it more as a case of interpreting other people's songs," he explains. "You can take someone else's song and twist it around to your way of thinking. It's not that I can't be bothered to write songs, because I have written quite a few, but I'm not going to record my own songs unless they're better than other people's.

"People say that I'm over-critical of my own songs, and I suppose I am, but I find it hard to come up with lyrics and music that are totally original."

A forthcoming LP recorded with producer Laurie Latham and Young's part-time band The Family features a few songs written by the singer and his keyboard player Ian Kewley, but is most notable for his interpretation of other people's material, the most staggering example being his re-vamping of Joy Division's 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'.

"We're certainly expecting some flak for that," he admits rather sheepishly. "A lot of people take Joy Division very seriously and are a bit upset that someone like me should try one of their songs, but why should there be certain songs that people aren't supposed to touch?

Young cites his reading of 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' as an example of putting a different slant on an old song, rather than merely tracing the path of the original.

"We came up with the idea of doing that song after trying to think of some of the greatest *titles* of all time. I always remembered that one from the parties I used to go to when I was still at school in Luton. But when we came to recording it, I wanted to get away from the slightly macho mood of Marvin Gaye's version.

"The way I see it is as being about a guy who had decided that's the way he wants to live his life — wherever he lays his hat — but is still ridden by guilt and doubt. He wants the girl to understand the way that he is, hoping that she can cope with it, although inside he knows that it can never work out that way.

"It's the sort of situation that always turns sour in the end. That's why the mood of the song is really pretty melancholy. There has always been a tradition of sad, melancholy songs in blues and soul. Even someone like Sam Cooke, whose songs were always based on catchy, major chords, had that sadness in his voice."

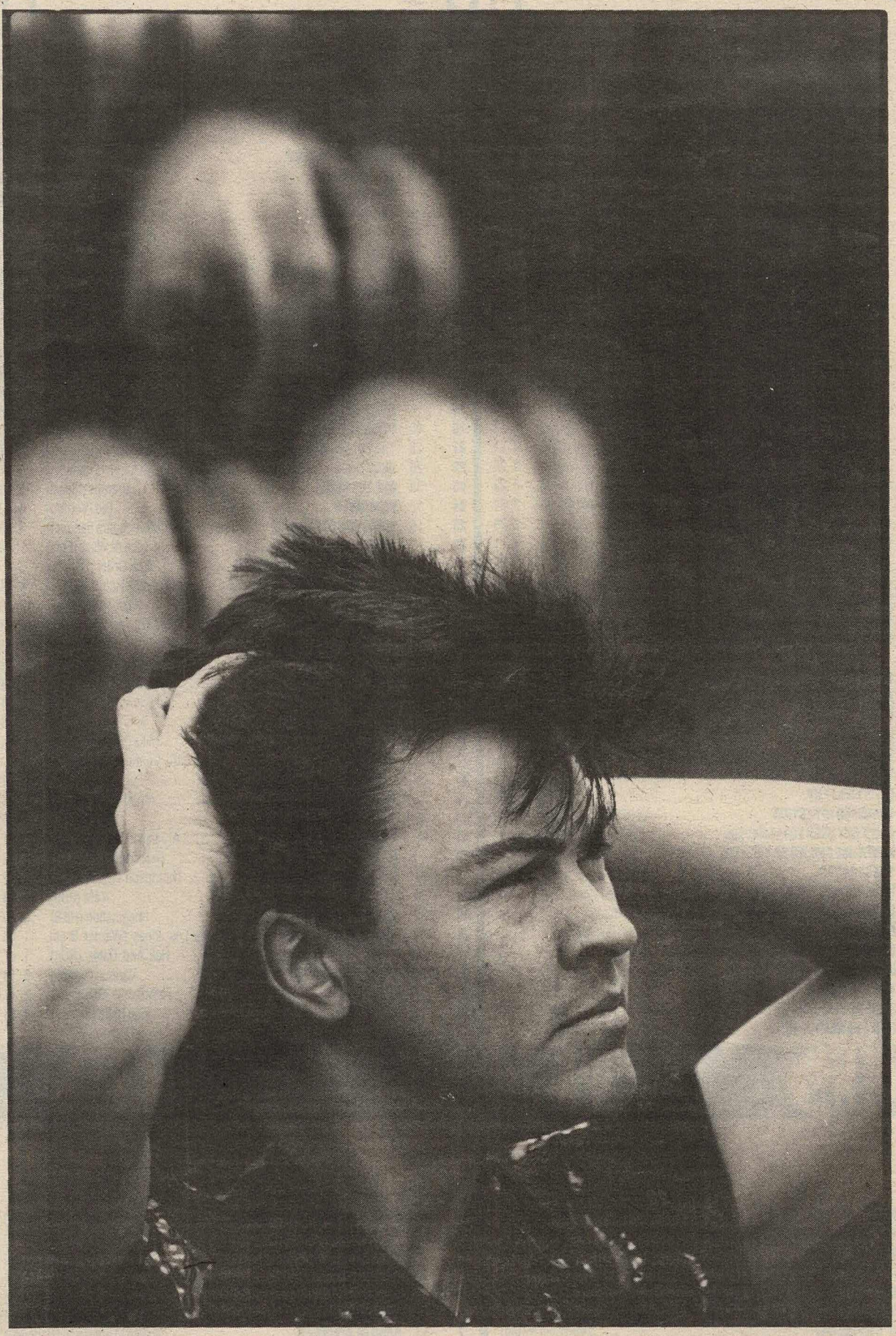
Young puts his current success down almost totally to the experience gathered on the road in his days with The Q-Tips. The band played over 700 live dates in just over three years and by the time they split up, at the end of 1982, they had become the highest-paid, biggest-drawing non-chart act in the UK.

"When my first group, Streetband, split up I went through a period of depression that I didn't get out of until The Q-Tips. It was only then that I really found my voice. Punk had made me aware of the need to make music more English and I was trying to get a more English quality to my voice.

"One of the reasons that the general standard of singing in current pop is so low is that bands simply don't play live anymore. There's nothing that improves your voice more than hearing it coming back to you over the foldback on a live stage.

"One of the other problems is that people in Britain don't really give a monkey's whether or not a singer has a good voice. Modern production techniques can hide some of a singer's deficiencies, so listeners aren't so aware of how good or bad a singer is. Once people start getting hits, they should go out on the road so we can see how good they really are, but most of the people in the charts at the moment are just bedroom singers."

Not so Paul Young. A voice to make the plague of the cover version a bit more palatable, he describes himself simply as "just a singer of songs". You can bet now, though, that he'll still be singing them long after this year's puddle of pastiche and popcorn has been forgotten.



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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

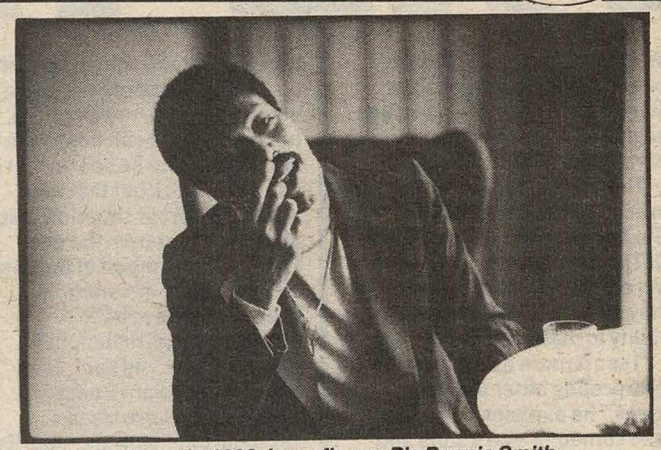
1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	2	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	Police (A&M)	6	1
2	4	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	5	2
3	1	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI-America)	5	1
4	3	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	4	3
5	7	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES	Elton John (Rocket)	7	5
6	9	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	6	6
7	11	I WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING	Michael Jackson (Epic)	4	7
8	5	BAD BOYS	Wham (Innervision)	7	2
9	21	WHEN WE WERE YOUNG	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	9
10	15	DEAD GIVEAWAY	Shalamar (Solar)	3	10
11	6	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	7	3
12	10	LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME)	George Benson (Warner Bros)	5	10
13	41	I.O.U.	Freeze (Beggars Banquet)	2	13
14	14	DARK IS THE NIGHT	Shakatak (Polydor)	3	14
15	22	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	4	15
16	(—)	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	1	16
17	19	MARKET SQUARE HEROES	Marillion (EMI)	3	17
18	16	DREAM TO SLEEP	H2O (RCA)	3	16
19	8	BUFFALO SOLDIER	Bob Marley (Island)	8	5
20	13	LOVE TOWN	Booker Newberry III (Polydor)	5	7
21	37	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	2	21
22	31	COME LIVE WITH ME	Heaven 17 (B.E.F./Virgin)	2	22
23	26	CONFUSION (HITS US EVERY TIME)	The Truth (WEA)	3	23
24	36	TAKE THAT SITUATION	Nick Heyward (Arista)	3	24
25	29	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING	ELO (Jet)	2	25
26	12	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)	4	11
27	(—)	ALL NIGHT LONG	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	1	27
28	17	JUST GOT LUCKY	JoBoxers (RCA)	7	5
29	20	WE CAME TO DANCE	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	19
30	47	IT'S OVER	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	3	30
31	45	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury/Phonogram)	2	31
32	18	HANG ON NOW	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	4	17
33	25	LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT	Imagination (R&B)	4	25
34	23	IN A BIG COUNTRY	Big Country (Mercury/Phonogram)	6	13
35	30	LET'S ALL GO	Killing Joke (EG/Malicious Damage)	2	30
36	(—)	TEACHER	I-Level (Virgin)	1	36
37	35	THE HEAT IS ON	Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	3	35
38	39	LET'S LIVE IT UP	David Joseph (Island)	5	37
39	(—)	TRANSFER AFFECTION	Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	1	39
40	28	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	The Beat (Go Feet)	9	4
41	(—)	TANTALISE (WO WO EE YEH YEH)	Jimmy the Hoover (Inner Vision)	1	41
42	(—)	THE TROOPER	Iron Maiden (EMI)	1	42
43	(—)	HAVE YOU SEEN THE RAIN	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	1	43
44	(—)	BRING IT ON — BRING IT ON	James Brown (Sonet)	1	44
45	(—)	DON'T TRY TO STOP IT	Roman Holliday (Jive)	1	45
46	(—)	FORBIDDEN COLOURS	Sylvain & Sakamoto (Virgin)	1	46
47	(—)	BIRTHDAY	Icicle Works (Situation 2)	1	47
48	(—)	YOU CAN HAVE IT	Robert Palmer (Island)	1	48
49	(—)	SOME KIND OF FRIEND	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	49
50	RE	FEEL THE NEED IN ME	Forrest (CBS)	6	18

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	14	SYNCHRONICITY	Police (A&M)	2	1
2	2	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	28	1
3	1	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	11	1
4	5	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	3	4
5	6	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	4	5
6	4	TOO LATE FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	4	4
7	3	OIL ON CANVAS	Japan (Virgin)	3	3
8	7	CRISES	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	5	5
9	10	TWICE AS COOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	9	7
10	32	BITE	Altered Images (Epic)	2	10
11	12	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	16	1
12	13	SPEAKING IN TONGUES	Talking Heads (Sire)	3	12
13	8	PLAYS LIVE	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	3	8
14	11	WHAT IS BEAT/BEST OF	The Beat (Arista)	4	10
15	9	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	6	3
16	15	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	9	1
17	22	CHART STARS	Various (K-Tel)	2	17
18	(—)	SECRET MESSAGES	ELO (Jet)	1	18
19	18	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	6	5
20	40	STREETSOUNDS IV	Various (Streetsounds)	2	20
21	23	THE COLLECTION	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	6	17
22	26	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	5	11
23	36	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	2	23
24	17	HIGH DIVER	Dio (Vertigo)	3	12
25	16	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	3	16
26	25	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	11	3
27	20	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	8	5
28	24	WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND ME	Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	4	24
29	27	WHITE FEATHERS	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	10	8
30	19	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	16	2
31	(—)	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Warner Bros)	1	31
32	(—)	THE PRIVATE COLLECTION	Jon And Vangelis (Polydor)	1	32
33	(—)	MARY JANE GIRLS	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	1	33
34	44	SYNCHRO SYSTEM	King Sunny Ade (Island)	2	34
35	29	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	11	3
36	38	TUBULAR BELLS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	4	24
37	(—)	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)	1	37
38	30	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	18	1
39	39	ANOTHER PERFECT DAY	Motorhead (Bronze)	5	16
40	RE	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	1	40
41	RE	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)	1	41
42	(—)	XL-1	Pete Shelley (Genetic)	1	42
43	31	QUICKSTEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	18	2
44	50	TOTO IV	Toto (CBS)	18	3
45	35	NIGHT DUBBING	Imagination (R&B)	8	9
46	(—)	GIRL AT HER VOLCANO	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	1	46
47	RE	H2O	Hall And Oates (RCA)	1	47
48	21	CHART ENCOUNTERS OF THE HIT KIND	Various (Ronco)	6	16
49	41	THE FUGITIVE	Tony Banks (Charisma)	2	41
50	28	HEADFIRST	Uriah Heep (Bronze)	3	28

RE = Re-entry

45s DANCE FLOOR



Wilson — King of a 1000 dancefloors. Pic Pennie Smith

1	DONT STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	ZOMBIE	Fela Ransome Kuti (EMI)
3	HE WAS REALLY SAYING SOMETHING	Velvelettes (Tamla Motown)
4	LAND OF A 1000 DANCES	Wilson Pickett (Atlantic)
5	YOU ARE IN MY SYSTEM	Robert Palmer (Island)
6	HIGHER AND HIGHER	Jackie Wilson (Epic)
7	BO MBANDA	Pablo (Island)
8	PEEK-A-BOO	Gwen Guthrie (Island)
9	PRESSURE SWAY	Machinations (White Label)
10	SHAKE YOUR TAILFEATHER	Ray Charles (WEA)
11	I WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHING	Michael Jackson (Epic)
12	KEEP IT CONFIDENTIAL	Nona Hendryx (RCA)
13	LOVE COME DOWN	Evelyn King (RCA)
14	SWEET SOUL MUSIC	Arthur Conley (Atlantic)
15	ELECTRIC AVENUE	Eddy Grant (Ice)
16	TEARS OF A CLOWN	Smokey Robinson (Tamla Motown)
17	THE COST OF LIVING	J. Walter Negro – Nicky Tesco (Albion)
18	NOWHERE TO RUN	Martha Reeves (Tamla Motown)
19	MONEY HONEY	Clyde McPhatter (Atlantic)
20	I WANT YOU BACK	Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)

Courtesy Watermelon Club, Sydney, Australia

AFRICA LPs

1	HILIFE SAFARI	Eric Agyeman (Apogee) GHANA
2	AJOO	Sunny Ade (SAR) NIGERIA
3	BASONGUEUR	M'Pongo Love (S.A.) ZAIRE
4	DOUBLE DOUBLE	Nyboma (Tangent) ZAIRE
5	MA COCO	Pablo Lubadika Porthos (Salsa) ZAIRE
6	ORIGINAL SUFFERHEAD	Fela Kuti (Skylark) NIGERIA
7	MOURIDE	Youssou N'Dour (E.D.) SENEGAL
8	AGATHA	African Brothers (Makossa) GHANA
9	AMBITION	Ebenezer Obey (Obey) NIGERIA
10	DJESSY	Kanda Bongo Man (Afro Rhythmes) ZAIRE
11	AFFAIRE VIDEO	Sam Mangwana (Tangent) ZAIRE
12	LET THEM SAY	Prince Nico (Polygram) NIGERIA
13	ORI WO BIRE	I.K. Dairo (Afrodisia) NIGERIA
14	MAA JO	Sunny Ade (SAR) NIGERIA
15	MOTHER & CHILD	Sonny Okuson (OTI) NIGERIA

Courtesy Stern African Record Centre, 116 Whitfield Street, London W1

45s INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)	4	1
2	2	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)	3	2
3	3	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	7	3
4	7	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	6	4
5	6	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	8	5
6	4	SHIPBUILDING	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	4	4
7	9	IT'S A FINE DAY	Jane (Cherry Red)	3	7
8	5	WALK OUT TO A WINTER	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	5	5
9	8	EVOLUTION EP	Subhumans (Bluurg)	3	8
10	29	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	2	10
11	10	QUAL	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	10
12	11	ALICE 12"	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3	11
13	17	BAD SEED EP	Birthday Party (4AD)	2	13
14	(—)	BIRTHDAY	Icicle Works (Situation 2)	1	14
15	14	PENELOPE TREE	Felt (Cherry Red)	2	14
16	12	MALIBU	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)	3	12
17	(—)	JAILHOUSE ROCK	Abrasive Wheels (Clay)	1	17
18	(—)	NEW RISEN	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)	1	18
19	13	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)	4	13
20	(—)	MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)	1	20
21	(—)	LIONS IN MY OWN GARDEN	Prefab Sprout (Kitchen Ware)	1	21
22	18	THE JET SET JUNTA	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	3	18
23	15	BAD NEWS	Hit Parade (Crass)	3	15
24	(—)	COLOURS	Brilliant (Risk)	1	24
25	24	CATCH 23	GBH (Clay)	3	24
26	(—)	LET THE VULTURE FLY	Ikon A.D. (Radical Change)	1	26
27	(—)	I GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU	Durutti Column (VU)	1	27
28	22	MEN LIKE MONKEYS	Three Johns (CNT)	4	22
29	16	CAPITALISM AND CANNIBALISM	Anthrax (Crass)	2	16
30	21	PEPPERMINT PIG	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	3	21

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	4	1
2	3	YES SIR I WILL	Crass (Crass)	3	2
3	2	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	3	2
4	13	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	2	4
5	4	VOLUME, CONTRAST, BRILLIANCE	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	3	4
6	5	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	5
7	17	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)	2	7
8	12	NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	3	8
9	8	MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR	Action Pact (Fall Out)	2	8
10	9	STOP THAT TRAIN	Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)	3	9
11	11	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)	3	11
12	6	PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL. III	Various (Anagram)	3	6
13	16	SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE	Blitz (Future)	2	13
14	10	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	3	10
15	29	THEMES FOR GRIND	Will Sergeant (92 Happy Customers)	2	15
16	7	BACK TO MYSTERY CITY	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)	3	7
17	14	THE WHIP	Various (Kamera)	2	14
18	20	THE REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	2	18
19	24	1981–82 THE MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)	2	19
20	19	BEGINNING OF THE END	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)	3	19
21	26	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	2	21
22	15	FIRST FLOWER	Play Dead (Jungle)	3	15
23	21	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)	2	21
24	22	SEDUCTION	Danse Society (Society)	3	22
25	27	UNREHEARSED WRONGS	Disrupters (Radical Change)	2	25
26	(—)	DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES	Dream Syndicate (Rough Trade)	1	26
27	18	ZOMBIES	Attack (No Future)	3	18
28	25	A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION	UK Decay (UK Decay)	2	25
29	30	ENGINE SHUDDER	Moodists (Red Flame)	2	29
30	(—)	SECRET'S OUT	The Box (Go Discs)	1	30

45s BLUES

1	BIG 10 INCH	Bullmoose Jackson
2	JUMP JACK JUMP	Wynona Carr
3	PACK FAIR AND SQUARE	Big Walter
4	SHAME SHAME SHAME	Smiley Lewis
5	BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ	Hollywood Flames
6	DROP TOP	Billy Love
7	NIGHT OWL	Tony Allen
8	MELLOW SAXOPHONE	Roy Montrell
9	SHAKE YOUR HIPS	Slim Harpo
10	DRINKING WINE SPODEE ODEE	Sticks McGhee
11	HATCHET MAN	The Robins
12	SICK AND TIRED	Lulu Reid
13	CAT SQUIRREL	Dr Ross
14	BUNNY HOP	Ray Anthony
15	SHOT GUN BOOGIE	Cootie Williams

based on Mail Order Sales
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REGGAE 45s

1	POLICE IN HELICOPTER	John Holt (Greensleeves)
2	PROMISED LAND	Dennis Brown (Simba)
3	YOU MAKE ME FEEL	Trevor Walters (Ital)
4	RESERVATION FOR TWO	Lloyd Parkes (Intense)
5	ALL NIGHT LONG	La Famille (Sanity)
6	YOUR LOVE GOTTA HOLD ON ME	Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
7	BACK A YARD	In Crowd (Revue)
8	FOR THE LOVE OF YOU	Barry Biggs (Afrik)
9	THREE MILLION ON THE DOLE	Lion Youth (Virgo)
10	BUFFALO SOLDIER	Bob Marley (Island)
11	I LIKE IT LIKE THAT	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
12	YOUNG REBEL	Johnny Clarke (Top Notch)
13	LIVING IN A WORLD OF MAGIC	Investigators (Investigators)
14	HEY BABY	Pat Kelly (Ethnic)
15	LOVE IS TOPS	Alton Ellis (Body Music)

Compiled by Observer Station

SOCA DISCO 45s

1	ROSALIE	Chevi (Sunburn)
2	I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU NOW	Lucia Joy (ABL)
3	NEAREST TO MY HEART	Bill Campbell (B&B)
4	DARLING COOL IT	Asterisks (Sunburn)
5	PEANUT VENDOR	Lord Christie And Promises (Jama)
6	SEXY FEELING	Bill Campbell (Caribbean Echo)
7	ITCHING	Bill Campbell (Caribbean Echo)
8	GYPSY LOVE	Belinda Parker (Sunburn)
9	HYGIENE	Westindian Connection (Sunburn)
10	SOCA UP THE PARTY	Mighty Swallow (Sunburn)

Courtesy the Gleaner

SWEDEN 45s

1	THE HEAT IS ON	Agnetha Faltskog (Polar)
2	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
3	THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)
4	FLASHDANCE	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
5	BILLIE JEAN	Michael Jackson (CBS)
6	FRAEMLING	Carola Haeggkvist (Mariann)
7	MIDNIGHT BLUE	Louise Tucker (Ariola)
8	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
9	WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT	Tomas Ledin (Polar)
10	TOO SHY	Kajagoogoo (EMI)

Courtesy GLF/Billboard

US BLACK 45s

1	JUICY FRUIT	Mtume (Epic)
2	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
3	INSIDE LOVE	George Benson (Warner Bros)
4	SAVE THE OVERTIME FOR ME	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Columbia)
5	ALL THIS LOVE	Debarge (Gordy)
6	LOVE IS THE KEY	Maze (Capitol)
7	BETWEEN THE SHEETS	The Isley Brothers (T-Neck)
8	KEEP ON LOVIN' ME	Whispers (Solar)
9	DO WHAT YOU FEEL	Deniece Williams (Columbia)
10	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
11	CANDY GIRL	New Edition (Streetwise)
12	SPACE COWBOY	Jonzun Crew (Tommy Boy)
13	MY LOVE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
14	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
15	TONIGHT I GIVE IN	Angela Bofill (Arista)

Billboard Publications

US BLACK LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	BETWEEN THE SHEETS	Isley Brothers (T-Neck)
3	JUICY FRUIT	Mtume (Epic)
4	VISIONS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Columbia)
5	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
6	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
7	WE ARE ONE	Maze (Capitol)
8	LOVE FOR LOVE	Whispers (Solar)
9	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
10	UNTOUCHABLES	Lakeside (Solar)
11	ALL THIS LOVE	De Barge (Gordy)
12	KASHIF	Kashif (Arista)
13	I'M SO PROUD	Deniece Williams (Columbia)
14	MARY JANE GIRLS	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)
15	BOTTOMS UP	Chi-Lites (Larc)

Courtesy Billboard

Three are one are Number Seven. Amazing, innit?

JAZZ LPs

1	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (Warner Bros)
2	AH HUM	Charles Mingus (CBS)
3	FRIENDS	Larry Carlton (Warner Bros)
4	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
5	TRAVELS	Pat Metheny (ECM)
6	LOW RIDE	Earl Klugh (Capitol)
7	AS WE SPEAK	David Sanborn (Warner Bros)
8	COME WITH ME	Tania Maria (Corcord Jazz)
9	THE GENIE	Bob James (CBS)
10	CITYSCAPE	Klaus Ogerman and Michael Brecker (Warner Bros)
11	IT'S ABOUT TIME	Morrisey-Mullen (Beggars Banquet)
12	ROUTES TO DJANGO	Bereli LeGrand (Antilles)
13	FIFTEEN	Bereli LeGrand (Antilles)
14	DREAMS OF TOMORROW	Lonnie Liston Smith (Doctor Jazz)
15	STEPS AHEAD	Steps Ahead (Elektra)
16	PASSION, GRACE AND FIRE	McLaughlin, Dimeloa, Di Luica (Philips)
17	STAR PEOPLE	Miles Davis (CBS)
18	OFFRAMP	Pat Metheny (ECM)
19	GENTLE FIRE	Wilton Felder (MCA)
20	THE HUNTER	Joe Sample (MCA)

Courtesy Jumbo Records, 102 Memon Centre, Leeds 2

It's ah, um, Mingus – piping hot!

FRED FACT

Elvis Costello, whose 'Pills And Soap' continues to chart, is hardly the first musician to make a few bucks using a pseudonymous handle. Stevie Wonder hit paydirt as Eivets Rednow in 1966, while Wings turned up as Suzie And The Red Stripes for a Stateside hit with 'Seaside Woman' in 1977, Macca and spouse also assuming the identity of The Country Hams for a less successful Nashville one-off. Back in the '50s and '60s, when name-swapping was even more in vogue, Jerry Lee Lewis recorded as The Hawk, Simon Dupress And The Big Sound worked undercover (or underground?) as The Moles, Elvis C's favourite country hero, George Jones, moved into rock as Thumper Jones, Chris Farlowe sang 'Stormy Monday' in the guise of Little Joe Cook, jazzman Art Pepper guested as Art Salt, Paul McCartney (again!) garnered a production credit on the Bonzo's 'Urban Spaceman' as Apollo C. Vermouth, and Creedence Clearwater's John Fogerty later mutated into the whole Blue Ridge Rangers. And though in recent years Jonathan King must be regarded as the man whose number of recording aliases must have attracted the attention of Interpol, even his efforts pale beside those of one-time big band leader Ben Selvin, who made 9,000 records under 39 different names, and daddy of 'em all Vernon Dalhert, the first man to record a million-selling country disc and the possessor of over 100 recording pseudonyms.

Personally, I can't understand such goings-on,

Derf Ralled

MUSIC VIDEOS 20

1	3	DURAN DURAN	(EMI)
2	1	JAPAN	(VIRGIN)
3	17	POLICE AROUND THE WORLD	(EMI)
4	5	THE JACKSONS IN CONCERT	(VCL)
5	2	OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN — PHYSICAL	(EMI)
6	13	VIDEOTHEQUE	(EMI)
7	(—)	LA BOHEME	(EMI)
8	(—)	COMPLETE MADNESS	(STIFF)
9	6	PINK FLOYD — THE WALL	(EMI)
10	10	GISELLE	(PRT)
11	19	LES CONTES d'HOFFMAN	(EMI)
12	(—)	ROMEO & JULIET	(PRT)
13	(—)	SWAN LAKE	(EMI)
14	(—)	VIDEOSTARS	(EMI)
15	14	COMPLEAT BEATLES	(CBS/MGM/UA)
16	7	GENESIS — THREE SIDES LIVE	(EMI)
17	(—)	BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS — LIVE	(ISLAND)
18	(—)	PAUL McCARTNEY & WINGS — ROCKSHOW	(EMI)
19	9	TINA TURNER — NICE 'N' ROUGH	(EMI)
20	(—)	RAINBOW — LIVE BETWEEN THE EYES	(POLYGRAM)

Courtesy of HMV Shops Ltd

5 YEARS AGO

1	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
2	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)
3	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)
4	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)
5	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)
6	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)
7	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)
8	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)
9	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)
10	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)

10 YEARS AGO

1	RUBBER BULLETS	10 cc (UK)
2	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
3	THE GROOVER	T. Rex (EMI)
4	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
5	SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON	Hot Shots (Mooncrest)
6	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
7	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME	Slade (Polydor)
8	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU	Stealers Wheel (A&M)
9	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
10	LIVE AND LET DIE	Wings (Apple)

15 YEARS AGO

1	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
3	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
4	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
5	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
6	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
7	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll & The Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
8	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O. C. Smith (CBS)
9	LOVIN' THINGS	Marmalade (CBS)
10	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)

20 YEARS AGO

1	I LIKE IT	Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
3	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie And The Dreamers (Columbia)
4	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
5	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
6	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
7	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
8	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
9	FALLING	Roy Orbison (London)
10	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)

RUBY TURNER – EVERY SOUL

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STRANGERS

who pass in the night

Above: Sunshine, superwoman. Far right: Hello, Eddie . . .

Who would have thought it?

At this junction in time perhaps the last thing we might have expected is an LP of pop music whose veneer of sophistication was so appealingly scratched.

It's a set of sentimental themes reflected with a sharp sparkle; a precious wit melted into a timeless monochrome haze; a projection from the future meeting a feeling from the past at a spurious moment we might call now; a beautiful blue core of melancholy bursting in a bubble of elation.

Eddie & Sunshine's 'Perfect Stranger' is far from perfect, although in some ways it is a little too close, but, as an unusually constructive correspondent recently pointed out, the pursuit of pop perfection was a futile crusade at best.

It is in the irony and the contradiction that Eddie & Sunshine's magic lies. Theirs is a dream wracked with despair, a resolve to sadness, a scheme for today. Can you ever be too late?

The etiquette of dates such as this, in fact, states that one must never be too early.

So at ten minutes past the time appointed for our meeting, I swaggered from the Soho sunshine into the named place, to be met by . . . the sight of an empty bar.

Eddie and Sunshine, of course, being more *au fait* with the afternoon rendezvous than myself, had contrived to schedule their arrival just late enough to negate my petty vanity. So with time on one hand and a head-clearing gin in the other, I was free to reflect on the contradictions of my surroundings, the construction of Eddie and Sunshine, the philosophy of the perfect stranger and, in particular, someone's strange perfections.

If you could have an architectural representation of the romantic kitsch that Eddie and Sunshine so clearly relish, it would be this Soho bar.

An erstwhile haunt of the real *beau monde*, it has been dusted down and maintained in an echo of its former grandeur by a new regime. It s previous exclusivity is now maintained simply by the waiters, the light wood and the teeming vegetation, and partly undermined by a bizarre selection of artistic decoration that slips a jarring element of modernism into the display.

It's an elaborate sham, finally revealed by a glance at the Pizza Express menu.

This uneasy conglomeration of old fashioned elegance and studious modernism strikes a perfect harmony with the *Brief Encounter* ambience which floats through the delicate flawed masterpiece of 'Perfect Strangers', an LP which — while it lacks the production of a 'Lexicon Of Love' — contains a gentle parody of similar sophistication, but more touching humility and more tangible humanity.

There's a clear sighted hard romanticism at Eddie and Sunshine's centre which enables them to pull sentimental strings without succumbing to the pitfalls of crass manipulation which pock-marked Fry's presentations.

Their dusty memoraphilia, with its soft sweeps and occasional stark-lined austerity, traces a picture of loneliness as something vaguely frightening but ultimately essential, desirable but dangerous. It's a thought to stay awake to, the following dream being just what this music might sound like in the hands of a Trevor Horne.

Within minutes they make an immaculately separate entry, the lady of course arriving last. Eddie in plain white shirt and baggy black trousers, hair neatly and rigidly greased back;

Sunshine flapping in with a brilliant glare of yellow and green. They have an irresistible Derby and Joan aura that pursues them offstage in a trailing wake that reeks of the quaint excitement of old style dance halls and Saturday night special perfume.

Eddie animates his supremely unlikely face, talks with great precision and gesticulates with spindly enthusiasm. Sunshine enjoins with a wit as sharp as Eddie's cheekbones and, as question master of this wasted trio, I start with their '20s fascination. This of course was a decade when thin figures were truly appreciated.

"We once did an interview for the *St Pancras And King's Cross Gazette*," Sunshine laughs, "and one of the lines he wrote was 'They are both extremely thin', and I thought, you starve for ten years and you'd look like this too mate".

"I do like thin people," Eddie protests.

"You haven't got much choice," Sunshine continues. "No, I like the '20s because of the irreverence of some of the people around that time. The idea of having fun no matter what."

"The one thing you have to remember, though, is that it was only the rich kids that were having fun. Reading about all those flappers around town was great, but the only reason that they were able to do it was because they had private incomes."

One thing Eddie and Sunshine have always been associated with since their days at Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura, is the assumed affluence that oozed its way through '81.

"That's irony in a way," Sunshine argues, "because we're both really on the bread line and have been for a number of years. But there's only two attitudes you can take in this country with the state it's in, you can either wallow in it, or you can laugh in the face of it."

"It's all a little bit of escapism," Eddie continues.

"If you do spend a lot of time without any money and you do believe in what you're doing, in order to keep your spirits up you play games, and one of the games is this affluent facade. It's like the Berlin of the '30s — I've seen *Cabaret*, I know what it was like.

"Seriously though, then you were playing to an affluent audience so you really had to keep up appearances. Nowadays you can get all the stuff from second-hand shops and jumble sales, which is what we do and, especially when seen on the stage, it looks quite impressive."

"To us it's just a game," Eddie replies, "having a drink in a place like this, which isn't going to cost us a fortune — and anyway I hope you're on expenses. But really there's no actual decadence in what we do, none at all."

"In times of real hardship, anyway," Sunshine adds, "the genuinely poor people always concentrate very hard on appearances and looking smart, and that's always been the case — the whole thing of the Sunday Best and all that. That's actually very close to the way I see my stage clothes; I can't afford to wear my stage frock offstage because I can't afford to have hundreds of frocks.

"Much as I'd love to have hundreds of frocks," she continues placing an arched hand on her chest and luxuriating in the thought like a Hollywood bubble bath.

It's a typical slip into character acting of the type that both of them affect easily and apparently unconsciously throughout the conversation. Combined with the period effect of the surroundings, it all induces a giddy blur of the fiction and the reality.

As they ease their way through the interview, they occasionally allow the cultured mask to slip with a faintly tongue in cheek accent dropped in. Even then they seem like a double act that is too normal to be uncontrived.

As Eddie gallantly allows Sunshine to take up his conversational thread before continuing himself, they seem so much like one of the polite and very English couples who inhabit their songs. Sometimes it all seems like a subtle parody in which I too slip all too easily into role. I wonder just how much of Eddie and Sunshine is real and how much is assumed.

"Oh underneath it's all serious," says Eddie. "And it's all based on us. It has elements of comedy, but I wouldn't say it was comic. It's more the idea of a clown. That brashness underlined with sadness, because clowns are very sad characters, Pierrot's particularly, and I always feel a little bit like that myself.

"I don't feel that I'm one of those people that are all front. I would hate to be like that, because our songs come out of things we really believe, things that we really think. I like to get them across in an enjoyable way, but underneath there's always a serious idea which is lurking around and which I hope is subverting its way into people's consciousness."

The couple's most recent and successful venture to date has been the four episode Living Television escapade promoted in the unlikely venue of Raymond's Revue Bar in London's Soho.

Again with a line of parody it was difficult to define, it featured a variety of support acts, a chat show sequence with Eddie and Sunshine as hosts, and a live vignette presenting the songs in their naturally theatrical medium.

"The idea came out of a desire to escape the Cabaret description," Sunshine explains, "which we thought was out of date now. It's like left wing theatrical people nowadays, so we thought about it and I remembered somebody saying to me, It's like watching TV watching you."

"Before that someone had said we were like eating frozen peas," Eddie continues, "meaning that frozen peas are nicer than real peas, but they're not natural, and that's what we thought it was like watching us. Because most of what we do is actually pretty studied, it's not really spontaneous.

"We tend to hold people at a distance almost, because of the nature of the way that we perform. There's our own characters in there, but we're putting characters on as well in order to make points."

"But it's not theatrical as such," Sunshine adds, "the whole idea is to come out of those characters at the end of the song."

So who exactly are these frozen peas? I wonder. And are they really like peas in a pod?

When the masks slip, all you seem to be left with is a mystery, two people suspended in a dimension of their own, beyond age, class and time. Is this 1934 or half a century on? *Who are these people?*

Taking out a file, crossing my legs and assuming my own best parody of a chat show presenter, I ask them about the relative beginnings of this bizarre episode.

"I was born in Somerset," Eddie offers. "Did all my schooling in Portsmouth. Joe Jackson town, Simon Dupree town, naval tour, lots of sailors."

"Is that important?" Sunshine asks.

"Was for me," he replies. "I got picked up by them. Not that I let them do much you understand.

"I went to university and studied French, which influenced me a lot — the people I was reading, like Sartre and Genet and the whole existential thing, which I suppose has become a bit dated nowadays."

What would you expect of this odd couple but a dated philosophy?

"It's a shame really, because to me it's very relevant to the way I live, all that condemned to be free business.

"Particularly at the punk time everybody was screaming about anarchy and freedom and all that, which is all very well. Freedom is liberation, but it's a terribly responsible thing as well, and few people seemed to actually understand that. Freedom means that you're responsible for everything that you do. God doesn't take responsibility for what you do, your school doesn't, just you; you're the only one that can answer for anything.

"I got involved in music when I came up to London and saw David Bowie. I just thought, I can do that, and set about trying. I'd never had so much to do with music apart from being a chorister when I was a kid. In fact, when we started, neither of us seemed to know very much what we were doing. But being naive, we didn't know what we were getting into and we just blasted away and did it.

"It's that sort of feeling that I try and retain now, because we've been working together for several years now, and if you ever get used to it and get that regimented attitude, then you might as well stop, you have to try and keep that wide-eyed innocence, which is difficult because every time you learn a new trick you're becoming less innocent."

While Sunshine had more of a musical background — she mimed in the Grimsby and Cleethorpes Youth Orchestra — they share a deliberately open minded approach, not just to art but to life.

"I don't think you can write songs which are going to mean anything to anyone unless they mean something to you, so in a sense you have to keep yourself open to emotional experiences.

"I try to keep a naive approach to things in my life. I truy to organise things so that I don't get hurt too much by all sorts of things and not just emotional things. But you have to allow yourself as much as possible to go through them.

"One of the big things that I have — or that we both have, in fact — is that the point of life is to experience things, it's also to have fun. You only live once, let's do it. You have to keep yourself open to as many things as possible, so what I'm saying in a song like 'Perfect Stranger' is, Keep your Heart open, keep your emotion on the surface."

So can this pair be pinned down in a permanent adolescence, playing the roles of some sort of emotional masochists?

"Yes, I suppose adolescence is the most painful time, it hurts a hell of a lot, but at least you're alive during that period. It's not dull at least, is it? All that I can hope is that I can keep that intensity going.

"Friends of mine come along the road with you to a certain extent," he continues, "and then they get off, they get married, they get a job, they stop, and you try to tell them that they've still got a life to live. You do only get this once and it's an amazing experience. I mean, it may all be a huge joke when you die and you're going to laugh at it, but while it's here you've got to make as much of it as you can."

And it's from this standpoint that they've launched their long-standing campaign against matrimony.

"We did an interview once with one auv who was married," Sunshine recalls, "and began to get a bit steamed up once we started on the whole anti-marriage thing, and he asked us, Would you agree that you have to have a prime relationship? And we said, Yes, maybe people do need to expose themselves totally to someone else and say this person understands me therefore I feel fulfilled. But he was saying, Yes, and then you marry that person. Whereas we say that it's good to have a best friend and have that as a background, but then you've got the rest of your lives to go out and have relationships with other people.

"It's stupid to put yourself under somebody else's sway, whether it's at work or in a relationship, whatever. You are your own person and you have to realise that and meet things head on."

"The thing is that has never fitted in to our society," Eddie argues, "which up until now has been geared towards people being under orders and taking direction from other people, but I think it is beginning to change, mainly because of the technological revolution, because there is a reframing of the industrial society going on around us."

"You can see the economic panic stations with money markets going up and down, the importance of oil that's emerged within the last 15 years, the way that politicians are beginning to panic because they're only the mouthpieces of a particular economic situation. The whole thing is beginning to bust apart.

"I think even the search for a strong leader, which Thatcher encapsulates, is a short lived thing, because what you're talking about is a lot of people who are so wedded to those ideas that in a time of insecurity they'll look back towards a previous, more solid time.

"But those ideas have to change, they have to die off. You can't continue recycling ideas forever, because society now is simply not like society then. So, no matter how hard some people may try to force them, those ideas simply will not fit.

"The technological revolution could do amazing things for the reformation of society. I mean, it could totally redefine our ideas of democracy for a start. We're currently suffering from an idea of democracy that has become hopelessly distorted — MPs are supposed to be the people's representatives, now they're turning round and telling the people that they know what's good for them."

All these archiac ideas of optimism bring us back to the themes of the album with its sleeve echoing the dated view of modernism that runs through Eddie's speech and through their whole performance: two figures together yet apart, anonymous yet strangely exceptional, gazing upwards and outwards with a belief in their eyes that somehow encapsulates a resolve to a certain despair.

"*Plus c'est change*," says Sunshine.

"*Plus c'est la meme chose*," Eddie contradicts.

"*Plus c'est la meme chose*," Sunshine concurs with parodic resignation.

Eddie: "I can hold two opposing attitudes on the same thing. I can see things from two attitudes at once, which I think most people do. It's very easy when you write about things to reduce them to nice easy categories but, in fact, things don't happen like that at all. Like, I can find myself being very sentimental on one level and on another thinking, Fuckin' hell; and then the cynicism comes in and says Kill that, step back from it, twist it in a little way, make something more complete out of it."

Sunshine: "I think it's also what you were saying about us being very academic in a way, because even if you are highly intellectual about something, and I don't think we are *excessively* intellectual, you still experience it in an emotional way at the same time.

"I mean, I like football, for example, and I can be totally moved by the experience of being at a football match, and then I'll come home and start intellectualising about various aspects of the experience."

Eddie: "On the other hand, I can find that I'll be making love, which is supposedly the most involved activity in the world, and I'll just be out there somewhere, as if I'm watching myself on television."

Are you romantic fools or romantic intelligentsia?

Eddie: "Fools are the most sussed people in the world. I suppose we must be both, simply because we are involved in what we're singing about, and at the same time we are observers, which is a hell of a schizophrenic position to be in. You begin to wonder if, given that you're talking about things, can you really have experienced them fully?

"At the same time there are some experiences that you go through during which you think that you'll never be able to talk about them."

Sunshine: "You could talk about anything, you."

Eddie: "Not really. There are things that I wouldn't tell you about . . . and you're my best friend."

Pete Shelley used to fall in love with strangers in order to get to know them better; at the opposite end of the romantic spectrum stand Eddie and Sunshine, maintaining that they are still perfect strangers.

Sunshine: "If you know someone really well you get very angry with them, pissed off, irritated, you show all sorts of nasty emotions which you wouldn't show to a stranger, and you have no right to behave like that. You often don't really know the person, you just make assumptions about them."

Eddie: "Obviously, as you begin to get to know somebody, you begin to lose that aura of magic and mystery with which you surround them and which attracted you to them in the first place.

"It's very important that you keep that respect, that you know somebody very well, but you try to keep that separateness, that's what being a perfect stranger is about."

If there's a continental atmosphere to 'Perfect Strangers', it is one absorbed through a basis of Britishness, a rare quality that few can reflect without appearing precious or objectionable. In Eddie and Sunshine's case it has an openness which makes it attractive.

Eddie: "If there's one thing that we ought to have learned recently it's that one culture can't stand alone, it requires the influx of a cultural mix to keep it going."

Sunshine: "They certainly thought we were pretty weird when we went to New York, though, because we were very polite and reserved and English, and we were performing at this club with an American drag artist doing Diana Ross interpretations and two German go-go dancers, and we were given this *brothel* of a changing room, there were people having it away in the next room and we thought, Bloody hell! What have we got ourselves into?

"Then they came up to *us* and said, Hey we think you're really weird, and we were saying, You're joking, we're the most normal people here, aren't we?"

As the question rang around the rapidly emptying bar we looked around and then turned to look quizzically at one another.

I started to say something but lost my train of thought. After a few minutes silence, as we each tried to remember what precisely we were doing there, we hastened away in opposite directions, soon lost in the throng of a London split open by the sunshine.

The stage lights darkened on the table at which we'd sat. We had remained perfect strangers.

Decadent? Not likely! EDDIE & SUNSHINE explain how their modern cabaret is a reaction against right wing politics and the austerity of the '80s. HOST: DON WATSON PHOTOS: ANTON CORBIJN

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RUBELLA BALLET — THE NEW DANCE STYLE? ● PUSSYFOOTING WITH HONOR BLACKMAN ●

NEW SLANT ON BALLET

Pic Leon Morris

IN THE industrial wasteland that is Poplar, vital flowers bloom. Amongst the cold, sterile concrete edifices that pock-mark their parish Rubella Ballet strive to survive and even to overcome. For in direct contrast with their dreary surroundings the group – Zhilla (vocals), Sid (drums), Gemma (bass) and Sean (guitar) – are an impressive collection of weirdo haircuts, zany clothes, sparkling eyes and youthful smiles. Their whole presence, especially in this depressing environment, screams *colour, warmth* and *individuality*.

On the face of it Rubella Ballet can be seen as an 'anarcho band', and most of their links lie within this field. They've played a number of gigs with Crass, Conflict *et al* and their first 7", the 'Ballet Dance EP', came out on the Poison Girls' XNTrix label. Indeed, bassist Gemma is the daughter of anarcho punk godmother and Poisons chantuese, Vi Subversa herself.

But finding any other connection between the group and the anarchy set is nigh on impossible. Here is none of the darkly shrouded, often naive musical and ideological thrashing. "Anarchy? What's anarchy?" asks the gangling drummer Sid in reference to the ambiguity and pretension surrounding this word.

That's not to say Rubella Ballet aren't idealistic or that they don't care, it's just that they like to present things a little bit differently. As Zhilla says: "Like most punks we generally believe in the same basic things such as creating a better world with no bombs and all the rest of it, but we don't want to write exclusively about these subjects especially as 50 bands are doing it."

Where all the other anarchist bands wear stark black battledress, Rubella Ballet explode in various hues and shades of psychedelia – strange patterns and primary colours are here, there and everywhere. Where all the other anarchist bands serve up clear cut, very black and white servings of anarcho-fodder, Rubella Ballet present their subject matter in a subtler fashion.

Take for instance their stand out number, and the group's own personal favourite, 'Slant And Slide' which deals with hate and fear, equating the attitude behind the witch hunts with nuclear weapon mentality.

The music too it more imaginative and inventive, replacing the standard thump-thump-thump with *variety*: from the bass ridden atmospherics of 'Slant And Slide' to the bouncy funk based 'T' to the frantic pogo workout that is 'Belfast'.

These songs and more can be found on the 'Ballet Bag' cassette which came out a year and a half ago and sold 3,000 copies – not bad for a home made tape. The songs remain as the nucleus of the present Rubella set, songwriting having been hampered by "guitarist problems".

"Every time we build up momentum by playing gigs and attracting more and more people, the guitarist just ups and leaves," complains Gemma.

With the arrival of Sean things seem to be on an upswing again. A recent gig at Feltham, their first with him, proved to be a triumph with a near capacity crowd enjoying a markedly more enthusiastic Rubella Ballet show than of late.

Plans for an LP are afoot and as Sid says, "the new dance is gonna be Ballet style". And I don't think he's talking about Spandau.

RICHARD NORTH

ON HER HONOR

THE LADY WHO PUNCHED HER WAY INTO TELE-HISTORY AS THE FIRST FEMALE AVENGER TALKS ABOUT LEATHER, LESBIANISM AND PLAYING PUSSY GALORE, IN THE WAKE OF HER RE-ISSUED NOVELTY LP 'EVERYTHING BUT' AND SINGLE 'KINKY BOOTS'.

Twenty years after she and Patrick MacNee cut their camp novelty single 'Kinky Boots', Honor Blackman looks even better than you'd remember from *Goldfinger* – slim, tanned and witty. And very, very English; those dominatrix tones that once levelled John Steed and James Bond are as deep as her large, clear blue eyes. She's set aside a day to discuss her recently-exhumed records and to cater once more to those rabid Avengerites curious about John Steed's female foil.

First off, what does Honor think kids hear in 'Kinky Boots'? A wry smile: "I don't know *what* they hear; when we made it we were so busy – and Patrick was sort of against the idea. I asked my children, who are now 16 and 15 and *deeply* embarrassed about the whole thing (*laughs*); I was quizzing them to see if people were buying it to shriek with laughter at me or what. And my daughter said 'No, everyone's *singing* it, that's what's so nauseating'." She rolls her eyes.

'Kinky Boots' was a very small part of the machine which took up two years of Honor's life: the launch of "Mrs Gale" in *The Avengers*. When she joined the show, every episode got a full two weeks of rehearsal and she credits that with much of the 'style' the series evolved. I definitely think one reason it got so popular was that we had time to rewrite bits from the script – which we certainly did because Cathy was never written down as a character, she was evolved.

But the part broke new ground for more than me, because Cathy really was the first woman who ever defended *herself* and as I did all the fights myself, it was pretty revolutionary. It seems like rubbish now, but the fact that Steed did the dotty fighting with the umbrella, and she did the man-to-man combat – plus the idea that she was his intellectual equal and far better informed than he on lots of things – it got a huge response.

"You had this mass female reaction and interest, a great lesbian following and the men loved the leather, which came about coincidentally when I was first doing judo and split my trousers end-to-end on camera. We just had to find something tougher."

Surely that made a major change, though.

"You bet it did," laughs Honor – who was not forwarded much of her less-than-salubrious fan mail. "It was extraordinary though because Patrick was allowed the odd sneaky trick, but it was never accepted of Mrs Gale that she should play dirty, let alone seduce information out of anyone. So she really was *so* pure; she was pure in black leather and then everyone fantasised a whip in her hand. Really! One used to be invited to parties and the host would say, 'And *do* bring your whip'!

"A small sector of the male population," Honor continues matter-of-factly, "felt rather insecure virility-wise, I found that in private life tremendously. When people got boozed-up at parties you know, they'd really show their colours – the *number* of times I was called out to fight! Of course I wouldn't fight and usually by the time got round to asking they were in no shape to take me on." Indeed, Honor's judo was for real: "It wasn't playing round on the old mat; it was on the concrete of the studio floor and *very* tough going."

Less of a strain was stylishing the show, which happened almost by accident as she and MacNee put their leisure rehearsal time to altruistic use:

"We had Peter Hammond, this one particular director who was among the first to try very experimental shots through keyholes and things. And, because we had all this time, we would invent ludicrous things to do – I can remember lying there balancing mounds of glasses on our heads or a particular set of exercises I once went through standing on my head and all the time deciding how to save the world."

Honor's decision to leave came when *The Avengers* was at its hottest and just about to break worldwide. "Oh yes, but I still think it was the right decision. I was an absolute idiot from the point of money because in the first days you got no residuals. So for the entire world rights I ended up being paid eight pounds seven shillings eleven pence ha'penny; the real money was just about to come in. But I was up to here with it, I left them wanting more and of course I was able to do a wonderful sidestep into Pussy Galore."

Did she have the same say in the Bond character?

"No, because in the books she's a lesbian – although it's very superficially treated, she's supposed to have been raped by an uncle at the age of 12 or something ludicrous – and of course she stops being a lesbian the moment she sleeps with Bond! But they wouldn't allow that, I got only the *slight* in-joke of calling all my women pilots 'Joe' or 'Charlie' or 'Harry'. There just happened to be a good parallel in that she was antagonistic to Bond, she was at his level mentally and she wasn't in the kitchen sink department."

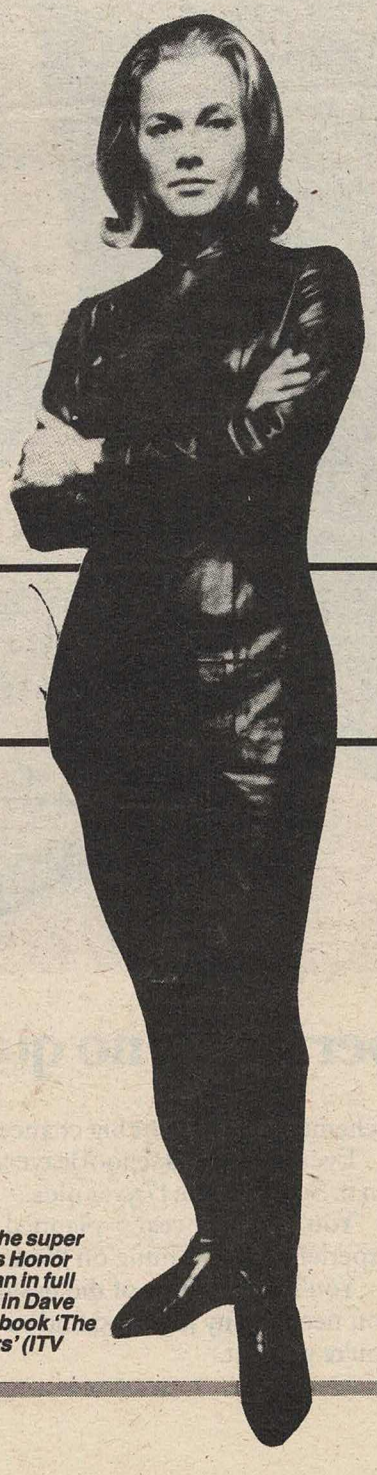
Honor stubs out her cigarette. "I mean I may have made *one* cup of coffee in the whole of *The Avengers*, but you never saw me in a kitchen or anything like that."

After *Goldfinger*, the ex-Ms Galore says she "spent the next 20 years running like a *stag* from that image"; she went back and forth between film, theatre and musicals, the latter a form she grew to love.

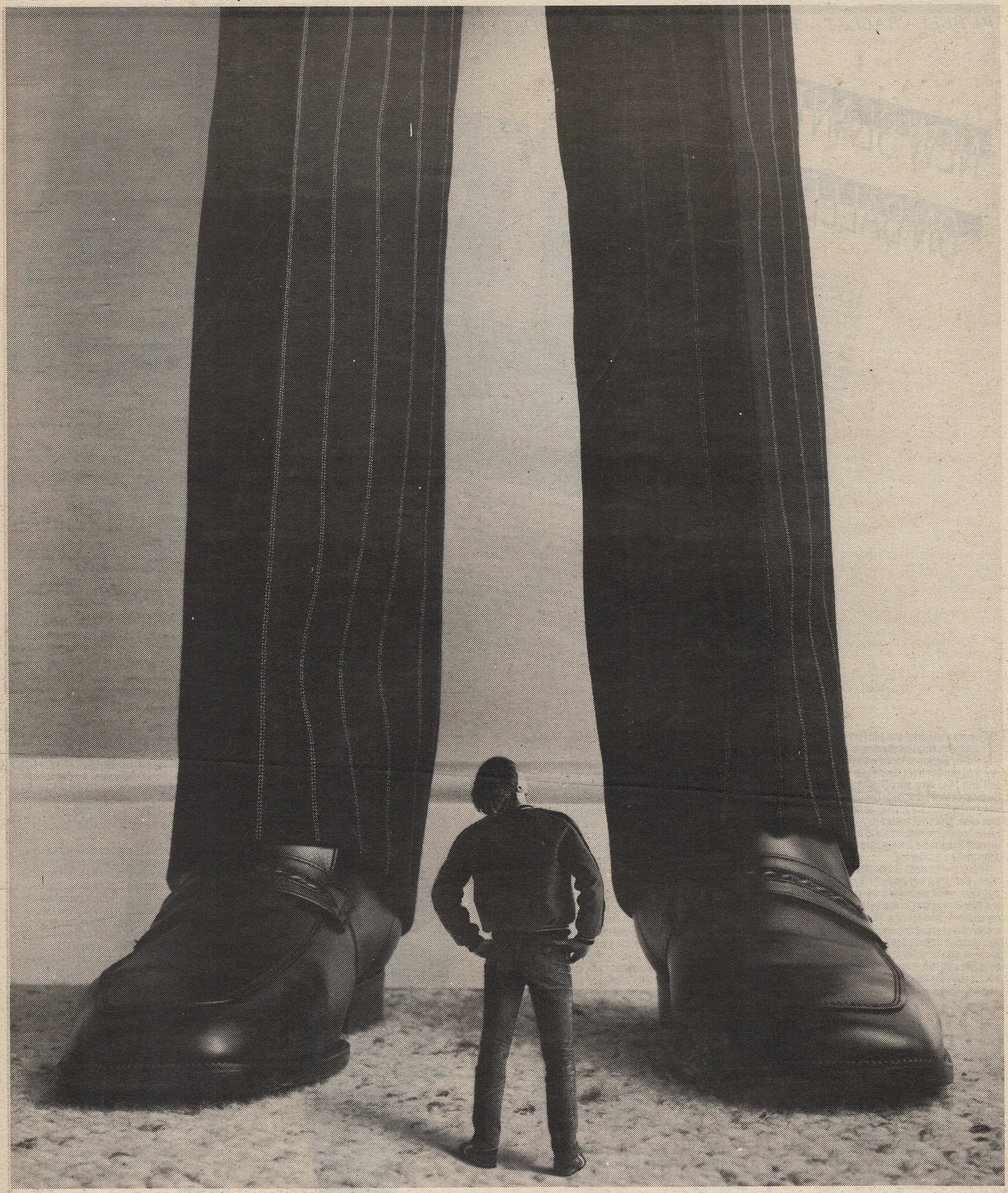
About Cherry Red's interest in convincing her to record further, though, Honor is ambiguous. "I can't remember when I *did* that album, either just near the end of *The Avengers* or instantly after I finished. But I simply banged off 12 numbers in four hours and did the best I could – it was ludicrous. I loved music but had yet to *do* musicals, so I was still really only an actress.

"Perhaps I should do it properly now I've had singing lessons and some experience. I certainly feel I could now do it 50 million times better, but then," she smooths her skirt with Gale-like propriety, "like *The Avengers*, it really shouldn't be taken *seriously*."

CYNTHIA ROSE



First of the super heroines Honor Blackman in full leathers in Dave Rogers' book 'The Avengers' (ITV Books).



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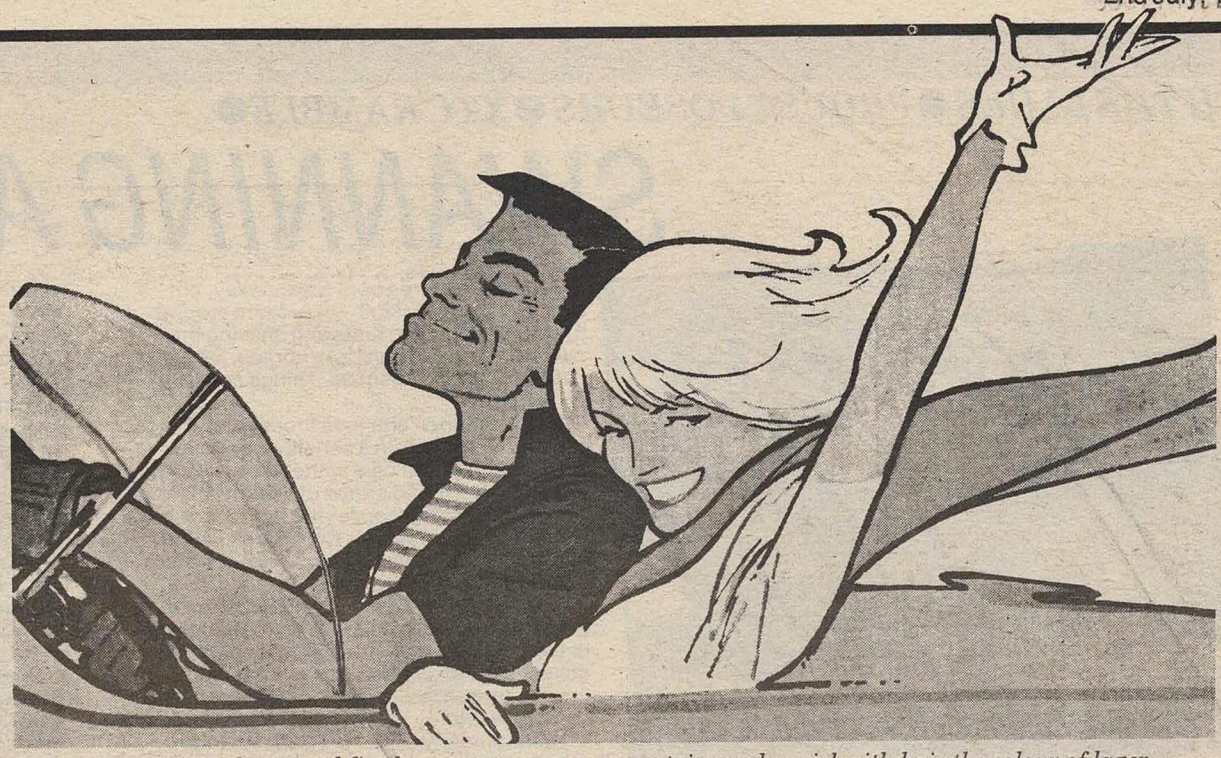
SOFT DRINKS

WITH JOHNNY BULLETS

THE PROBLEM OF BEAUTY

SCENE Honeysuckle Cottage, a bleak forbidding fortress built into the side of a suspicious-looking mountain. We are in the situation room, evidently a nerve centre for something or other. Half a dozen bedraggled teenagers are listening at gunpoint to JOHNNY BULLETS, a languid, virtually unconscious businessman who is not offering them any Martini. They appear sullen and no wonder. Enter PEDRO, a faithful bodyguard, wheeling a cylinder of oxygen, with which he infuses his incoherent employer throughout the following. MISS PROUDFOOT, a beautiful and efficient secretary, types up his words as best she can.



● *Beauty is fishing boats and fjords, a sportscar on a mountain road, a girl with hair the colour of lager . . .*

Of course, bloody Norweigians used to it. If you're surrounded by fjords and mountains and mighty conifers all your life I suppose Beauty would mean something totally different to you. Milton Keynes on a Saturday perhaps. Brutes. Me, I'm a sucker for that stuff. Week in the fjords "blew my mind" quite frankly. Not to mention the stun grenades we took for the fishing. They're not designed to cause tissue damage, you know. Just blow your eardrums out of your nose. Not unpleasant. Reminds one of amyl nitrate. Go to Norway a lot, you teenagers?

Decent of you to turn up, can't say I've met anyone in your agegroup before. The in-between years we used to call them. Must say you're a good deal better-looking than I was at your age. Expected a right bloody shower. Protest-marchers. Bedwetters. Spotty herberts and spivs. What's this, the famous Mohican hairdo? Who? Brian Fairy. Very nice too.

Well now we've made friends why don't we start our little discussion. Who wants to go first, perhaps we ought to get our teeth into something juicy. Aesthetics. A subject dear to my heart. *Aesthetic.* From the Greek word ah . . . to be beautiful. Beautifulness, Beauty. What are your views on this subject. The problem of Beauty. Anyone? Yes. You want to go to the "loo". Pedro? There you are. Punch in the throat for Brian Fairy, far right. *My* right – too late, never mind. Now listen to me young people. Britain needs new blood. New industries and enterprises. And d'you know what, they all start in the same place. Up here.

I am often asked Johnny wherever do you get your ideas? My friends, the method is simple. When dusk approaches, you must don a white suit and a white hat, take up a cane and saunter down to the lake at the foot of your estate. There you might encounter Pedro your faithful bodyguard. You hail him in a hearty unpatronizing manner, and the two of you stroll in agreeable silence toward the boathouse. There beneath a canopy called Martini stands a glasstopped table bearing refreshments of a conical nature. What luck!

Take up your glass if you will, hold it before your optimistic eye and admire the view, a pleasant view, pleasantly distorted by your ingenious lens. It's sunset and a slice of lemon sinks slowly below the surface. Turn to your companion and salute the evening, it is the hour of Martini. Two glasses ricochet: *to Life, to Beauty, to Alcoholic Feelings.* There's no doubt about it. He's the right one, the bright one, that's Monsignor Martini. Get to know his extra dry sense of humour. *Drink up, my son.* Put your hand round his shoulder and turn him respectfully upside-down . . . Drinky feelings become very strong indeed, but perfect self control is part of your strongness of feeling. The administration of ice and lemon is your tremendous, worthwhile task. And now is the perfect time for elegance and finer feelings to be strong in the air like menthol cigarettes. Ken Russell music swirls insincerely round your head. Beauty is all about; an idea is imminent.

Beauty is the dusk, the idea is a bat you can't see and you can't hear but you know it's part of all this, toppling round the sky, tracing a spirograph path about your head. Your gaze searches the heavens like the torch in a planetarium. Your ears are fine-tuned like a poacher's: a breeze flips the pages of a pink newspaper. Ice scintillates noisily in your glass. Guccis squeak, cufflinks clink. A Rolex ticks expensively. Rowlocks, subdued voices out on the lake, the splash of another traitor. Dogs barking evocatively in the distance, the faraway fizzing of a helicopter. Escaped captives surrender silently to loudhailers. You sigh and stretch and yawn enjoyably. It is a night like any other . . . At that moment an idea hits you amidships like a bloody Exocet, BOUM, *zut alors*!

It will be a most excellent idea, oh my brothers. Very good indeedish. I think you will be: proud and pleased. So do you see now that the smart way to *get ahead* is to immerse yourself in the strongest saddest most supernatural essence of Beauty. Then will heart and mind open to receive the message, the codeword, the powerful signal of inspiration. You will enjoy this I promise you. However, I recognise that there is the problem of Beauty. What are the beautiful things in life? From whence can Beauty be summoned? For me Beauty lives behind green glass, Martini feelings are the right ones for me. Others will have their own speical methods. For many Beauty may be found in the humdrum incidents of everyday life. A squirrel peeping impudently from a branch. The carefree cries of children hitting each other. A girl with lager-coloured hair. Mother and Father holding hands. Grandpa carving a pair of clogs. Beauty is latent, contained in the Everyday and waiting for your eyes and ears to release it.

What do you say to my theory? Has it helped any of you in your time of difficulty? Well then, what would you like to hear next week. May I tell you of weighty matters, sciences and philosophies, the geometries of architecture, the history of civilizations, the biology of Man, in short, of the rules that govern the Cosmos. Or shall we be frivolous and debate those things that make us laugh and cry during our short span on this planet. Great paintings, tremendous symphonies, the ballet, who are the great men of sculpture, of poetry and literature. What is your answer, darlings. Speak freely, I implore you. Yes. Yes . . . Yes. Yes. Yes. I see. Yes. You wish to learn more of . . . Beer. Beer and Snooker. The Football. Doctor Marten's influential footwear. Boutiques. How to get Girls. Techniques of Kising. Black Magic, this is more interesting. Anyone else? I see. Tortures. Keeping Fit. Drug Abuse – that's another popular one isn't it, ha ha! Cowboys. Science Fiction. British Ferns. ? Is that right? How intriguing.

Well my dears this is a little (shall we say) disconcerting. But of one thing you may be certain. Over the next few weeks, these matters will be vigorously discussed. No one shall say that I have failed to grasp the nettle. I am determined to get to the bottom of young people. I beg your pardon. You are asking for trouble young man. Pedro, show our guests to their quarters. We will meet next time at 1600 hours precisely. Fizzy pop will be provided and our subject will be the Dangers of Beer. Have a good day now, as our American cousins put it. Remember – today is the last day of your life so far.

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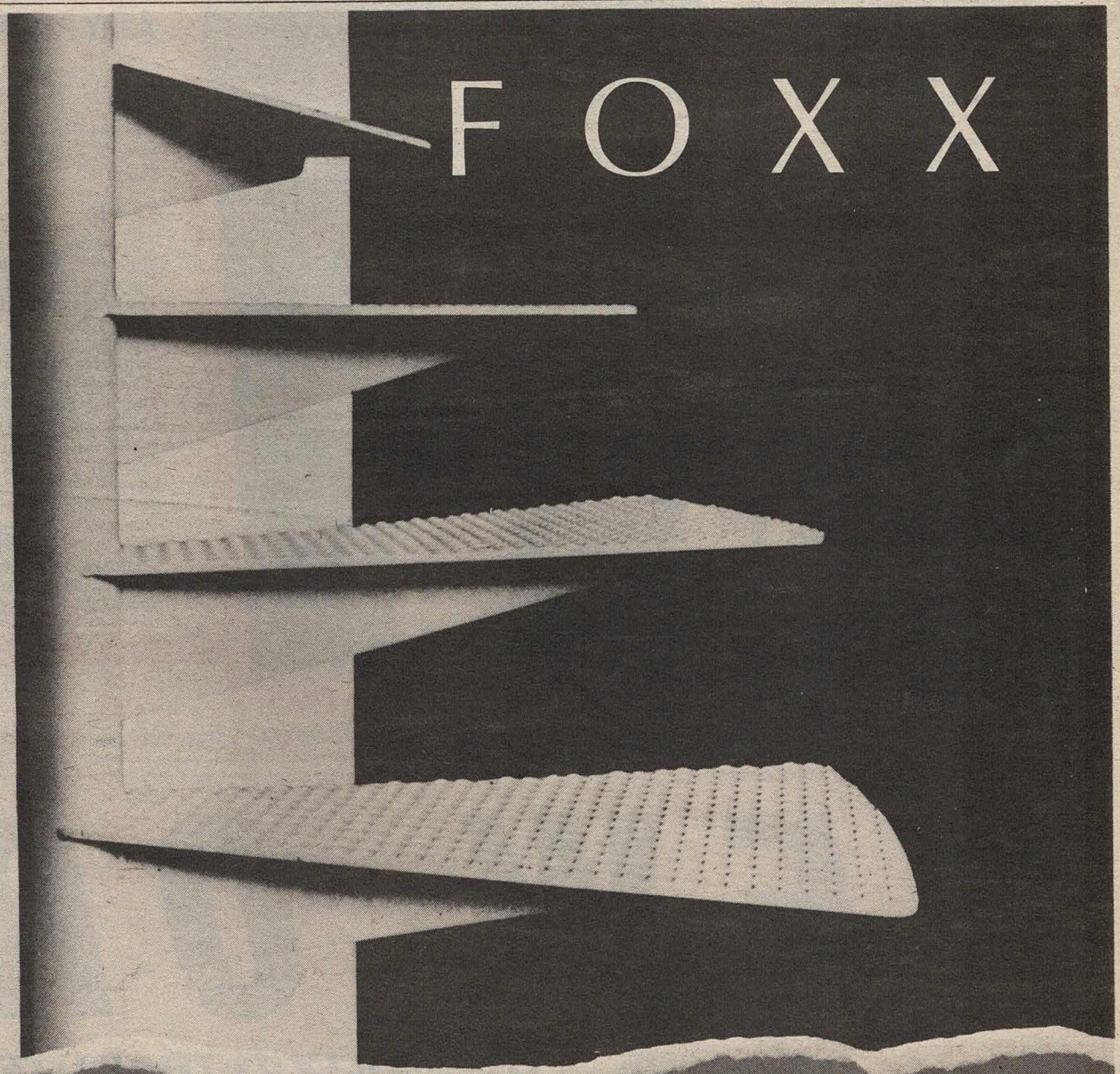

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BACK-TO-BACK WITH THE BLUES ● PROUST POSEURS ● XTC RAMBLE ●

BLUES WAVES

THE BLUES have, once again, come up from the Delta onto US radio playlists and back into the bestsellers.

In the depressed Deep South, the rhythm and the blues of Deep Soul is making its biggest social impact since it was dragged in out of an alley back in the '60s and fed a tab of acid!

Slipping on one's red shoes to dance the blues, might be an acceptable means of momentarily easing everyday Reaganomic pressures. But when tough times afficit the young as much as the old, it's the lyrical potency of blues power that is enabling the oppressed to confront their current crisis. The evidence is clear: programming blues cuts — even as few as one per hour — has ben sufficient to boost the sagging ratings of countless southern radio stations. The most spectacular turnaround has been at Station KRNB / Mephis, which recently went from being the vicinity's least listened-to station on the number one. The remedy for such a remarkable recovery, says programme director Floyd Blackwell, was simply down to "playing the same stuff as everybody else was playing, but infiltrating blues cuts."

A year ago, you'd wake up in the morning, flick the radio dial and not find the blues anywhere. Now, the accepted norm is for Michael Jackson, Prince and George Clinton to be played back-to-back with B. B. King, Albert Collins but even more so, Z. Z. Hill.

It was Z. Z. Hill — a Texas bluesician in the Bobby Bland / Sam Cooke / Otis Redding tradition — who demonstrated that the blues was again a saleable commodity when his LP 'Down Home' hit the nation's charts with a vengence and all his gigs sold out. out.

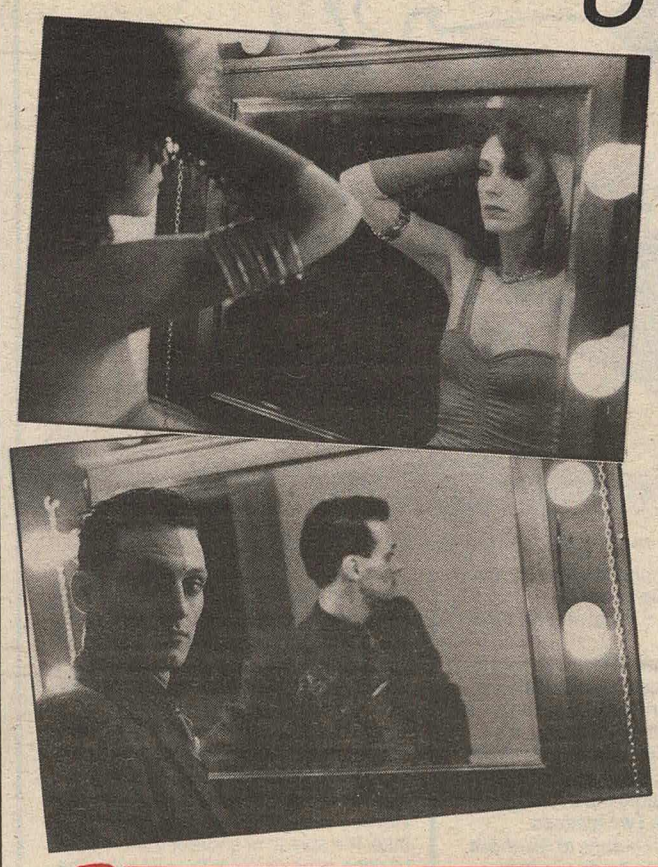
Unlike most markets, where regular buying habits drastically tail-off at around the mid-20s, it has been revealed that the only reason over-25s black music fans haven't been shelling out, was because the majority taste wasn't being catered to. So, whilst young adults rediscover Muddy Walters, Albert Collins and more, the kids are feverishly picking up on both B. B. and Z. Z.

This quite unexpected blues boom has greatly stimulated the southern music industry, dragging many companies out of debt and into profit.

A year ago, there was an overall resistance by radio stations to programme blues, fearing it would rive away their younger listeners. Currently, blasting out the blues with regularity has become as much a public service as a question of survival.

ROY CARR

SWANNING AROUND



I'M STILL not sure about Swans Way, but then that's not my fault — they swim around too much, dropping hints and chasing their own tails. They're hard to embrace, just as difficult to trust or dismiss. Things could still go wrong.

I consider their chances though and things look good. Already in a sensitive, sensibly *selective* two-year career they've played the field with that grand sense of destiny, a planned consideration for the legendary, the instinct for style (always slick, sleek, sheer) and an expert tactical patience of Associates-like proportions. Ambitious and admirably aware, they have dashing versatility, the most refined sensual intensity, a new commercial cleverness and an extravagent tendency to scatter dark edges and nervous moments into the most obvious of smokey-jazz atmospheres.

Sometimes I wonder if Swans Way can possibly fail . . .

Swans Way — Rick P. Jones, Maggie Edmond, Robert Shaw — are haughty, handsome, tasteful, charming, quietly confident. They spent a year rehearsing in empty Birmingham casinos and boxing rings before their debut gig at a Handsworth strip joint. Their framework, of Jones' loose double-bass play and Maggie's shuffling snare-beat, was expanded to include sax, flute, violin and classical guitar before they took on successful select dates at the Hacienda, Duma Express, Slammer, a couple of trips to Paris and three Creole support slots. Now, they've decided, the next stage is ready.

They've waited a year now since their first record, 'Theme From The Balcony' (released on Simon Woods' EXIT International label), a stylised, sensationless piece that came wrapped in every finger-clicking, French-whispering, snazz-jazzy note of cool possible. It was drab and too casual. While the nervy 'Soul Train', the slippery-suave 'Salmon Are Jumping (Against Your Skin)', the harrowing tension of 'Illumination' or the dark, sparse version of 'Gloomy Sunday' are impressive, challenging, Swans Way can be too polite, too composed. Whey they rely on mere mood, very *simple* swing, just *average* ambience, like the lazy cha-cha of 'Its Not Enough' or 'The Life and Times', they are barely interesting, rarely daring or *demanding*: they let themselves down.

But then there's 'The Blade'/'Rage (That's My Soul Singing)', a sure, snappy pop promise with a fine, light heroism and an ABC storyboard that, once pushed that bit bolder and brassier than their rather unexcited demos, should send them high into the nation's hearts and charts. It seems they've waited well . . .

Rick (the shy cuddle, cheek and charm): "We've never panicked into doing things we'd regret and Simon (now their highly wise manager) has the same outlook. It hasn't been the Perfect Strategy but it's all

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

ANDY PARTRIDGE — XTC

"BUT WHAT'S ALL THIS PRETENTIOUS *PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS CONSUMER* NONSENSE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH 'MY FAVES' OR 'THINGS THAT I LIKE'? *POLAROID OF THE 'ERBERT AS SHOPLIFTER* INDEED! ETC, ETC."

MUSIC

Too numerous to mention, but pieces that make me smile with joy include (amongst other shrapnel) . . .
Opening chord of 'Hello Goodbye' — The Beatles
The brass on 'It's Going To Happen' — The Undertones
Trumpet solo from 'East Broadway Rundown' by Sonny Rollins (not sure who plays it)
***"I saw ya"* at the end of 'Happy Jack' — The Who**
The girls' voices on 'River Run' by Philip Glass
Living under the impression that Jagger says *Watch out strange cat people"* in 'Little Red Rooster'
Egyptian organ solo on the electric 'Roadrunner' — Jonathan Richman
The wobbly Vertigo label drawing
Any guitar that Olly Halsall played on record
On the whole, music that digs out its own place for itself, diamond hard. Not a putty product built to flow easily into expected gaps. Got me?

READING MATTER

Don't like fiction these days. Can't stop buying old encyclopaedias for the drawings, frequently beautiful. I don't like to read the *NME* as I find it intimidating in a negative way. How can you write about music without love?

TV

Generally documentaries, but now I've sent my TV back along with the video, and cancelled the *Radio* and *TV Times*. Summer's a-coming.

I LIKE

Miro
A feeling of the past
Scribbling
My wife
Gardens
Cotton
Japanese tastes
Food (and too much)
Engravings
Privacy
Metal Toys
Large books
Violence as a creative force, not for empty destruction. (Make before you break.)
And all sorts and all kinds. Sigh, isn't life one glorious sensual explosion?

MESSAGE TO THE NATION

"Pop" music will never be a healthy animal until people of five years or 90 years are making it. We must smash as soon as possible the 'possession of youth' snobbery/ stigma attached to it. Stop patting ourselves on the back and start sending love outward to all styles and ages, and learn how to encourage.
Right, that's my 15 minutes up. Bye, y'all.

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developed in a sort of natural cycle and really (*laughing*) I have no comprehension of not achieving all we want."

So is it all Sex! Flesh! Heat!?

"No it isn't."

You're not *too* sophisticated?

Rob (the sly sex, Presley presence and reptilian swagger): "I hope not. Style is important to us but it's got to be natural to what you are".

And the contemporaries? The differences?

Maggie (the smiling glamour and exotic gentility): "People like Rondo or Nightlife were nostalgia: they took a style and worked on it. We'd never do that."

Swans Way refrain from any hip-list of taste and influence; they wont "promote anything through the image": they are nicely *honest* ("we're out to make every medium work for us. Each single will be a commercial proposition"). Still, I suspect, they could go drastically astray. Someone ought to ruffle their feathers, force them to prove themselves. They still play with the *illusions* of pop, jazz, whatever. I think they know that much.

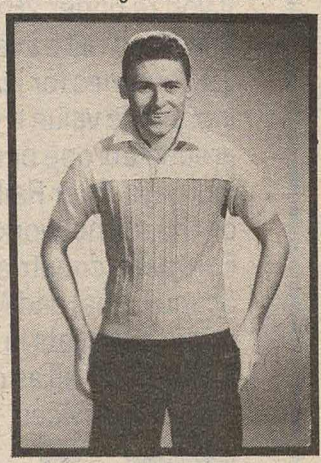
As it is, with a recent Jensen session and a publishing deal with April Music, a number of majors are in hot pursuit. Maggie's dream demand, she tells me, is "to be successful in everything we do all the time". If they cling to their ideals, follow their instincts and integrity and find fate on their side, then I'd be surprised if they fail her . . . **JIM SHELLEY**

Cool and calculated can they fail? (left to right) Robert Shaw, Rick Jones and Maggie Edmond.

TALKING LEGEND

ROCK IS DEAD BUT THE MALADY LINGERS ON, DEPT: Further to my recent review of the reissued Frankie Ford 'Sea Cruise' album *(Ace)*, the Northern Affairs desk received a snippet of genuine rock 'n' roll history in the shape of a brace or so of vintage ('59) autographed publicity glossies of the great man and an accompanying letter of appreciation for the review from Sea Cruise Productions president, Ken Keene of Gretna, Louisiana.

Apparently, Frank was more than a little pleased that work of his recorded over 20 years back was receiving (deserved) press attention in Britain, and anxious to inform the rocking classes of his continuing career as a *bona fide* living legend of our times.



Proof positive was offered by way of his last two single releases, 'Growing Pains' and a well fabby version of the old Platters schmaltzburger 'My Prayer'. Great stuff and I'm here to state unequivocally that the Fordian pipes are in bona trim as we go to press.

A new album entitled 'Growing Pains' should be winging its way me-wards very soon and I will, naturally, keep all you kats and kittens posted contentswise. Frankie is still touring like a good un', having recently rocked in Louisville Kentucky, Chicago Illinois, and Indianapolis Indiana — all three with Bobby Helms and Bobby Vee (all you protest kids) in a " '50s Rock 'n' Roll Festival" would you believe?

The letter from Ken Keene (which I shall treasure as proof positive of my miniscule contribution to rock's rich topiary) concludes: "Frankie extends his very best wishes to you and the *New Musical Express*." That's a living rock 'n' roll legend taking to YOU, kid.

RAY, OOOOWEE!, Lowry.

OVER A thousand protesters were arrested at a peaceful demonstration outside a US weapons centre in California last week. And 836 are still in detention, held in circus tents which were specially erected at the Santa Rica county jail site when official facilities proved unable to cope with the mass arrests.

Scene of the protest was the controversial Lawrence Livermore laboratory which, along with a 'partner facility' in New Mexico, is America's weapon design centre, and is owned by the University of California.

The demonstration on 20 June, the 'Second Annual' protest at the university's support for weapon manufacture, was the latest in a series of actions by concerned citizens. Peaceful demonstrators blocked access to the lab, and were subsequently charged with obstructing the traffic.

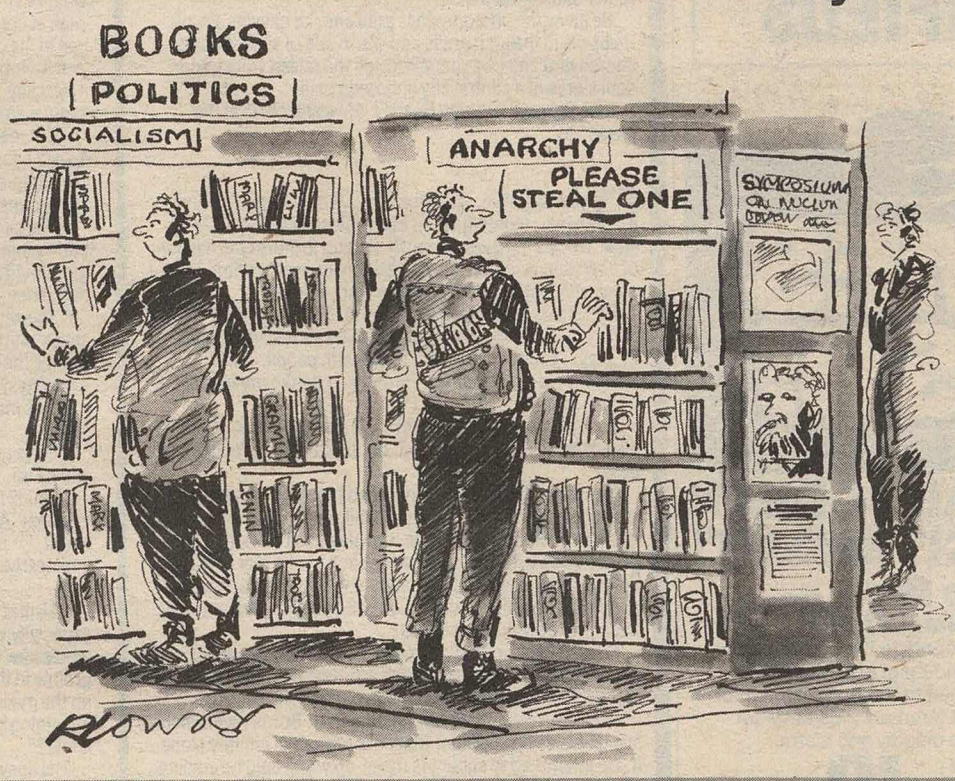
The deadlock which has kept so many of them in jail results from a municipal decision to sentence each obstructor to a 250 dollar fine and two years, probation.

"The protesters are refusing arraignment," Aileen Alfandary of Berkeley's KPSA radio team told NME. "The sentence is clearly aimed at circumscribing their right to civil disobedience as a means of protest."

The Lawrence Livermore facility was described by a UK researcher as "very, very secret, at the most futuristic end of research into detonation devices . . . X-ray weapons and laser weapons."

He warned: "We need to be very concerned about that centre, since what they invent may soon be based here."

lowry



FANZINES, OH fanzines, what would your literary life be without them? (Dull baby, dull.)

Every day they come flooding in, masses of them. Some rave about their favourite local group. Others, the more enjoyable ones, go further and relate a particular way of life. Most of them strike a chord in my heart because of the enthusiasm involved. Here are the best of them:

COMMUNICATION BLUR – No 1, 40p plus large SAE to c/o Kensington Park Road, London, W11. Hey, it's a psychedelic/trash/pop rag with a suitably colourful and carefree layout within. There's articles on all *those* type of groups and a healthy "sod 'em all" (ie the established bands) punk attitude to boot.

THOSE WHO DIED YOUNG – No 1, 30p plus large SAE to 25 Poulton Square, London, SW3. Full marks to this one for having the blackest tongue in cheek humour since old man Ant's early lyrics. Laugh as 'Paul of the Palace' stops a football riot, carry on laughing as the appalling Rowan Atkinson gets *his* and then choke when you receive your free John Reginald Christie facemask.

COOL NOTES – No 6, 25p plus large SAE to Flat 5, 166a Romford Road, London E15 4CD. This is quite an eclectic mag, drawing its inspiration from ska, reggae, soul and punk. There's also a stirring bit on Greenham Common and a worthy bitch about tribalism. Simply an entertaining and informative read.

STATE – No 6, Free (but it would be polite to send a donation) plus large SAE to 4 Newlyn House, 1 Benhill Wood Road, Sutton, Surrey. *State* is full of interviews with little bands who'll probably get no bigger, but when you're doing a fanzine what's the point of writing about The Jam? This guy believes he's "fanning the flames" and we, back at the homestead, stand as one and applaud him.

All these 'zines and more available from Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London, W11.

RICHARD NORTH

● Birmingham group The Red Cocktail Set are planning to start an audio mag, the *Isolated Handklapp Bandzine*. They'd like "obscure groups" to send in songs for inclusion – on quality tape – plus an SAE and some info. The address is 189 Waterloo Avenue, Chelmsley Wood, B'ham B37 6QE.

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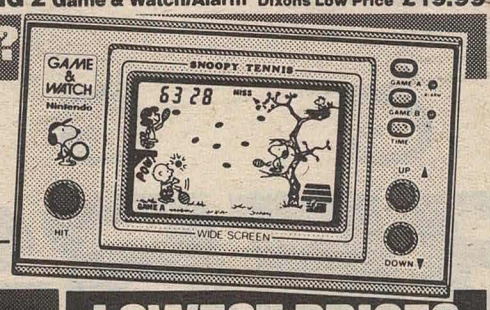

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WHAT'S

*A name without fame, catty **Pete Burns** intends to change all that now he has signed a major recording deal. **David Dorrell** watches Liverpool's sex kitten sharpen his claws. Catsnap by **Bleddyn Butcher***

EACH SUNDAY a paper brings a tired nymphet to the country's doors.

Where once stood the fulsome figure of Monroe, or the petite grace of Bardot, now hangs the faded charm of yet another ersatz glamourpuss complete with lurid anecdotes and glossy lies.

The pristine pout has been replaced by the salacious smile, and one kiss tells all.

The quicksilver music machine — never at a loss for original ideas — has been playing that hand for a good while now. From The Boy to Beki and back through Sting to Snider, the sex kitten has rolled in the wool basket of the pop press. The supine poise of Pia Zadora favours some, the gritty silicon of Welch others.

Not surprisingly ours come in just about both sexes. And although this cosmetic cottage industry was never previously the domain of man, the great gender divide has never been that wide in this business.

Ask any young band you care to think of.

Pete Burns is a sex kitten for today. He is definitely not another hazy fantasy inspired by the likes of Kate or Jeremy. Today (as always) this sex kitten wears false hair and dark eyes, its back is arched and very proud, its make-up sharp rather than smudged.

He gives the photographer grief and the navvies a wink. He basks in the long grass and warm sun of a West London churchyard and swaggers through the raised voices and cool stares of a central city shopping mall.

Pete Burns sings with Dead Or Alive and purrs at the passer-by.

DEAD OR Alive, that most elusive of Liverpudlian cult bands, have signed to Epic, released a single, 'Misty Circles' and are currently waiting to storm the bastion of chart success. Pete Burns, by way of qualification, is very sane, very sure and very much a star. Already.

He would, certainly, like to play up his image of "a scatter brain". At times he would appear to be almost vulnerable, as he says, "Sometines when I argue with people in this business I feel like Frances Farmer — I think, any minute I'll be in the nutbin."

But don't doubt that this *World's End* godling is as hard as his stare or as sharp as his wit; or his nails. In particular his nails.

If anything his nails have dragged him from obscurity and etched win-lines onto the back of failure — *and* the backs of many an adversary. For as well as playing at sex kitten he gets to grips with the role of arch-bitch on the block. If Joan Collins springs to mind then seize and mangle that image for a while; eventually the distortion will bring you closer to this strange beauty than I ever will . . .

Though he is not truly narcissistic — he knows when to avert his gaze — he still inspires an interest that only the self appreciative can. Whilst some are purely vain, "mirror-friends" (something he admits he is not), Burns revels in the fact that he is one person, that he is not a dual identity clone. If you attempted to scour his make-up you would be erasing his skin. Pete Burns, with or without Dead Or Alive, is a 24 hour a day entity.

Fortunately he is amiable enough and lucky enough to have escaped permanent scarring from his detractors on both physical and mental levels. His virtues are protected, one supposes, by his marriage. Thus on a sexual level he is hard to quantify: although he is to the private eye a hetero, rumour and appearance label him gay, if not (to the public eye) worse.

It would therefore be only fair to say that he attacks for defence. Shoud we decry him for being outlandish? Or worse, for only managing Echo to O'Dowd's Narcissus? I think not. After all, there is always room for another Loren on the studio floor; they add some panache to the butt-ends of the charts.

Or as Pete Burns would claim: "The public's ready for something. I think it's quite a good time really — I think it needs turning upside down a little bit."

And, you ask, what would he do if he turned it upside down? His answers are effusive, though well mannered and thoughtful; and often frivolous.

"Turn it back round again! I'd love to be in a position of power to do that . . . You've got to get inside it before you can let your true poison out really.

"If there's any sign of anarchy on the outside — or doing anything off the beaten track — it never does anything. I've been too much of a big mouth before, and criticised things that I don't agree with, but people think, Oh right! You're not getting in here — *slam*! It's done all kinds of things for us with TV appearances, un-commercial, wrong attitude . . . things like that."

BURNS ONCE caused a lot of trouble for saying in the *NME* that the country needed more violence.

Given his outlook and garish dress he would probably be one of the first on the receiving end. Indeed, if you look closely his ear-lobes are lined with slits as if his ear-rings have been torn out.

"You're fucking observant aren't you!" He howls in delight. "I've done that by accident . . . I'm terribly clumsy."

But does he encounter much violence?

"No, I have near misses, but I never run away. I'm so argumentative. I'd argue with 700 National Fronters, not that I'm a crusader but I won't have any lip. I'll answer anybody back.

"I think being a bit different for as long as I have, you know how to deal with it."

His maltreatment at the hands of Liverpool's infamous Stanley Knife Boys is treated with a mocking disdain for their immaturity — and an air of disbelief at the action he provokes. Somewhat perversely though he encounters more exhibitionism than aggravation.

"I've had loads of people moon — bare their bums and show me their dicks — all the time!"

He smiles wistfully as he speaks and often laughs aloud.

"God! I've seen so many dicks! I've had two blokes running after our car with their trousers round the ankles . . . falling over in the middle of the road . . . I don't know why, but I'm getting to be an authority on dicks . . . I've seen every dick in the book — but no real violence. I must just incite dick showing."

In trying to discover an answer for this problem, I ask him if he's gay. The reply is direct enough, but the connotations slightly ambivalent.

"I'm married. What I do is my own business, isn't it really? I don't care what people label you anyway. If I had any hangups about it I wouldn't be like I am. I don't keep any secrets.

"The people that are really normal and dull and grey and boring think that anything that's a bit odd is queer. But if they could see what gay people look like they'd know the difference — gay people look straighter than weirdos do.

"The whole gay thing is that crop, muzzy (moustache), check-shirt, hiking-boots . . . it's like *Day Of The Triffids*; there's thousands of them. I tell you what! I incite violence from gays, they hate me; they go barmy!"

As he mauls his Loxes (kosher smoked salmon), I wipe my brow. Is this cat a clean living man?

"I love going out and getting plastered," he replies, "but when I do, I'm ill for weeks — I feel this impending doom.

"I think I'm going through a bit of a health fad at the moment. As for all the drug thing that goes on in the pop world . . . I'm so glad I did it before I became a part of it . . . and nearly a pop star," he laughs. "It doesn't interest me now.

"All that decadent living fucks up a lot of groups, especially when they're signed, they've got money and a whole new way of life. A lot dive in and become like those groups in that show *Studio*; picking their arses, being sick on the mixing desk, tripping out, jumping out of windows, imagining that they're a carrot . . . It's all really boring, you know?"

The answers are filled with genuine ennui for the idiocy, the wholesale waste that the scene perpetuates; a bordello with gold discs is still a meat market. A market with its foundations rooted in Memphis, London and Liverpool.

What's your town like Pete? Is it a drug centre?

"Drug centre? Boredom. That's what it is. When people are bored they take drugs. That's what I did.

"Heroin and things are so readily available there. All these young kids are getting into it . . . and I don't see any reason for it. In the '60s when people were into that drug culture they didn't know what the consequences were, so it was experimental. But now, through that period, we all know what the consequences are so surely there should be some sense of preservation — why fuck yourself up? Nobody wants to go around looking lime green and half dead, feeling depressed and wasting all their money. I think it's really silly. Though some people can't — it's like fate . . .

"Liverpool got to be the acid centre of the NorthWest didn't it? I think it must be a trendy drug."

Wasn't it just a part of that new-psychedelic scene with Cope and McCullough?

"I think in that phase, in the Liverpool thing particularly, a lot of bands thought it was dead cool to say they were on drugs because it matched the music. Always somebody comes up with the attitude, the way of life to match the music and it's a bit unnecessary really because your way of life can be separate from your music. It was all very revivalist — it looked back to something that if it was that brilliant would have lasted. But the psychedelic thing faded out

NEW PUSSYCAT?

quickly; it didn't really have any grip.

"Unfortunately some of the records we made sounded psychedelic to some people, but it really wasn't intentional. Though I have liked some psychedelic music."

The last sentence is mouthed almost sheepishly, yet still he fears nothing. It is almost impossible to embarrass somebody as blasé as Pete Burns. Every weakness becomes a gilded indiscretion, every indiscretion a bastion of originality. Others who deal with the misnomer that is success, and its fluctuations are rarely spared the blade.

For instance: "I don't think The Teardrop Explodes were psychedelic. I see psychedelic music as the Electric Prunes, 'I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night', and those 'Pebbles' LPs. That made me think of psychedelia — what they were doing made me think of, without being nasty, The Archies, 'Sugar Sugar'. It was all jolly and bubbly.

"The Bunnymen were psychedelic, but God they nearly broke their bollocks trying to be. Walking around pretending they were on acid . . ."

BUT HIS bitterness is probably the result of a long running feud between himself and the grey men of the technicolour scene.

Before his signing to Epic, Burns was still a Liverpudlian anomaly; a *name* without success. Now he is in Rome and doing as the Romans do; which in this business is pretty hateful. Isn't it Pete?

"The thing is, without sounding like a creep, I'm not really hateful. I'm just extremely quick witted."

Last year, Pete Burns wanted to kill Ian Mac. True or false?

"I don't really want him to hog the interviews so this is by way of explanation: he is very hateful — or so it appears. He said something about me in a magazine. I'd never said a bad word about that group. I wanted to kick him in the head for it, it was pointless. It did annoy me because it was awfully shallow . . . it's like that idea when a band gets one foot on the ladder, and there's others struggling, they try to kick the others and brag and wave success.

"But they're not anywhere, even now, I wasn't ever jealous of them. He just annoys me because . . . there are so many things I could say that'll be bitchy, but you know from observing somebody they're a frustrated Bowie freak and they just aren't glamorous enough to do it. They really resent somebody who dresses up. I meet a lot of resentment from other groups."

Again it's nothing to be surprised about: every sex kitten runs the risk of banality. This one just offers a new insight into that cliché: the sordid ins-and-outs become inert, ossify and become legend.

Ostensibly, he is as he says — "his own fantasy". I'd tend to agree but isn't it getting too late to become anybody else's?

Pete Burns sits in rare silence then replies: "I do intend to make it, I'm not over confident. I think it might take longer than other people, but I'm quite sure that eventually I will. I'll be a laughing stock if I don't — for saying all this."

But what about George and Haysi?

Well, Haysi haven't made it. With the amount of exposure they've had, if they'd done anything good they'd have made it . . . but they're funny. They're like that group who did 'In The Summertime'. Mungo Jerry? They remind me of Mungo Jerry . . . that's not bitchy. It's like summery, funny music — and how long does it last? Not long . . . just for summer."

BOTH GEORGE and Haysi undeniably owe much in the way of style to this courtesan of fashion, yet the praise has never come his way. Nobody stole his thunder, they just generated it to more (instant) effect.

As he reminisces: "In those days I was ahead, I've always been ahead, even so far ahead that people think I'm backwards," he laughs. "This sounds terribly pompous, but it's the easiest way of being completely honest about it.

"You must understand that all the people that are fashioneers missed the first '70s bandwagon of all, which was punk. Everybody missed it. It was over when it caught on mainstream, so now any bandwagon that's likely to start, be it mod or white rasta, every body's on it like a ton of bricks, because nobody wants to miss the wagon. People are very wary of being out of it, which in a way is sad but in a way it's healthy — they have to be wide awake."

Pete Burns is a sex kitten for today. He seriously asked for all the "bitchy bits" to be censored, yet realised that the most "sensational" chapters of any story must be reported. He doesn't feel himself to be "a freak", whatever others think. Though I think he cares. A lot.

It must be hard on the casting couch, especially when every other starlet has the same wares on display. It must be hard and it must hurt. But Pete Burns is coming to terms with the reality of the scheme.

"It's only your ego that wants a good review. A bad review doesn't really cripple you — it doesn't really matter. I feel well adjusted to it now. The chart thing is something I wanna do for my ego."

And every sex kitten needs a well fed ego. Eventually.

RAMALAMA DRAMA

Yet another working-class playwright with a chip on his shoulder and a pen in his hand? Not so! cries TONY MARCHANT. Agreed! shouts PAOLO HEWITT. Smile please! says PETER ANDERSON.

THIS could be a cliché sitting in front of me.

Young working class 'kid' from the East End, with no money or qualifications behind him, sits down and writes a play. He sends the manuscript off to about 30 theatres enclosing a note that says, "I think you should put this play on. It's brilliant!"

Only one guy takes note of this brash statement. His name is Adrian Shergall. He rings up this playwright and suddenly Tony Marchant's first play, based around kids in a classroom, is put onto a stage.

One person who sees the production is playwright Barrie Keeffe, a main inspiration to Tony at the time.

"I saw a play of his on TV," says Tony, "called *Gotcha* and that play was really important in terms of what was happening in 1976. It was the first time I'd seen a play about — for want of a better word — kids.

"It wasn't exactly me, but about all the kids who I grew up with, my mates and the things they said, and I thought, fuck! Someone has actually done justice to my generation. Then when I started reading him, I thought, well there's no point in me doing anymore plays. He's done it all."

But Tony continues writing. He produces *Thick As Thieves* based around three working class youths, their harsh squalid environment and their differing aspirations and ideals.

When it's put onstage, Phil Daniels plays the lead and subsequently Tony is written about as a dramatist for the kids. Indeed, *Blitz* recently pegged him as having only written about "disaffected youth".

Such an assessment, Tony states, is dangerous. Not only has he delved into other subjects — women in gynaecology wards, old people — but to box him off as such puts unnecessary restrictions on his writing.

BECAUSE he was bright enough, Tony went to grammar school, which was not a popular move amongst his friends in the local comprehensive.

He left school undistinguished academically, and he could have ended up in a group. But instead he drifted through a succession of jobs and picked up on the work of Camus and Sartre.

"Penguin Classics Syndrome!" he shouts. "Reading that didn't inspire me to write. And you mention those writers to people and they say, oh it's just a phase you go through, everyone's an existentialist at 19. But it wasn't so much that, it was just people I liked whose writing was really good."

In 1976 two thing happened to Tony Marchant: Barrie Keeffe and punk.

"What made me go in a certain direction was not to emulate Penguin Classics but to write about things that were personal and specific to me, which was like the sensibility of the first Clash LP and early Jam singles.

"It changed me in the sense of making me not want to be a bank clerk," explains Marchant. "That and just being interested in writers.

"The popular representation of punk," he continues, "was all about rejection and denial. But it wasn't. It was about other things. It was the hate that was passionate, a denial of things not because you were negative but the opposite. It was actually saying, well, what do you want to be? And I wanted to be different because if it wasn't mediocrity that people had to face up to for the rest of their lives, it was a life *worse* than mediocrity. It made me think that you don't *have* to be like that."

SO TONY wasn't. He sat down and started writing plays — of all things. Not poetry, because he felt that his biggest audience would only be himself. Not short stories, because he felt they had too many limitations. And not journalism, because he hated the cynical attitudes he encountered on a short course he once attended.

"For me, or someone like Barrie Keeffe, to be writing," Marchant states, "is actually the biggest antidote to the notion that theatre is only for the middle class and only to be enjoyed by the middle classes. All of a sudden you can't have — if you've got a play like *Gotcha* or *Thick As Thieves* on — that kind of audience. What you want, because you've written about it, is your generation to go and see it.

"In that sense," he continues breathlessly, "you might not be telling them anything new, but you are relating your experiences. I know it's been said to people like Weller that he really said what people were thinking at the time, which is the best thing you can do to eventually change people. To make people come out of a theatre, or a concert, or having heard a record that makes them feel different — the longer that feeling lasts, of having actually been changed or lit up, the better it is."

Like his musical contemporaries, Marchant sees his work in terms of challenging people, upsetting their preconceptions and presenting alternative views. To be effective his work is now gaining a depth, utilising different shades, offering different points of view.

His new play, *Welcome Home* — about five soldiers returning home after the Falklands fiasco for a mate's funeral — is a far more subtle and effective piece of work. Rather than present the left wing view (where Marchant's sympathies lie), Tony juggles with all the opposing ideologies, displaying the strengths and weaknesses of both sides but never leaving you in doubt as to *his* viewpoint.

Thus *Welcome Home* packs a surprisingly strong emotional punch, not least aided by the performance of the mainly young actors involved.

"Where I think I've developed," Marchant muses, "is that I've learnt you've got to get people to contradict each other in ten minutes. One character has to contradict himself, fuck himself and then redeem himself. He's got to go through these things. He's got to shed skins and he's got to change.

"When that Corporal in *Welcome Home* makes his final speech, which is by and large fascist, you've got to make it humorous in some way. You've got to make it appealing because if you suddenly dismiss them as fascists you're not doing justice to the importance of fascism or the way it gets into people's blood.

"It's like Thatcher. What they desperately try and do is present her as plausible, moderate and reasonable. There's nothing extreme or obnoxious, and it has to be persuasive. Similarly, with that Corporal, he has to be a very attractive, persuasive person so that people can't dismiss his argument out of hand. It makes him far more formidable."

Two years ago, Marchant might have taken the easy way out when confronted with the complexities of presenting vital issues in a clear intelligent way. These days he applies all kinds of colouring.

"I've done a play about the Falklands and it would be too easy to slag off the Government. I wouldn't expect to get away with it, either with actors, audiences or the issues themselves. You have to get underneath all that, come up, go round the side and end up saying all those things, but making it all the more devastating because you've done it through the characters."

ONE PROBLEM still remains: how to attract the people Tony wishes to address through his plays. At Stratford East theatre, *Thick As Thieves* — with Phil Daniels as bait — garnered an enthusiastic response. In the West End, it's a different matter. People shy away.

"In order to break down the barriers, the stigma of theatre, not just for young kids but people in general, there have to be more people going to plays and saying, well, I could do better than that and I'm going to do it.

"I mean, *Oi For England* did untold damage, it was such a naff job. It was very presumptous, and Trevor Griffiths really did think he was talking on behalf of skinheads. It's just simplistic and facile.

"With the plays that I've done, I feel that I'm not actually ripping people off in the sense of, this is a play about Youth with a capital Y and we'll get all these guilt stricken middle class people with their hearts and minds in the right place to come and watch it and feel very dangerous for it, and I'll earn £2,000 and go on telly and be mischevious and everyone will love me for it. I write because of certain things and I don't write to be dishonest.

"It's important in whatever you do that you always have some kind of integrity," he says quite unashamedly. "When you start to use words like integrity people run a mile, but it is important to have that."

In many ways Marchant is isolated within the theatre. He feels empathy with certain musicians and poets, finds their views and ideals a small inspiration, but lacks the appropriate contact.

"All the conditions are right for a movement of kinds to exist," he says hopefully. "I know with music it's much more about honesty, so that values it for me, but I think people have a lot of qualms about getting interested in something that is literary and as middle class dominated as theatre. Then again there was a similar feel about poetry, so people wrote a new sort of poetry.

"But there doesn't seem to be a movement where the poets link up with the theatre and the theatre links up with groups. It doesn't exist, and there should be a broad movement because in there (he jabs his heart) they have the same things in common, the same things that motivate them. I know they do, so it just seems inevitable that they should get together. It ought to happen."

IF IT doesn't Tony still has a bubbling future in front of him. Two of his plays will be on TV this autumn, there's a chance that *Welcome Home* will be restaged at a larger West End theatre, and he's currently working on a film script about some schoolkids who steal a tank one day and go wild in the country. Plus he holds an ambition to make a meaningful mark and contribution to his generation.

"Just to say, look what I do isn't peculiar, strange or odd. You should be going to see it as well as going to see groups because you will get a buzz out of it. If you're going to spend two or three quid going to the pub . . .

"It almost sounds doctrinaire, but people should know that you can get a buzz out of going to the theatre without actually feeling that the play is addressing itself to a world that has nothing to do with them and people look down upon them because they have fox furs on. It's not like that, and doesn't have to be as long as there are plays on where they can go and see it and say, yeah it's really good.

"That's a preoccupation of mine, because I'm 23 and I want to know that people of my age, and under, are responding to me and what I'm doing."

Tony Marchant draws a big sigh. "Do you want another coffee?"

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY CHRIS BOHN

EXEMPLARY CHARACTERS

MARC AND THE MAMBAS: Black Heart/Your Aura/Mamba (*Some Bizzare 12"*).
LOST GRINGOS: Bargeld Amore/Dilettango! (*Ata Tak German import*). Waltzing down the corridor of bruised senses comes Marc Almond, leading his ramshackle Mambas through the most beguiling ersatz exotica this side of a Hollywood filmscore. Outside Soft Cell Marc allows his musical invention to run ever more riotous, secure in the knowledge that his partner, organist Ann Hogan, is capable of producing arrangements to match.

Here the pair turn flamenco inside out, milking it for the torrid passions of the Latin temperament. Or so we're led to believe. It might not be true, but as with all cheap art value comes in what the listener is prepared to invest.

In 'Black Heart' hurt souls will find consolation in the luridly swollen Mamba melody. From the confessional 'Mamba' – a fabulously mixed metaphor of bullfight, bar room brawl and tortured love stamped out to clicking heels and the Venomettes' sawtooth strings – the same soul might seek an accurate reflection of his or her life story. And if in reality it's nowhere near so interesting as Marc describes his, at least it provides fertile inspiration for fevered imaginations. Allow yourself to be bitten by Marc's Mambas and enter their poisoned mind now! You won't regret it.

If you think Marc Almond going Spanish is weird, you ought to hear Dusseldorf's Lost Gringos, a bizarre assemblage of German explorers who every year attempt to relive their South American experience in song. Only their memory fades with the passing of time, so what they can't recall they must gamely improvise. The results are correspondingly more original. 'Bargeld/Amore', a Creolish cocktail, is pleasant enough (once you get over the disappointment it's not a fan's declaration of love for Einsturzende Neubauten's leader Blixa Bargeld), but the red meat's to be had on the B side's

excellent, exceedingly daft 'Dilettango!', the title of which explains all. It's great enough to start a tango revival singlehanded, except the red rose will fall out your mouth when the Spike Jones sound effects crack you up.
(Available from Rough Trade or direct from Das Buro, Furstenwall 64, D-4000 Dusseldorf.)

CABARET VOLTAIRE: Crackdown/Just Fascination (*Some Bizzare 12"*). The last and best of Sheffield's noise noir specialists to turn fully pro, Cabaret Voltaire's first big money venture brings in star NY producer John Luongo to help them break their increasingly restrictive mould. Sensibly he has done little to disturb the pulsating fear at the heart of the CV art. On the contrary he highlights it by cutting away all extraneous noises, clipping the sound back to brute sensual rhythms sparsely coloured by spindly guitar and punctuated with terse organ phrases.

Their songs are still steeped in panic, only now you can hear Stephen Mallinder's voice free of distortion you have a better idea why. 'Crackdown' has him coming on breathless to recount a third party's terror of going insane, like his partner before him. And, if I worked it out right, 'Just Fascination' is one peeping tom pooping on another peeper, focused through the disinterest of a scientific observer. Thus do Cabaret Voltaire distance themselves from their private fears. Will the blackness of their paranoia soon be edged with gold?

DIE TOTEN HOSEN: Armee Der Verlierer/Army of Losers (*Totenkopf German import*). That's Dead Trousers to you, bub, although a closer equivalent expression might be damp squib or wet blanket. For example if a party's lousy, one might comment "Ach diese Party ist eine Toten Hosen". Naturally only those who are the toast of any party they're invited to could get away with such a name. Die exuberant Toten Hosen have the reputation of being the most popular punk combo in Germany and it's easy to see why: A group that sends its fan club members a pair of the cheapest and worst trousers purchasable – "so terrible even the Turks wouldn't wear them," comments one fan – has just gotta be worth listening to. Like its two predecessors, 'Army Of Losers' doesn't disappoint. This is punk in the classic tradition of sullen voices mocking despair over a fast stutter rhythm that opens up massive yearning gaps in your heart when they hit the chorus, which moves you in such a way as only massed human voices can.
Totenkopf, Kolnerstrasse 170, 4000 Dusseldorf 1)

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS: Everyday I Write The Book (*F Beat*). The storyline's a familiar enough one of a lover's deceit and the other partner's reticence – just the sort of thing suited to Costello's lugubrious post 'Get Happy' depressive pop voice. Personally I can take it or leave it, but this time the song is so perfectly shaped, the central book metaphor carried through with such style and wit – "*You said you'd stand by me in the middle of Chapter Three/But you were up to your old tricks in Chapters Four, Five And Six*" – I find myself falling for all its hooks.

SHOW TRIAL I

ERNST BUSCH: Legends, Songs And Ballads Of Bertolt Brecht (*Aurora East German import*).
BERLIN RADIO CHOIR: Die Internationale (*Eterna East German import*). *Smash Hits* of the '30s! A lovingly compiled double EP of Bertolt Brecht songs elegantly packaged in a magazine that brings you not only the words printed in full, but also detailed notes, gossip and fab pics of the poet at work. All this and topicality, too! There are parallels to be drawn between '30s Germany and '83 Britain: the depression, the inexorable rise of the right, brute simple answers to complex problems; but let's not overstate them. More pertinently, given similarly testy conditions, how come so few artists today carry on their craft with the commitment, savage humour and defiant purpose of a Brecht or his composer colleague Hanns Eisler?

Maybe because, like the character of Brecht's 'Song Of The S.A. Man', they've been tricked into close collusion with commerce on the promise of a full belly. Whatever, the absence of such rigour has given rise to the prevalence of quick-return mediocrity in pop now. The people who produce it are useful to no one but themselves; indeed, they're not interested in anyone but themselves. And while such selfishness prevails, nothing with the hammerblow impact of Brecht and Eisler's 'United Front Song' is likely to be written.

Where Brecht and Eisler responded to the conditions of their time, present poppers choose to live in a vacuum. Their music is correspondingly empty and irrelevant. The final irony is, of course, that at a time when songwriting has reached an all time low, more songword magazines than ever are devoted to flattering flatulent talents . . .

But in this collection are words worth printing; now you too can singalongaBrecht.

Elsewhere Brecht wrote of a woman who said "she has had convulsions when she hears The Internationale". Well, if 'The Internationale' doesn't quite give her such convulsive shivers anymore it no doubt stirs in her the hopes of her youth and reminds her of a grand dream before it went sour. Still the most enduring march tune of all time. Get up and use it.
(Aurora and Eterna are both published by VEB Deutsche Schallplatten, Berlin, German Democratic Republic.)

SHOW TRIAL 2

MICK KARN AND MIDGE URE: After A Fashion (*Chrysalis*)
THOMAS DOLBY: She Blinded Me With Science (*EMI/Venice In Peril*)
TIN TIN: Hold It (*WEA/Curve*)
THE LOTUS EATERS: The First Picture Of You (*Sylvan/Arista*)
A BIGGER SPLASH: It's A Secret (*Mean*)
FREEZE FRAME: Your Voice (*Inevitable*)
LOT 49: Innocent Victims (*Magic Moon*)
BIRCH AND HALLAM: What You Say? (*A & M*)
PERFECT STRANGERS: Fifteen Minutes (*Best*)

Further meditations on a hobbyhorse: The decline in mainstream pop marked by these records is in direct proportion to the rise in respectability of the pop songword magazines, whose emphasis on colourful visuals is viewed as a testing ground for TV and video photogeneity. Because this mutually supportive triangle has traditionally worked in close collaboration with the record industry it's not difficult to conclude who is presently controlling the look and shape of the market place. As if it ever slipped out of their hands . . .

It is, of course, within the industry's interest to limit the flow of ideas to those it can understand or at least control. So, though it eventually managed to deal with punk and its troublesome younger brothers, it couldn't believe its luck when the critical tide turned back towards the idea of pop as manufactured product. For a while it was even willing to be taken for a ride by the expert manipulators ABC, Some Bizzare, Postcard, Heaven 17, McLaren, Morley et al, because it knew the following waves would fall directly into its hands. If the Morley generation – that is those who were aroused *(sedated? – Ed)* by his concept of excitement as subversion – could play uppity, the industry rested assured that subsequent generations wouldn't know really what their heroes were going on about.

For these are the groups brought up on pictures, not words, the *Smash Hits* generation of pop groups excited only by the idea of being in a pop group, nothing more.

Karn and Ure are older than the rest. Critically shunned for so long because of the very shallow qualities that appeal to the *Smash Hits* aesthetic, they might be considered leaders of *Smash Hits* genre pop. The title of their joint effort 'After A Fashion' ironically invokes their standing before *Smash Hits* put them ahead of it. Dolby I've moaned about elsewhere. Tin Tin features a former Duran Duran member and boy is he sore to have left them. Liverpool's The Lotus Eaters, Perfect Strangers and Freeze Frame venerate China Crisis in the same way some punks used to hold in awe The Velvet Underground. Likewise A Bigger Splash and Lot 49's worship of The Cure. All, of course, come sealed in sleeves done in the best possible taste.

SNAP DECISIONS

THE FALL: The Man Whose Head Expanded (*Rough Trade*). Mark E. Smith's been selling everyone the line about a drop of his bile scouring corrupted souls cleaner than any other brand name hellfire preacher so long he's beginning to believe it himself. Otherwise why else would he continue to dripfeed his gapejawed admirers the same spitpearl of jaundiced wisdom about the culpable stupidity of mankind outside the limited carrying distance of his voice over and over again? His luddite harangues against the creeping sickness of sociological trends are increasingly absurd, his stream of consciousness assaults ever more incomprehensible. The one compelling trait to survive his present scourge is The Fall's hobbled country lurch from one soapbox to the next.

SEX GANG CHILDREN: Sebastiane (*Illuminated 12"*).
PATRICK MAGNEEE & HONOR BLACKMAN: Kinky Boots (*Cherry Red*). Perversity as perennial novelty: *The Avengers* pair romp through the sort of nonsense that delights '60s trash fetishists. Nevertheless its sense of mockery – "*the advertising men say try them/And you all run amok like a flockasheep to buy them!*" – runs deeper than Sex Gang Children's profundity. Still, SGC are funnier. The Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick And Tich of the nouveau whip fraternity sing praises to Sebastiane, the unfortunately elected patron saint of bondage boys everywhere and, elsewhere, wet themselves over exotic Eastern concepts. Andi Sex Gang, evidently a poet, sure knows how to turn a rhyme. So proud is he of his work that he even prints it on the sleeve; and "*Bleeding noses and mouths that eat/Frantic visions of wings on their feet/Warehouse workers always indiscreet/Sleep on your stomachs and crawl on your hands and feet.*" Deep! If only vicarious thrills could kill, then SGC could die in ecstasy and we'd be well rid of the pests.

EURYTHMICS: Who's That Girl? (*RCA*). Having chosen to reverse the conventional transvestite tease by walking out like a man, it is somewhat deflating that Annie Lennox (and partner Dave Stewart) will settle for sounding like those squealing castrati Hall and Oates. Lennox's voice, an exceptionally rich and fiery instrument, is capable of leaving lasting burns. All it needs is the right song. This cautious electronic simulation of sap soul isn't it.

THE BLUEBELLS: Sugar Bridge/The Patriot Game (*London*). If The Bluebells were American they would have been The Rubinoos and we could have more easily ignored them. As it is they're Scottish, come armed with a slight affidavit sworn out on the back of Postcard and the Elvis Costello seal of approval. Thus we are expected to take them more seriously. 'Sugar Bridge' is as steeped in pop history as you'd expect with such antecedents, even down to the astute choice of Cliff Richard's producer Alan Tarney, who masses their boyish harmonies round a coyly anthemic chorus too unstable to take their weight. The rickety B side rendition of Dominic Behan's 'The Patriot Game', considerably edited to make it more topical, should win them a home in Irish hearts.

DIANA ROSS: Pieces Of Ice (*Capital*). The unlikeliest coupling of the week brings together anorexic whippet Diana Ross and a beefcake rock back up group who demonstrate the same kind of disco finesse as Survivor did on 'Eye Of A Tiger'. Like that song, this one works surprisingly well.

YELLOWMAN: Divorced! (*Burning Sounds*). Given such a list of slavish demands she's well rid of you, pal. Daft.

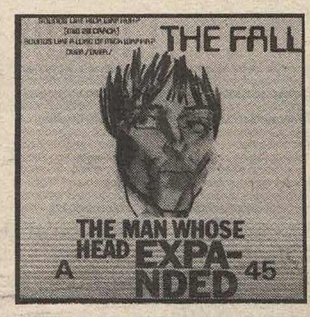
THE CURE: The Upstairs Room (*Fiction*). More than any other group The Cure have come to personify the sound of youthful confusion, perhaps because Robert Smith is one of the last romantics to treat the self-inflicted pain of growing-up seriously. Unlike Marc Almond, Smith has neither the temperament nor the right kind of sensibility to make tawdry melodrama of his problems, whatever they may be from record to record. It would be a touch too flip to say that in the progress from the first single 'Killing An Arab' to 'The Upstairs Room', Robert has metamorphosed from a youthfully funny Albert Camus into a suffocatingly sensitive Sylvia Plath, but it wouldn't be totally inaccurate. Somewhere along the way he has lost sight of those slight absurdities that might have allowed him to smile a bit more.

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Between The Sheets (*Epic 12"*).
MITTAGSPAUSE: Mittagspause (*Pure Freude 12"*).
Reissues of the week; flip over the Isleys' pedestrian '80s sex outing and rediscover all you need to know about their '70s sensuality in 'Summer Breeze', 'That Lady' and 'Harvest For The World'. Mittagspause were to German punk what The Sex Pistols were to British. Out of their ashes came D.A.F. and Die Fehlfarben, who both had claims on

'Kebabträume', still the greatest song to come out of the recent German explosion. Except here it's called 'Militürk' and aside from its key phrases – "*Deutschland, Deutschland alles ist vorbei*" and "*We're the Turks of Tomorrow*" – it's hardly recognizable as the same song. Nevertheless both the song and his reissue carry more than historical interest. Their peculiar blend of sludge and melodic guitars was innovative, even if accidentally so, and Peter Hein's voice – star of last week's Camp Sophisto review – was one of Europe's most jarringly effective.
(Pure Freude, Derendorfer Str. 55, 4000 Dusseldorf, or Rough Trade)

BANANARAMA: Cruel Summer (*London*). In which the world's flattest, most uninspired singing trio prove they can carry a narrative beyond six lines. Impressed? You bet, but not enough to help fulfil their vain aspirations to score *the* summer hit. Hope it rains.

MUSICAL YOUTH: Tell Me Why? (*Air Jamaica*). You know the score with family entertainment: calculated to appeal to all members it ends up appealing to none but the senile. So, too, Musical Youth's Walt Disney reggae.

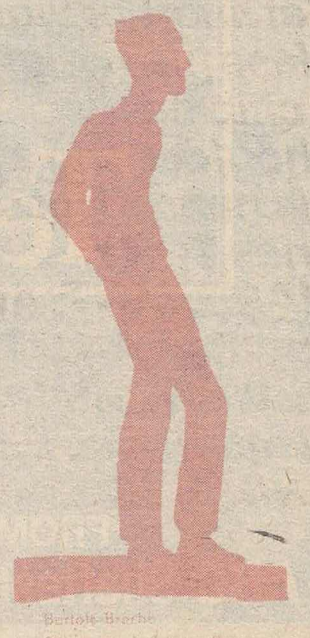


MURRAY HEAD: Corporation Corridors (*Virgin*). Murray Head is one of those character actors who has one breakthrough role per decade and in his abundant spare time writes a song with hooks peculiar enough for you to wander thereafter whatever happened to. . . . Last decade's film was *Sunday Bloody Sunday* and the song was 'Say It Ain't So Joe'. Why he suddenly crops up on Virgin now I don't know, for no Head film is currently being heralded and this conventional condemnation of 'Corporation Corridors', albeit sung with odd falsetto charm, won't be so readily remembered.

MEN WITHOUT HATS: Living In China (*Statik*).
MIDNIGHT OIL: Power And The Passion (*CBS*). Continuing to ignore the vital and positive forces in mainland European music, record companies choose to stick with what they know best – who said "nothing"? – by combing former colonies for English speaking product. Statik should've been warned off colourless Canadians Men Without Hats by their disguising their anonymity behind guest voices such as Margaret Trudeau's. Here, they bring in Chinese tennis defector Hu Na to chirrup around their own vocalist's idiot Sparks infatuation. Not having such influential friends, one of Midnight Oil is forced to shave his head to draw attention to their drab non-dramas.

THE NATIVE HIPSTERS: Going Steady With Larry And Emma (*Plattekop Volume*). Dada dub of Kevin Ayers' favourite guitar line rescued from the radio static of a thousand John Peel sessions by filtering it through cornets and trombones. Well, it probably kept the participants amused during its making.

ONE THE JUGGLER: Damage Is Done (*Regard*). The Only Ones revival begins and ends here.



SILVER SCREEN

THE PRICE OF FAME

OR FAME AT ANY PRICE

The Kings of Comedy, as seen by Al Hirschfield.

The King Of Comedy

DIRECTOR: Martin Scorsese
STARRING: Robert De Niro, Jerry Lewis, Sandra Bernhard (20th Century Fox)

FOR AN actor of such stature, precious little is known about the private life of Robert De Niro.

I suppose we must be thankful that he's not succumbed to the dubious charms of French telejournalist Catherine Laporte Coolen, whose *Profiles* manage to combine the usual hagiographic tendencies with the sensibility of a butterfly-collector; on the other hand, a morsel of De Niro trivia every now and then might serve to stiffen up those gossip columns saturated with PR-generated pablum about every ham and harlot in the business.

Like Brando, he's a man I want to know about; and like Brando, he's not telling.

The similarities don't end there, of course. Few would deny that De Niro, whatever role he chooses, is the most compelling screen *presence* since Brando, able to convey deep, murky pools of inner life with the merest glance or twitch. The roles he chooses, too, are blessed with a similar tortured inability to come to terms with the world; the fact that he can elicit concern for such deeply unsympathetic, highly-strung characters as *Taxi Driver*'s Travis, *Mean Streets'* Johnny and *Raging Bull*'s Jake is the measure of his seemingly boundless talent.

As Rupert Pupkin, would-be "King of Comedy", De Niro gets to play his most unpleasant character yet. An autograph hound and amateur comic who uses the thick skin and bull-headed insistence of the former to promote his career as the latter, Rupert has all the appeal and loudmouth sincerity of a used-car salesman.

The early scenes of Rupert and his stage-door Jane and Johnny pals mobbing chat-show host/comedian Jerry Langford (Jerry Lewis) evoke memories of Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories,* a nasty little film suspended halfway between humour and hatred, in which fans are depicted as vicious obsessives bent on cannibalism. The difference is that *King Of Comedy* concentrates on fan rather than star, a direction which helps Scorsese avoid Allen's cynicism and enables him to indulge in his favourite activity, that of peeling back the edges of American society and exposing the raw nerves of those trapped on the fringes. The urge to stardom here is seen as an extension of the urge to starfuck: a tale of lonely, private people dreaming of public fame and friendship.

Lunch with Langford (Jerry Lewis) — dreamtime for Pupkin (Robert De Niro).

In Rupert's case, the dreams find substance of sorts in the solitude of his own room, a meticulous facsimile of the set of Langford's show, complete with life-size cardboard cut-outs of Langford and Liza Minnelli. Here Rupert can play host to his imagination, upstaging the stars and dashing off the odd *bon mot* or two; somehow, though, this doesn't seem enough . . .

Using a carefully-engineered "chance" meeting with Langford as pretext, Rupert sets about making real what he's practised for years in private. Day after day he pesters the star's office, sending them a home-made tape of his routine and refusing to take "no" for an answer. When told, each day, that Jerry's out, he sits for hours in reception, a symphony of tics and winces in a silver-grey suit – until, eventually, he goes too far and ends up out on the street.

The same chance meeting provides fuel for Pupkin's hyper-optimistic imagination, Scorsese cutting back and forth between reality and the fantasies showing in Rupert's head. Here in his Wonderland, Rupert dines with Jerry, swaps small-talk with Jerry, signs autographs with Jerry, discusses business with Jerry, and finally agrees to take over Jerry's show the same way Johnny Carson took over Jack Paar's *Tonight Show.* (The rest of course would be history). It's wish-fulfillment of the most banal, transparent kind — in one such fantasy, Rupert, on Langford's show, is introduced to his old high-school principal, who publicly apologises for failing him at school. Such are the things that sting . . .

The turning-point comes when Rupert, who by now is quite unable to differentiate between his real and fantasy lives, takes his old high-school heartthrob Rita (Diahnne Abbott) for an uninvited visit to Jerry's mansion. Rebuffed, he retires to lick his wounds and plan vengeance.

Up to that point, *King Of Comedy* is a bittersweet study of fame and its consequences: on the one hand there's Pupkin, deranged and deluded by his lust for it, and on the other there's Langford, numb and isolated by its demands. After Langford's rebuttal, the film turns a corner into black comedy, made all the darker by its realism.

In league with fellow star-spotter Masha (a brilliantly ugly performance by Sandra Bernhard, all snout, sneer and psycho stare), Rupert kidnaps Jerry and holds him hostage, claiming a ten-minute slot on Jerry's show as ransom. While the network bosses and FBI seethe impotently, Rupert and Masha play with the captive Jerry, dressing him up as if he were a doll and arguing about how long each gets to spend with the star. These are truly pathetic scenes: to all intents and purposes, Langford has ceased to exist outside their warped imaginations; they're

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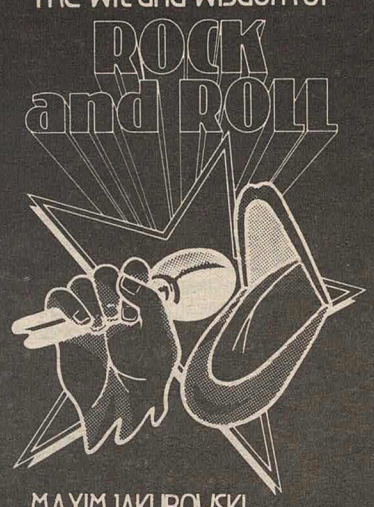

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Rupert Pupkin, The Grand Deluded.

not playing with the *real* person, merely a cipher of stardom.

Rupert departs to give his show, and the hapless Langford, now trussed up in sticky tape, can only sit and fume silently as Masha strips and prepares to seduce him; swaddled in tape up to his neck, he's like a dormant volcano on the verge of erupting for the first time in eons.

Though *King Of Comedy* lacks the harrowing edge of other Scorsese/De Niro collaborations, it shouldn't be judged too harshly on that score. It may seem a strange film for them to make (though they've apparently had the idea for the best part of a decade), but it's really just another way of observing The Outsider in America. And if it seems a somewhat trivial treatment of that theme alongside, say, *Taxi Driver*, then at least it's a small idea made large by three massive performances.

As Pupkin, De Niro combines the olly charm of the "celebrity" with the self-belief of the possessed; it's really just another in a long string of masterly parts. Sandra Bernhard's Masha, however, is one of the most assured debut performances seen these past few years. A spoilt brat with a surly Jagger pout, Masha is the most obnoxious character in the film, bereft of even the small saving graces Rupert may possess; but at the same time, she can sing as sweetly as a bird. (The "seduction" scene, where she strips whilst crooning 'Come Rain Or Come Shine', is one of quite overwhelming poignancy). Sandra Bernhard will be a star.

Jerry Lewis is already a star, and he acts with all the assurance of his years. As Langford, his face never cracks into a smile: instead, it wears the world-weary stoicism of the professional visage, one which has smiled so often and so falsely in public that it's forgotten how to laugh in private. There's cynicism in there, and the occasional moment of fury, but for the most part there's just resignation. It's lonely at the top, remember.

And if the rest of him doesn't make as great an impression, just remember that for Jerry Lewis, his face has been a large part of his fortune.

Andy Gill

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JUNE 30

Tweety Pie And Sylvester: Tweet And Lovely. After Road Runner and his coyote, this was the most relentlessly cruel team Warners animation came up with. Tom and Jerry were surreal and terrifying because they never (or rarely) spoke: the banter between the cat and the canary only heightens Sylvester's standing as a figure of grand tragedy. Where Wile E. plans meticulously, he improvises; he swaggers where Tom merely hoofs. Observe the greatest cat in the movies here and tomorrow in *'Tweet And Sour'*. **(IBA)**

After this, you can lead up to the movie with three classic comedies on **C4, Car 54 Where Are You?, Get Smart** and **Soap.** Then:

The Draughtsman's Contract (Peter Greenaway 1982). Masterpiece or arid intellectual exercise? The opulent visual appeal of Greenaway's unexpected box office semi-smash makes deciding a painless task. It's no more than a pulp detective plot transposed to 1694 – blackmail inveigled from a series of twelve drawings – but the director's flair is unquestionable. Even if it is as much a grand hoax on an audience looking for metaphysical import as anything, an amusing picture. **(C4)**

What The Papers Say. Hosted by the excellent Paul Foot. **(C4)**

FRIDAY JULY 1

Switch. Growing more confident and likeable by the week. Shalamar; New Edition and The Thompson Twins provide live music. **(C4)**

Silk Cut Jazz Festival: Sarah Vaughn. If you're not at Bracknell's Jazz Fest tonight, catch the senior jazz voice here. Sarah is actually improving with the years – her last Pablo LP was sensational – and she never coasts in live performance. **(C4)**

Cheers. Sam is talked into doing a commercial by a nubile TV exec. Sounds good. **(C4)**

Benjamin Zephaniah – Pen Rhythm Poet. A 60 minute profile of the dub ranter who seems set to take over from LKJ as the master of reggae-oriented verse. **(C4)**

Timeslip (Ken Hughes 1955). Grainy Brit thriller with nuke connotations. Gene Nelson plays the journalist who uncovers a conspiracy with radioactive overtones. Tame but interesting. **(BBC1)**

Performance (Nicholas Roeg & Donald Cammell 1970). Probably the most daring and uncompromising film ever made in Britain, Roeg's

CONTINUES PAGE 30

The Draughtsman's Contract (Thursday, C4)

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Adrian Lyne *Pic: Nick Knight*

BLINDING FLASH!

The latest Stateside dance-fever flick is upon us. CYNTHIA ROSE reviews* Flashdance *(left) and meets Adrian Lyne, the man who went from directing jeans ads to megabuck movies.

Flashdance

DIRECTOR: Adrian Lyne
STARRING: Jennifer Beals, Michael Nouri, Belinda Bauer
(UIP)

AS THE first big-screen musical of the video age, *Flashdance* is a rather revealing little artefact. Like the traditional film musicals formats from which it's descended, the story is 100% fantasy: schmaltz of the purest *if you don't have a dream how you gonna have a dream come true?* genre.

Unlike those fabrications – but even more familiar – is its real impetus: the translation of another new boom in black music and dance into terms accessible to the broader (ie white) teen market. (In the first fortnight of its American release, *Flashdance* grossed $11.3 million; with the later-to-be-No.1 LP shipping 700,000 copies.)

The film's storyline is more fanciful than any recent celluloid musical barring Coppola's *One From The Heart* (more of a mood poem than a movie anyway). It centres round the ambitions of Pittsburgh nubile Alex Owens (ex-model Jennifer Beals) to attain legit tuition for her diamond in the rough dancing skills: a concept stemming less from the narrative *Saturday Night Fever* than from Leroy's audition sequence in Alan Parker's *Fame*.

'Alex' is an assertive and self created character: by day a welder in the local steel mills, she metamorphoses at night into the average welder's dream of an erotic dancer, performing in a fantasy blue-collar bar. There she encounters her Mr Right, another self-made type played by Michael Nouri (familiar as *The Gangster Chronicles'* Lucky Luciano). The boozer's neon proscenium serves as a demarcation line between the film's dream-fantasy and its reality-fantasy – on its stage, Owens and her colleagues perform state-of-the-MTV-art routines which serve as the musical's 'production numbers'.

Supposedly these are inspired by the 'rhythms of the city' encountered by the girls during their day-to-day grind. A nice conceit, but of course they're really versions of that black art (electric boogie, break-dancing, hip-hop routines) visible only in brief montage sequences featuring members of the Rock Steady Crew. There's a lot of insinuated sexuality (one great workout sequence shows the girls weight-lifting to Joan Jett, echoing Jett's own video), but it's mostly snow-white and cosmetically bikini-waxed. That public sexuality which black music's beat has echoed down through its vexed history of relations with a white audience is kept at a firm remove by the film's wall of high tech gloss.

One of the really interesting things about *Flashdance*, though, is the incredible *level* of preoccupation about bodies it showcases (both consciously and unconsciously), because the platitudinous 'romance' of the script is helpless at counterbalancing this. Equally telling are several lapses from sexiness into outright vulgarity; these say more about the possible fruits of the MTV and home video viewing boom than does the film's focus on slickness and style – the source of so much critical scorn in the States.

Like it or lump it though, much of *Flashdance* (particularly Alex's own Big Audition sequence, performed by an uncredited French dancer) is genuinely exhilarating. So are its inventive costumes and its blitz of glitz. After all, the last major movie to film in this particular location was *The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh*.

Cynthia Rose

Jennifer Beals, shocked by uncompromising Italian furniture design

PAUL BUHLE has pointed out that there is now an entire generation for whom the main function of nostalgia is the evocation of rococo period advertising and "the only source of folk wisdom is processed cheese commercials".

Film-maker Adrian Lyne made his breakthrough by having the smarts to combine selective images of the former into a hip version of the latter with his influential mid-'70s Levis and Brutus jeans ads.

These set a pattern of promotion-by-association (with trucks, portable stereos, cute asses, see-through shirts, 'Route 66' etc) and worked like mini-films.

So when in 1979 Lyne was sent to California to film another one, David Puttnam tried handing him a feature film script called *Foxes*. "An American film for an American director – he thought I wouldn't do it," says Lyne. But the Englishman was "knocked out" by the authenticity of its saga (a story of four kids attempting to survive adolescence in LA, it was based on the author's daughter and her late best friend).

Cast and filmed, the portraits of youth under pressure Lyne elicited from Jodie Foster and ex-Runaway Cherie Currie were imaginatively complementary. But, while *Foxes* remains little shown and underrated, Lyne has surfaced again four years later as the director of megabuck success *Flashdance*. And it's even more surreal than – if clearly affected by – his original commercials.

LYNE IS an enthusiastic, frank talking blond who looks much younger than his 42 years. We meet at his North London house – airy and countrified, yet scattered with just the sort of *objets* his adventurous advertising history would make you project into it: bits of neon mix with art deco, china reflects in chrome.

Its owner, now based in LA, brews coffee and asks questions – about *The Ploughman's Lunch*, about Gance's *Napoleon*, about police behaviour in London. I want to know why someone who made such an accurate portrait of American teen life should shoot a second feature which couldn't be further from a serious or realistic format.

"Well," says Lyne, "I'd been in California and for a year or two after *Foxes* I was offered various deals, a lot of which I turned down: *Taps, An Officer And A Gentleman, Cutter And Bone* – which I probably should have done, cos I think it's a very good picture. To be straight, I took this movie because I KNEW it was going to get made.

"When they gave me the script, it was so bad I couldn't believe it; it was abysmal. But, as it became clear this was a project that was *going* to get done, I managed to get Joe Eszterhas (co-author of *F.I.S.T.*) in to rewrite."

Did the production team believe in what they handed you as a literal, narrative movie?

"I'll tell you what they saw in it – a female version of *Saturday Night Fever* and a film about a *girl*. It's pathetic because it ain't that at all, but that's why they thought it might make money. And then (Lyne sighs) they totally lost confidence in it during the filming. It was when they had previews within Paramount and kids really responded that their excitement gradually grew."

Critically, *Flashdance* had a mixed reception; not only has the musical tradition it evokes been in mothballs for awhile, but Lyne also chose to go all-out in basing his film round the music rather than the plot and its romance of self-reliance.

"You'd just be crazy to take it literally," he contends now. "Christ! Of *course* no girl who looks like that would be a welder! It's just a simple little fairy tale, one that says something very naive: 'if you want something enough, it's there for the grabbing'. But I've been totally taken apart by a lot of the press, called everything from a sap to a sexist."

"What I *actually* thought was interesting about the film was to do with the dancing; I wondered if you could make it more like the videos you see on MTV and thus more sophisticated than something like *Saturday Night Fever*, which had a real story . . . and yet always retain the feeling of the proscenium arch. Literally *not* to shoot from the audience point of view, like Fosse did in *All That Jazz*, although I think his stuff is wonderful.

"Besides," he says firmly, "it did seem like the way kids visualise music now, in a manner not dissimilar to all the MTV they see."

Would Lyne like to work in MTV himself, or in promo video?

"Nah, but the most sophisticated work is being done in that area, that's what's been happening while I've been away. When I left it was me and Ridley and Tony Scott's commercials – those were the yardstick. Now I don't think commercials are so exciting, but the best of video is."

"And of course it's the final irony that an American cable channel with a diet of almost exclusively English-made videos is breaking English music in the States, thus making it financially viable again."

Sure, but *you're* based in California.

"That's because there the opportunity to work is generally better for me," admits Lyne, pointing out that he retains his English film concern, Jennie & Co. "And I do want to make a movie here – probably my next one, which is from a novel, not yet published, by Miles Gibson. It's called *The Sandman* and it's about a mass murderer.

"The writing's a bit in the vein of McEwan's *First Love, Last Rites*," says Lyne, "particularly that story 'Butterflies'. It's set in Bournemouth and it's sort of black comedy – more black than comic – written in the first person. So you sense that you're getting a firsthand experience of what it's like to be a murderer and what leads up to and culminates in murder.

"It petrifies me, actually petrifies me, the prospect of making it," he admits. "Because it's not an objective view."

So – *Flashdance* may have made it in the mainstream, but Lyne's basic interests seem likely to remain outside of that mainstream. The prospect of returning to his native turf and national consciousness to film excites him and, given cinema's predilection for *Star Wars* to spawn *Son Of Jedi VI* and decent horror films to degenerate into stacks of stale, numeral-tagged sequels, the prospect should excite *us* too.

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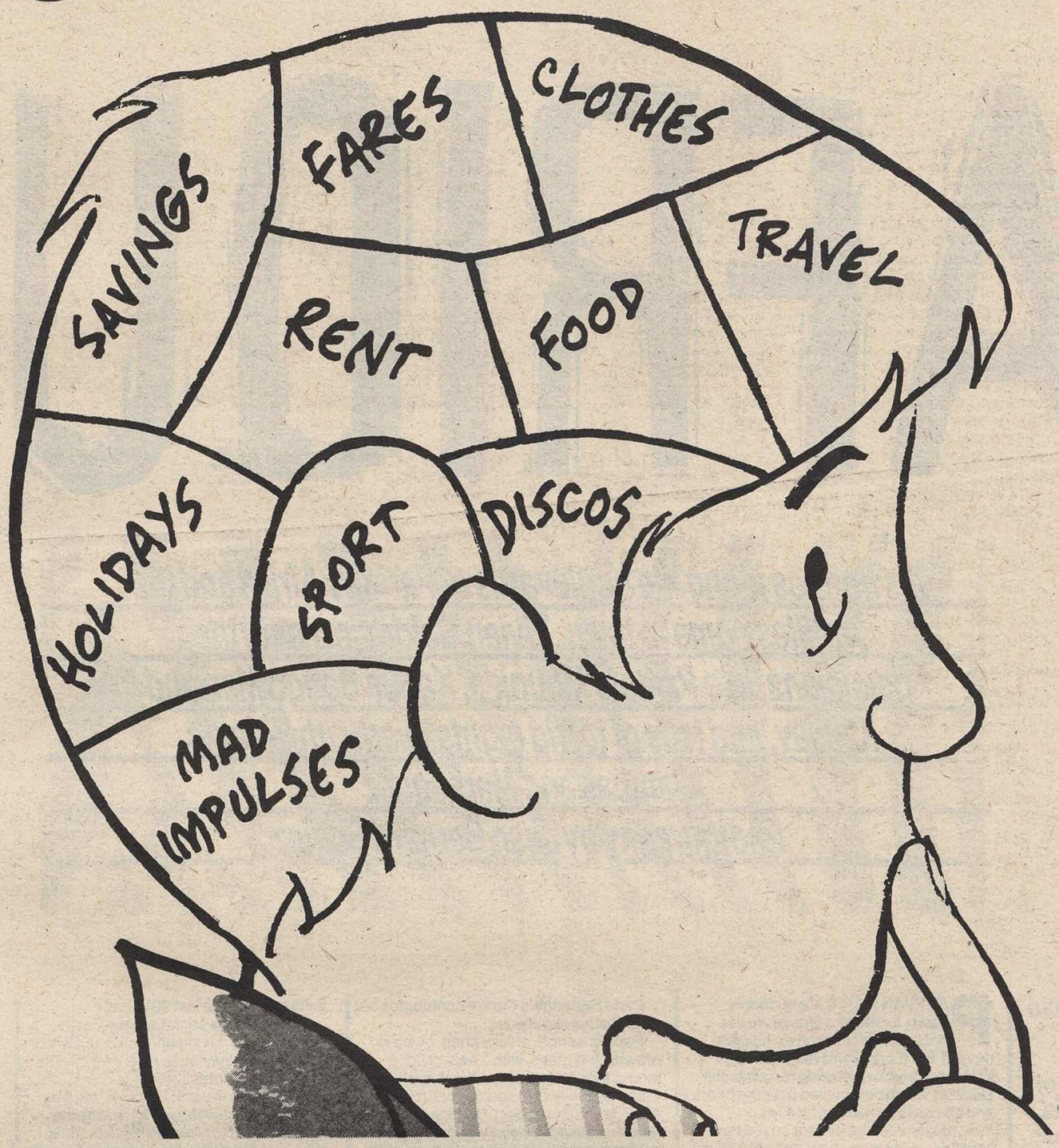

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L'AFRIQUE!

It's bongos along the boulevards of Paris as Africa and the Antilles come to town. Vivien Goldman meets the musicians, like Pamelo Mounk'a, Kanda Bongo Man and Kassav, and tells of torrid nights filled with Volants, Sambas and Merenguez

Photography by Jean Bernard Sohiez

TRIBAL DRUMS shake the airless atmosphere in the sculptured '60s corridors of Metro Strasbourg St Denis.

Step out of the strikingly clean (for a 'rosbeef' / Brit) carriage and into a whirlwind sound track of desert drumming.

You're heading upwards to the hustling streets of Les Halles, Paris's Covent Garden, where bustling trendies wearing their uniform black and white flecked overcoats hustle coke and video deals, where tedious ratpacks of grey-faced, red-eyed, black-leathered junkies scratch and wait, wait and scratch at the chic marble-topped cafe tables, and glowering hookers flaunt it whether they've got it or not, in the narrow ancient alleys.

Appetising or not, there's air up there, and you want to leave the Metro but quick. Still, you're likely to be halted by the drums, Carruthers; a group of young Africans in the corridor with their *fundes* and repeaters. Some with dreadlocks and red, green and gold badges on their *daishikis*, all with a surly militant expression, as if threatening you to put money in the hat with their rhythm fusillade.

Subterranean African roots for Europe's capital of Afro-rhythms.

Simple equation: as London is to Kingston, so Paris is to Lagos, Brazzaville, Kinshasa, Abidjan, Dakar, Dwala, and the many other African music centres that make comparisons between African music and reggae, the child of one island, invalid.

Recently, partly due to intensive coverage of Africa and its sounds in the influential French magazine *Actuel* and the leftie daily *Liberation*, the invisible but solid wall separating Afro-Parisians from their white counterparts has been crumbling.

A good thing too. Any stimulating domestic cross-pollinations would be welcome on the French music scene, whose greatest enemy is not (as some suppose) lack of ideas and talent, but rather a crippling state of colonisation by England and America, leading to a whacking great inferiority complex and a deluge of imitation.

PARISIAN RIOTS are suddenly news, for the first time since the nostalgic (for French ex-hippies) days of '68. It's an ironic reversal – this time it's extreme right-wing racist fascist students being pummelled over the head and chased down alleys by cops on motorbikes, with the geezer on the back seat thwacking away right and left with his truncheon.

In this heightened atmosphere, and given a French music business so shambolic it makes our British set-up seem as organised as the CIA, the never-ending stream of African musicians disembarking in the City of Light obviously don't stand a chance of instant stardom, or even a record deal.

But, on a roots level, "*ca bouge*", it's definitely bubbling. A glance at the noticeboards on the walls of Paco Rabanne's Centre 57, at 57 Blvd de la Villette, indicates a hectic social African whirl of dances at La Peniche, the newest venue located on a hi-tech barge on the Quai de Jemmapes. Afro-Antilles Poetry and Music Festivals, live African music radio broadcasts that you can go along to and jam, and so on.

Paco Rabanne's Centre contributes not a little to this explosion.

Paco is a short, stocky chap, given to browns and greys, with a neat clipped moustache and a far less flamboyant style than memories of his chain-mail minis of the '60s would suggest. Shifting from fabulous success in the world of fashion design to equally fabulous success in the world of perfumes, this brother has money to burn.

He's burning it in a remarkably non-exploitative and positive manner, having bought the old Montgolfier balloon factory, complete with a deep central well to blow up the massive aircraft in, and converted it into *free* rehearsal space for black dancers and musicians. It's still half-finished, but already the masses of plants and flashes of red, green and gold paint jobs make the ambience agreeable and stimulating.

Cynical instincts lead one to wonder – why this Robin Hood behaviour in 1983? Could it be there are just some nice people still around, even among rich people?

Paco stands tall, eyes flashing, and snaps back: "Why? I have always worked for blacks, for the last 20 years!"

OK, so it does sound slightly Cecil Rhodes or Dr. Livingstone-like, but who's going to turn their nose up at free rehearsal and practice space?

What Paco means, I think, is that way back when the '60s swung, he was the only designer to promote black models. Now he's Godfather to masses of African and Antilles bands – M'Bamina (one to watch), all-woman reggae band The Blackheart Dawtas, the Kodia Ballet, Zombie, and the innumerable other artistes who jostle round the timetable, eager to grab their nine hours per week.

Paris has never seen so many manifestations of Afro-Antilles culture popping. Take a night a couple of weeks back, a wet, turn-your-collar-up night in the tiny rue de Lappe, just behind the Bastille. The old prison bells are now a trendy talking point in Cite 96, the chic eaterie on the corner. *Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose* – the more it changes, the more it stays the same.

Samira is an Algerian expatriate with eloquent eyes and black curls. She was bored with the blankness of Paris, and seized on the inspiration of the radio *libres*, the network of pirate radios that proliferated in Paris till tamed by recent legislation. Samira did an African music show for Cite 96, and is now attempting a rarity in Paris – a one-nighter club.

Samira's experimental first night is packed out, with lots of smartly suited Africans (for casual wear: Snoopy sweatshirts) and black leathered or be-jeaned whites – none of the headwraps, Afrikan robes and pseudo-ethnic shenanigans that grace an equivalent London hop.

I'm with a white rockabilly pal who writes for *Best*, a big sandy quiff and black leather jeans, who's asking restlessly if Samira won't change the music.

"I know it's supposed to be all very trendy, this African music, but it all sounds the same to me," he grumbles against a sensuous sweep of Zaire guitars.

Suddenly, the record is matched by drumming beside us – a Senegalese group of singers, players and dancers, totally unexpected in their bright blue bubus (long flowing robes) and head-dresses. They've got the balofon, the wooden xylophone slung round the neck and hit with mallets, the little sanza, the portable metal-pronged percussion, they've got the douzengouni guitar beloved of Don Cherry, and they've got the people singing and dancing along with them – a miracle for Paris where most dance floors suggest the French were last in line when the Goddess gave rhythm to the world.

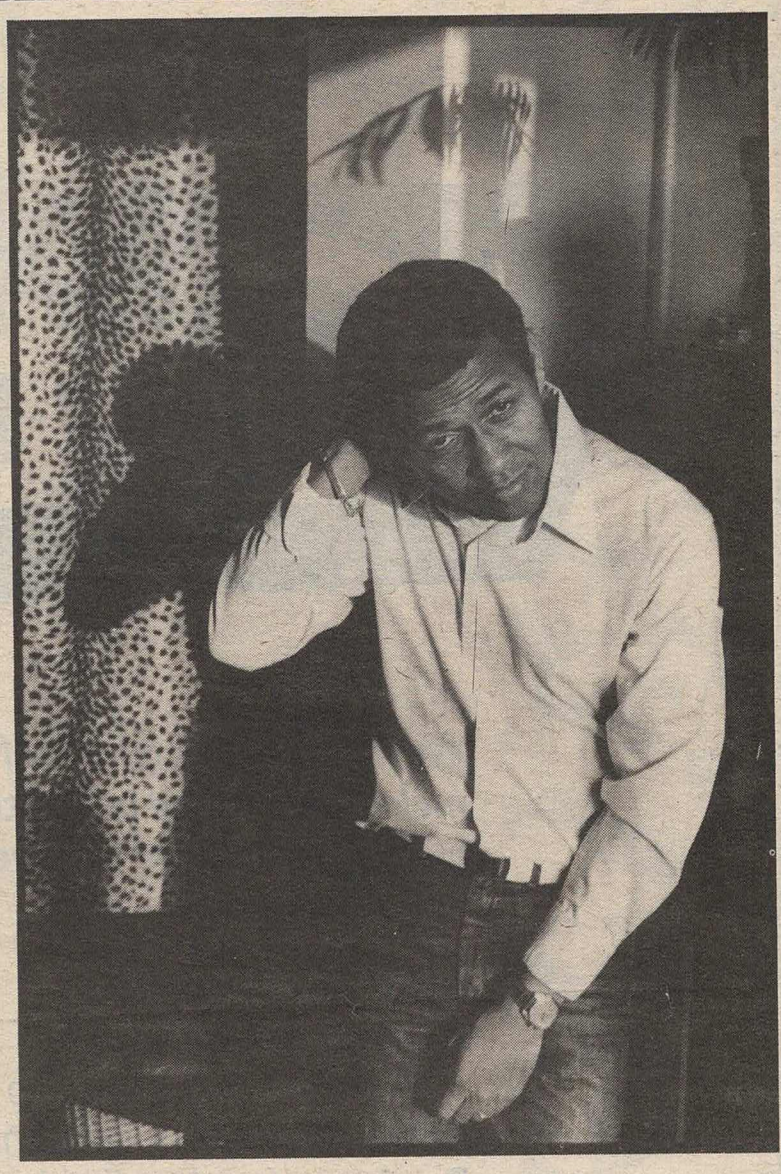
Even my rockabilly pal is standing on the seat, craning to get a better view.

Kanda Bongo Man in the metro

WITH THE exception of militant Fela and wits like writer / musician Francis Bebey, whose records are as hilarious as his prose is dry, I haven't come across many African discs with great lyrical grab.

Of course, this might have something to do with not understanding Wolof, Yoruba and Lingala. And European dance floors swinging to African music are a crude reminder to all lyricists that people check the music first. But I do remember chuckling the first time I heard Pamelo Mounk'a's 'L'Argent Appelle L'Argent' at a night-club called 'La Paillotte' in Conakry, Guinea.

Fairy lights slung between the baobab trees rivalled the sequinned constellations. Sitting at an open-air table by the floor, fighting off the mosquitoes and a stray Aer Lingus pilot, I cracked up at Mounk'a's wit: "*Money calls money. I've never seen the rich lend their car or yacht to the poor, but if you're rich too, no*



Left, Prosper, Xalam's drummer
Above, Pierre Eduard Decimus of Kassav
Below, Pamelo Mounk'a reflects

problem. My bank manager would lend me money – if I was already rich . . ."

So a jump in the air was called for when, months later, I spotted a poster advertising a concert by our man Mounk'a — 'Africa's Number One', as his record company calls him.

The concert is at the Town Hall of the 14th Arondissement, an imposing example of municipal architecture. A massive marble staircase splits and snakes up each wall ready for a costume drama, past murals of sun-soaked cafes where dungaree'd, moustachio'd workers raise glasses of vino to picture-hatted ladies with bright parasols.

Pamelo himself is glorious in a black and white polka dot shirt with big sleeves and a floppy collar – tack that early '70s Tom Jones would have worn with heavily featured chest hair. Like his peer, Gregory Isaacs, Mounk'a barely moves a muscle of his portly opera singer's physique. He just has to croon, and we all swoon.

The band simmers, with the requisite three stinging guitars boosting Mounk'a's sweet soul. In truly African style, it's leisurely, with unexplained intermissions where the band meander off into a rambling funk groove. Considering the heights of Mounk'a's superstardom, it's a low-key agreeable family affair. But then, considering the heights of Mounk'a's African superstardom, the naive might be surprised to meet the mighty Mounk'a staying in a slightly squalid, seedy hotel surrounded by hooker's accessories shops and hair-straightening emporia.

In a room papered with startling Op Art fading wallpaper like a permanent trip, Pamelo plumps himself down on the candlewick quilt and in pleasant tones, as round as his tum, he fills me in on The Story So Far.

Pamelo, now 38, comes from Congo Brazzaville, a legendary capital that faces the Zairean capital Kinshasa across the River Congo.

This river sees a good deal of assorted piracy – cars crossing the river strapped onto logs, black market smuggling and so on. The record business features high on the list of cross-river activities, since records are phenomenally expensive in Kinshasa, but not in Brazzaville. Need I say more?

But when Pamelo started recording in '63, you had to cross to Kinshasa to cut a record. The Belgians, who colonised Zaire, had recording and pressing facilities to cut 45s. Back in Congo Brazzaville, French colonial businessmen financed most of the music but the infrastructure was zero.

Pamelo was helped by, and still feels warmly toward, a clothes shop geezer called Mr. Sten who was so impressed by Pamelo at a local dance that he hired a tape recorder and rented a house so that Pamelo could cut his first string of hits, songs like 'Masuwa', 'Mama Na Mwana' and 'Ya Gaby', backed by the celebrated Bantous de la Capitale.

They share the rough diamond appeal of Jamaican 45s when they came with built-in crackle, but the style is all lilting, tingle-touch ballads with Pamelo silken sensual as he is 20 years on. In those 20 years, Mr Mounk'a has cut *79* records – although his dramatic breakthrough in the non-African market only happened with '81's 'L'Argent Appelle L'Argent'.

As evidence of the enormity of this record's impact, if you go into the top Paris African cloth shops, like Toto-Soldes in the rue Polonceau in Barbes, you can still find three or so fabrics named after it. In Africa, a popular tune will inspire a special print, and Pamelo's hit inspired designs of trees shedding money instead of leaves, massive bags of gold dumped in the middle of the map of Africa, and other alluring fashions.

'L'Argent Appelle L'Argent' was Pamelo's first collaboration with Eddy Gustave of Eddy'son Records. Eddy went A&Ring to Brazzaville and Pamelo was among the many beseiging, tape-clutching artistes. Eddy offered him a deal: if Pamelo arranged his own ticket, and the vital but hard-to get 'Carte de Sejour' (work permit), then Eddy would cover the recording costs. Not exactly a silver platter, but the precious metal came pouring in anyway.

Eddy, a sax player himself, mad on the 'merenguez' rhythm, oversaw the rehearsals and arrangements as well as the recording, giving Pamelo his usual brand of crisp, stylish arrangements – sudden time changes, startling separation and clarity on the tops of drums and percussion, and a real tequila-salt sting in the guitars – and Pamelo responded with a three-shot string of hits, followed by the LP 'Samantha', featuring the magnificent 'It's Only My Secretary', an open-ended narrative of a man saying to his wife: "*You saw me talking to her and now you want to make a fuss, but really it's only my secretary . . .*"

Well, Pamelo, was it only his secretary?

"Is there anyone who always tells the truth?" counters the man Mounk'a with a big sugar smile.

THURSDAY NIGHTS in Paris features 'Black Style' at the Opera Night – you can have a good time if you've got the money, nipping back and forth from there to the Palace's 'Jungle Fever' in rue Montmartre, a somewhat more active disco.

However, the Opera Night has the advantage of its own daffy variety – basically a bunch of singers getting up on stage and miming to their latest waxing, for good or ill. Situated right by that famous wedding cake, the Paris Opera, Black Style night is a regular flash uptown disco with a big dance floor and more intimate seating conveniently aside from the serious dancers.

And tonight, ladeez'n' gennulmen, the one and only Kanda Bongo Man!

Yer wot?

Hoozee?

Believe it or not, the name's his own. All his male family are called Something Bongo Man, so we can call him Kanda. Yes, they *are* called Bongo because of hitting things rhythmically. His 'Lyole' on the good Afro Rhythmes label is a regular Parisian favourite, and his newie 'Djessy / Dyna' features already in the African music charts. It's a swinging Volant record (the Volant being the dance where you wiggle your bum a bit while pretending to steer the driving wheel) and the crowd are curious to check out the man.

The featured singers trying to make themselves heard over their own records are generally, as you can imagine, not a pretty sight. When I say miming, I mean miming with their *own voices*, none of your backing tapes. A series of limp losers flap gawkily, attempting to lip-synch with their invisible musicians.

Only Kanda Bongo Man carries it off with *elan* – and a flourish. He knows enough to strut jauntily off while the rhythm is still happening instead of King Klutz-ing it like his colleagues and hanging round when the record's over. He can move, too – not as subtly as Michael Jackson, perhaps, but more athletically. Thankfully, character and personality are still a lot of what it's all about.

Kanda Bongo Man is 27 years old, short and compact as a bullet. He arrived in Paris from Pamelo's twin town of Kinshasa, Zaire, four years ago. Unlike Pamelo, who's always passing through Paris, KBM, with his own string of local hits to his credit, arrived in the Big P to stay. To hustle his way, come what may, in its unwelcoming music world. Hustling your heart's desire is rarely easy.

He tells me *his* story sitting in his very clean and tidy one-room apartment, which he shares with two teenage nephews sent over to Paris for their education. A man of responsibilities, you see.

A partition divides the kitchen / living space, dominated by a huge colour TV, from the sleeping quarters – one enormous neatly-made bed. A large carpet of the Last Supper hangs over the bed, and a Bible is displayed on the dressing table. It feels like Jamaica, minus the welcoming warmth outside that prevents cramped JA quarters from being claustrophobic.

He tells me about the Zairean youth explosion in 1968 when a young singer, Soki Diazenza, broke through the stalemate created by the old session players who had sewn up the scene. Soki appeared on TV, just sweet 15, wearing a *leopard-skin T-shirt* (probably not the real fur . . .) and instantly created a new youth audience / market.

When local boy Kanda Bongo Man hitched up with Soki, it was big news. They played six nights a week around Kinshasa, with an eight-piece group.

But how far can an ambitious young musician go in Zaire? The 16-track studio is so new it's still a talking point. Their recordings were two-track – one track for the one-take-wonder musicians, and one for the two singers. Not much room for manoeuvre, let alone error.

Determined as a true survivor must be, he succeeded in obtaining the dread Carte de Sejour, and arrived in France. Poor man, he thought it would be easy. But reality was a string of temporary factory jobs (and lucky to get those) peaking in a pleasant stay in a glass factory.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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An all-action powerpop pose from the Plimsouls.

PUNK IS DEAD! (LONG LIVE HISTORY!)

PLIMSOULS
Everywhere At Once (*Geffen, import*)
DESCENDENTS
Milo Goes To College (*New Alliance, import*)
THREE O'CLOCK
Baroque Hoedown (*Frontier, import*)
BANGLES
Bangles (*IRS, import*)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Warfrat Tales (*Warfrat, import*)
100 FLOWERS
100 Flowers (*Happy Squid, import*)

REMEMBER POWER pop — that new wave of skinny ties and airbrushed moptops? Of course you do. Power pop was the way the industry Beatle-ised punk: out of the garages, onto the streets, into the studio.

Where else could this happen but Los Angeles, where there *are* no streets other than the ones in your TV screen mind. Thomas Pynchon said it in '66 and it hasn't changed: in Hollywood, people search for action without noticing that they are the only action in action.

Power pop was a media-engineered hype. Fooling all the people some of the time, the knack of power pop irritated some every minute of the day. Hence two results: 1) some great groups were overlooked (and lost). 2) the reaction was to go back to the garages, armed with a near-slavish nostalgia.

In the art of revival, there's an extremely fine line between remaking and remodelling. (Half the time it seems the capricious trends of postpunk are only a means of blinding oneself to the annihilating perfection of Sid's and Darby's deaths.) When you open the files on psyskadelimodabilly, you not only give everyone a breather, you give them an alibi.

"What were you doing on the night punk died?"

"Er, inventing psychedelic rockabilly . . . you can ask Gary . . ."

In today's ever more vast and diffuse Los Angeles, choirs of Angelenos are starting to leaf back through the pages of their very own heritage. Punk is dead: long live history. Sod the Stones and the Velvets and the Pistols; LA's ancestral rights are 'Strange Days', 'Forever Changes', and 'Fifth Dimension'.

Cute? I guess it's kinda cute that Three O'Clock can do a version of 'Lucifer Sam' and then bring on Gene Clark for a singalong acid-pop encore. The trouble is, it's like all the revivals in England: if you can't inject something new, if you can't remodel, leave well alone. Every revival needs a maverick or a fanatic, a Dammers or a Rowland. LA's are asleep. As usual.

Three O'Clock are kiddie psychedelics, Herman's Hermits play Syd Barrett Golden Hour. If singer Michael Quercio is a teen idol in embryo, his present confection is twee to the point of being arch. Produced at the "Psychedelic Shack" by ex-Spark Earle Mankey – the mixing desk behind such power pop milestones as 20/20's 'Yellow Pills', The Pop's 'Waiting For The Night' and the Paley Brothers' 'Lovin' Eyes Can't Lie' – Three o'Clock's backbeat won't lose you but it won't seduce you either. If Quercio really wants the world to be seen though his paisley-coloured spectacles, he'll have to push harder than the Easybeat's 'Sorry' or 'With A Cantaloupe Girlfriend' (!) How about The Cyrkle's 'Turn Down Day'? Or indeed 'Lucifer Sam'?

The Bangles are a '60s fetishist's version of The Go-Gos. Their Earle Mankey, one-time Sire house producer Craig Leon, dusts out potential cobwebs with the same swift efficiency, again only exposing the limply tributary nature of the music. The songs are solid but studied. Like The Jam's 'Start!', 'I'm In Love' plunders 'Taxman' something shameless, and while you can't help admiring the patience and skill which have gone into these songs, the overall effect is still archaic. Their token cover is the Blues Magoos' 'How Is The Air Up There?', which at least is appropriate for this filthy city.

Flapping about the same time zone are the nine aggregations collected in 'Warfrat Tales', the prime movers of which compilation are the long serving Last. The flavour of Warfrat is homegrown garage psychedelic, the sound conscientiously coarse, and the concept is well-executed. Meet, amongst others, Leaving Trains, Rain Parade, and 100 Flowers. The music veers from tame nostalgia (Rain Parade) to relatively uplifting (The Last) with much minor damage inflicted in the hazy area between.

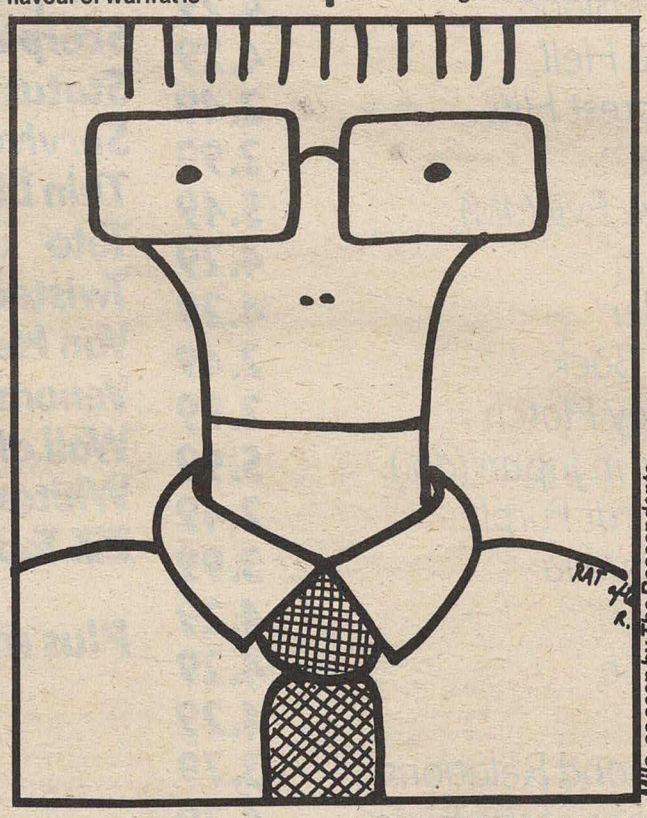
Named after one of Mao's rather ambiguous purges/spurs-of-artistic-activity in the '50s, 100 Flowers have their own posthumous platter out and are neither psychedelic nor power pop. Formerly left-field punkers The Urinals, they are the misanthropic side of the garage alternative. I like this record much less than either the single 'Presence Of Mind' or the compilation track 'Reject Yourself' led me to expect, but at their best they're like early Stranglers/Warsaw played by The Go-Betweens, or an ascetic/domestic version of Mission Of Burma's 'Fun World': a sparse, hungry sound which over the length of an LP gets a little drab. Aside from a version of 'Dizzy Miss Lizzy' as sizzling as Lennon's on 'Help!', the emotions of this record are constricted by a rather mordant offhandedness. There's no 'Who Wants The World' here.

Meanwhile The Plimsouls, the male counterpart of The Go-Gos. Just as one listen to 'We Got The Beat' unmasks The Bangles' stale replication of 1966 flower pop, so 'Everywhere At Once' makes a mockery of everything from Three O'Clock to The Fleshtones. Stranded by the tide that went out after 'My Sharona', with one awful LP on Planet, The Plimsouls have waited a long time to set a record straight. This is it, one of the few satisfying records I've heard all year. It makes 'Subterranean Jungle' look like a pile of rat droppings. Even covering such obviously treatable gems as Mouse And The Traps' 'Lie, Beg, Borrow, And Steal' and The Equals' 'My Life Ain't Easy', The Plimsouls bring more energy and joy to the genre than The Fleshtones – bound up in their fanzine classicism – have ever done.

'Everywhere At Once' is the album The Fleshtones always wanted to make but couldn't, couldn't because they don't have the simple suss to write a hook-laden beauty of a song like 'A Million Miles Away', a cult radio hit that should have outsold 'Billie Jean'. Much credit must go to producer Jeff Eyrich, who has given The Plimsouls the sound Peter Case's songs and voice have always deserved. 'Million Miles' is wall-of-sound Byrds with one of power pop's most fabulously addictive choruses.

The other standouts are the ballads 'Inch By Inch' and 'The Oldest Story In The World'. 'Inch By Inch', co-written by Case's one-time companion Charlotte Caffey, opens like 'Don't Fear The Reaper' (which, as Tony Blackburn once perceptively remarked, sounds like The Byrds) and fills out into a haunting, desperate love song. 'The Oldes Story' is a distant cousin of The Saints' 'Story Of Love': I'd be surprised if Case hadn't worked out to the larynx of Chris Bailey at some point in his life. The album gets a domestic release 1 August.

Curiously, my favourite power pop album of 1983 is by a beach punk outfit called The Decendents, who've been around quite as long as Black Flag or anyone else. Released on The Minutemen's New Alliance label, 'Milo Goes To College' is a sort of high school version of 'Damaged', repeated hearings of which have convinced me there is more pain/angst/adoration



Milo, as seen by The Descendents.

Daddy's girls.

DADDY KNOWBEST!

THE COCONUTS
Don't Take My Coconuts *(EMI)*

HE CAME as manna from Havana to lazy minds in a lazy summer – but what a laughably over-rated talent August "Linda" Darnell turned out to be! Hailed as something approaching the Second Coming by those blinded by the cut of his double-breasted gib, he now stands revealed as something closer to the rear end of a pantomime horse.

If Darnell was wired up to an electric chair and told "Now don't talk for an hour, don't open your yap or you'll be frying tonight" I'd give him six minutes before he just HAD to hear the sound of his own voice again. Here he produces, writes most of the songs, plays bass, drums and percussion, butts in at every possible moment and – just to put the punctuation mark on the mediocrity, just to get that extra helping of ego on his face – completely commandeers the opener, 'Don't Take My Coconuts', which is the usual flat cocktail of weak jokes, tired Latin rhythms and single entendres that we have all come to know and avoid.

The Coconuts – Taryn, the beautiful swarthy one; Cheryl, the pretty blonde one; Adriana, the plain rich one – sing like geisha B-girls whose feet are killing them – their natural habitat is a coy, droning, double-bluff dumb blonde innuendo that seems always on the point of collapse. They plod suggestively through 'Did You Have To Love Me Like You Did?', 'Indiscreet' and (you got it) 'Naughty Boy' – it's like being taken for a tour around Benny Hill's cutting room floor. 'Ticket To The Tropics' has an astute, cute lyric by Cristina Ze wasted on mock exotica at its most tame – the sound of the sea crashing against the shore, swizzle sticks and Simon LeBon slapping the Coppertone all over – this sort of thing was done first and best by the Bounty Bar commercials.

The Ze commune have always strained for a global perspective and no doubt on 'Kriminal-Tango' das Cocomuts are trying to evoke the smoke-choked clubs of old Berlin – the dimly-lit decadence of York-Minnelli-Grey wearing nothing but stockings and come-hither-mein-herr smiles. But singing in Kraut is always a mistake – such an ugly, gutteral tongue – and all the Coconuts succeed in evoking is a vision of a chanteuse desperately trying to clear her throat.

There is a very attractive low-key version of 'Maladie D'Amour' and a joke track that made me think that there is indeed many a true word spoken in jest – 'If I Only Had A Brain', the Straw Man's song from *The Wizard Of Oz*. The record was recorded "live" at the horribly-named "Hendrix Ballroom" – if American recording artists want to make live albums then of course they should be allowed to do so; however, there is a very strong case for the audience at such an event having their tongues removed with a rusty razor blade before they are granted entrance to the auditorium. If I never hear another "Whoa! Yeah! Awright!" again in my life it will still be too soon.

"Don't, don't, don't, don't take my Coconuts!" pleads the ringmaster – don't worry, Mr Darnell, your circus is safe from commercial plunder. The girl group was emasculated as an artistic and economic adventure some 20 years ago when girls were given enough rope; once in a lifetime an entity such as Banan...ama can break through on the strength of dazzling youth and the common touch. Colder, older, you'll never move your stale Coconuts from the shy.

Julie Burchill

BOUNCY! BUBBLY! ZIPPY! — BUT MOST OF ALL, FUTILE!

SET THE TONE
Shiftin Air Affair *(Island)*

OH DEAR – yet another bouncy bubbly zippy young group who channel all their zest into futile experiment and leave none for real creativity.

The same sad traits were evident in most of the thrashing jammers spawned by Father Punk and again a couple of years later in the creativity-by-improvisation boom. If only enthusiasm came tempered with talent, or at least some intuition into the limits of a listener's endurance.

Set The Tone sound like they had a field day recording this LP. All manner of self-consciously wierd studio effects chase each other through the cuts. Live, this kind of electronic twiddling may conjure forth some dubious spontaneity, but on record it merely sounds self-indulgent, like a vinyl chronicle of a painfully long Space Invaders game.

Obvious interest in the New York scene of late has manifested itself in feeble flirtation with rap but they carry nothing further than the toying stage and end up with the aural equivalent of a kleptomaniac's stash tin. In their shambling, long-winded scenarios – 'Rap Your Love', 'All Tied Up', 'Prove It', 'Skin Me', 'Start The Bus' and 'Grid' – the New York sound is drained of all essence and urgency, the inherent discipline that gives it such a steely vice forfeited in favour of fatuous dabbling. The use of token gimmickry is even

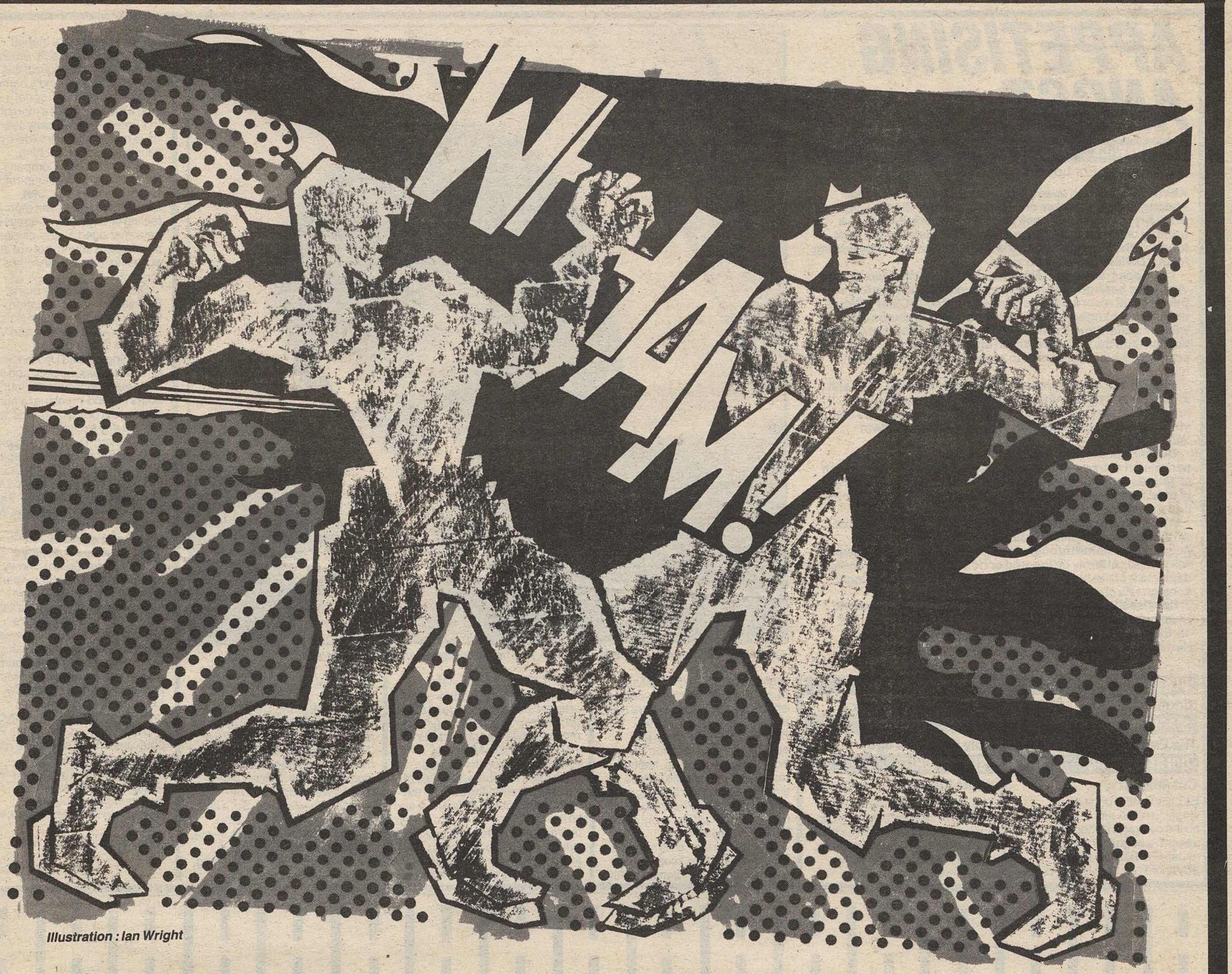


Illustration : Ian Wright

TEENAGE PARTY LINES

WHAM!

Fantastic *(Innervision)*

'DOES THE BBC have no conscience these days about what they present as entertainment for young people? The song 'Bad Boy' and the accompanying video (*Top Of The Pops*, 2 June BBC1) are nothing short of a frontal attack on family life and an incitement to wickedness.

Had the young 'hero' been applauded for his persecution of immigrants there would have been a howl of protest, and rightly so; but no one in the media seems to object to the portrayal of the ideal that it is clever to persecute one's parents.

This is an inversion of the Fifth Commandment, in which we are told to honour our parents

(Rev) Alexander Muir, Canisbay, Caithness.

Honour thy Bad Boys! It had to happen; Wham! have been cruising for, if not a bruising, then at least a good rap over the knuckles for a good nine minutes now – three singles, each one designed to bring foam to the lips of clean-living people everywhere. When the repulsed reverend wrote to the *Radio Times* he spoke for the silent but moral majority who have been baited by the bad boys for a long time.

Wham! are the end product of 29 years of teenage. They are the first act to ever stick strictly to the teenage party-line without a moment of revisionism. Of course there have been Youngbloods Only songs before, but even a practitioner such as Eddie Cochran who sang about teenage *angst* under the sun and wholesome orgies when you're king of the house had a lot of songs like 'Three Steps To Heaven', songs in which the frame of reference was *not* specifically teenage, the kind of soppy song the old wrinklies can nod along with (and buy, more importantly. Commercially it is probably a mistake to repeatedly address just a small section of those with money in their pockets. I don't think Elvisburger *ever* mentioned being young –n except in 'Old Shep' which doesn't count, because it's about a deceased dog and therefore a death disc, a grim novelty – because old Colonel T knew which side his bread was buttered.)

The last thing Wham! are is family entertainment. They are *anti*-family entertainment, as the vitriolic vicar so rightly pointed out. They have presented themselves brazenly to the world on a teenage-only ticket, and each single has defined them starkly by virtue of what they *don't* approve of – marriage, work, parents.

Wham! sing from the perspective of the last generation who really knew what it was to be teenage, before we realised that the slight cold the country had was something terminal. It takes money to be a real teenager, that brief bliss between relying on pocket money and being married to a mortgage; between the grub and the impaled thing, there were the butterfly nights.

You knew that when you were danced out you could – sha da da da da, yip yip yip yip, mum, mum, mum, mum, mum, mum – get a job, and it was the confinement at both ends, school and work, that gave the years on the loose such dynamism; rather like the great girl groups whose passionate soap operatics were the result of bursting free for a brilliant moment out of Catholic/ghetto restriction, a great teenage can only be had within a strictly structured society. Without work at the end of the strobe-lit tunnel, teenage at last becomes a wasteland.

Wham! are a period piece as surely as Darts or Mari Wilson; they sing about the early and mid-'70s, last exit to boomtown. The '70s, the working class youth culture of the foot took over from the middle class youth culture of the cerebellum, when the collective hot young heart moved from wide open spaces to loud dark places. Their music is great soul music for people who've never been allowed to hear black music – soul for swinging South Africans.

The three singles are here; the great 'Young Guns', the wonderful 'Wham Rap' and the rotten 'Bad Boys'. These days because the world is scarier and jobs are scarce young people retain babyish characteristics longer – this can even been seen in the behaviour of contemporary pop stars, a huge number of whom live in the family home well into their 20s or *until they get married* (very Retro). In the '60s this kind of behaviour would not only have earned one ridicule but also very probably could have scotched one's chances of success completely – no one would have bought Rolling Stones records if they'd had mental pictures of Jagger doing the washing up with his mum or Richard washing the car with his dad. But these days it passes for normal behaviour amongst kids who can't see an economically viable way of fleeing the nest. Thus George, a strapping twenty, can tell his parents – *"Don't try to keep me in tonight/ Because I'm big enough to break down the door!"* His poor parents – they probably wish he'd go and shack up with some girl. But George won't go. He's a big boy, he's a *bad* boy – but he doesn't know how to boil an egg.

'Love Machine' is not so much covered as cloned; it could be 'Backstabbers' or 'Shining Star', just some great '70s black dancing song from the last great age of disco – before the divorcees and the moneybags moved in – that says WE WERE THERE. 'Club Tropicana' sounds like an advert for Club 18-30 or a Modern Romance song – you decide which is worse. The chipmunk voices – really George Michael speeded up – on the flimsy 'A Ray Of Sunshine' are a steal from 'Murphy's Law' and 'Don't Stop The Music' – credibility by association with chipmunks.

'Nothing Looks The Same In The Light' is a hod carrier's 'Amoureuse', George in tremulous mood singing in a voice somewhere between Astrid Gilberto and an asthma attack, and is all about the first person George had his way with – *don't* say Andrew. 'Come On!' is a celebration of mindlessness over matter, a paean to powerlessness – a real stinker.

What Wham! have going is good timing; the impression of impossible energy; a knack for writing tight, instant singles; a germ of comic genius; a remarkable and laudable friendship – they are definitely the closest couple in pop since Sonny and Cher and *"They say we're young and we don't know/Won't find out until we grow"* tarted up with rapping and brass could easily be the opening lines of the next single.What goes against them is their tiny horizon; kiss the girls and make them cry – hiss at dad and make him mad. And now the vicar's got his cassocks in a twist! It's not exactly burning the Stars and Stripes, is it? It's a small world.

Julie Burchill

embedded in its grooves than in any hard white small-scale rock combustion I've heard in years. I won't go into details, but at least five of these songs – 'Myage', 'Parents', 'Hope', 'Bikeage', and 'Jean Is Dead' – elevate the hangups and hassles of teenage wildlife to a level of hurt, pathos, and dignity unattainable to rock's more respected craftsmen. This hardcore power pop takes bits of Ramone and Undertone and churns them into raw, visceral emotion bleeding from suburban hell.

Barney Hoskyns

stretched to the banter between Chris and Evelyn, which surfaces at intervals between numerous grunts, whoops and petulant sneers, for a few seconds of half-hearted lewd innuendo.

There isn't any point differentiating between the six tracks – they all sound the same – incongruous fragments of noise thrown together with no basic song scaffolding leave along direction, melody or power.

It's their dogged presumption that really staggers – 'Start The Bus' labours persistently for almost ten minutes before realisation hits that under the brash exterior, the forceful insistent vocals are saying nothing more insightful than "If you don't have any money you can't get on".

As they revealed to Gavin Martin last December, Set The Tone are more keen to be popstars than musicians. There's a barely discernible boundary between guile and quackery – it's popstar's prerogative to hop it.

Leyla Sanai

APPETISING ANGST

KEVIN HEWICK

Such Hunger For Love *(Cherry Red)*

KEVIN HEWICK has spent most of the last couple of years wasting away on sombre old Factory records. Signing him was probably their idea of a wacky conceptual joke: FAC 45 — a horribly unhip singer/songwriter from Leicester who'll look funny on the video compilations and baffle an audience waiting for Joy Division to come on stage.

Live appearances and few and far between excursions onto vinyl have been greeted largely with unqualified derision. And this, his first record with the more sympathetic Cherry Red, is unlikely to change that state of affairs. Hewick stands alone with his guitars and a voice that hangs uncertainly between the sublime and the frail, creating an uneasily sparse accompaniment over which to weave his absurdly sensitive lyrics.

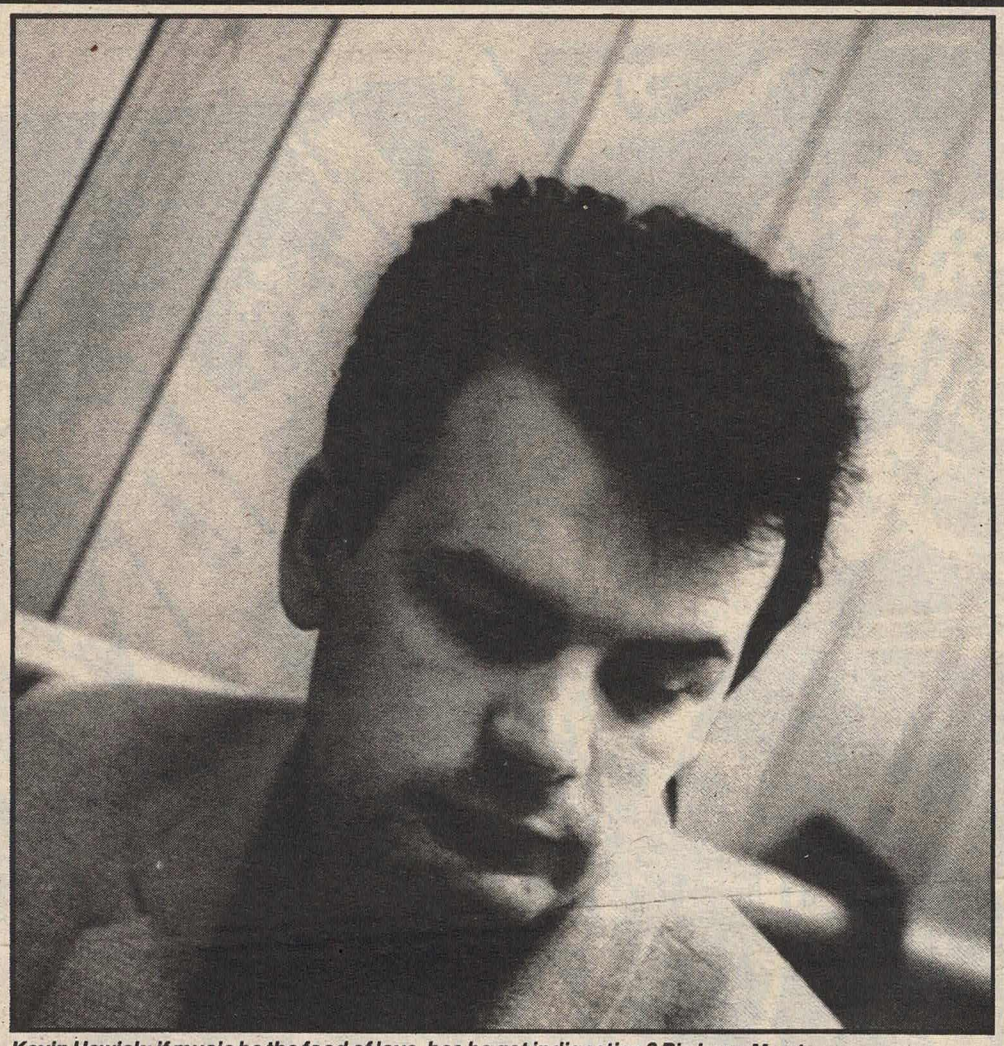
His first long player is easily his best work to date but it still makes for an uneven, unsettling 30 minutes listening — lurching between the downright off-putting ('Make') and the vulnerable delights of the linn drum propelled shuffle of 'Mother's Day'.

Guitars wander from being irritatingly edgy to the more successful extreme of his soothing acoustic ballads. Through all this disorder the strangely emotive voice sings obsessively of love, replacing clichés with understated humour, bitterness and a savage accuracy.

A firm hand to curtail some of the irksome self-indulgence would have been welcome, allowing more of his poetic poignancy to shine through. In any case this whimsical gem will almost certainly be ignored or ridiculed. Its awkwardness deprives it of the luxury of a convenient label and seemingly consigns its creator to remain forever hungry for love.

Hopelessly unfashionable, a worthy but unloved romantic, an easy target for cruel jibes — in a perverse kind of way it's partly for those same reasons that I'll always have time for Hewick's curious charm.

Kev Mc



Kevin Hewick: if music be the food of love, has he got indigestion? Pic Leon Morris

BLACKFOOT

Siogo *(Atco)*

MAGNUM

The Eleventh Hour *(Jet)*

GOLDEN EARRING

Cut *(Mercury)*

BELIEVE ME, I don't enjoy slagging off six albums on the trot; on the contrary. I'd hoped to unearth a nugget of gleaming metal — a 'Black Dog', a 'Paranoid', an 'E.T.I.', a 'Kick Out Blackfoot are also the ugliest band. Stuffed into stretch-denims and dripping with dime-store Red Indian regalia (suck on that, Death Cult), these gross and ageing men glare out horribly from the sleeve. Inside, flabby, repetitive belligerence frames such dreck as *"I am a savage, always on the run/ Four wheels my animal, this guitar is my gun"*. I'm shitting myself.

A second brain-cell is required to comprehend the scope, depth and complexity of magnum's fifth album, 'The Eleventh Hour'. Packed with such insights as *"Life is a precious thing/ So don't burn it up/ Start living it day by day"*, this record's style was perfected in 1972 when these Midlands veterans first trod the boards. Back then, of course, the likes of Yes were instructing us as to the Great Mysteries of Existence, and so it is that Magnum flesh out their plodding HM bones with squitting synths, 'sensitive' acoustic guitar and piano, and a 'meaningful' voice spouting an endless stream of portentous, pseudo-poetic crap.

Golden Earring are also Grand Old Men, but they've not been resting on the laurels of 1973's 'Radar Love', no sir. The sound of not-so-young Benelux is now digital, and The Police's latest meisterwerk might well be counted An Influence. So, a little more up-market — you know, sophisticated and melodic — but, underneath, still the same old macho a go go, little boy whining and would-be mystical waffle.

CONEY HATCH

Coney Hatch *(Mercury)*

DIO

Holy Diver *(Vertigo)*

SNOWY WHITE

White Flames *(Towerbell)*

The Jams' — but nothing doing. So, in the absence of anything to applaud, I'll press on and calibrate the degrees of awfulness herein.

'Siogo' is not ony the worst record here but its makers Colney Hatch is a mental hospital just outside St. Albans — could that be the origin of this young Canadian band's name? *(In fact it is, believe it or not — Ed)* Just a thought, but it's more than this empty-headed crew seem to have mustered; their wide-eyed vacuity is almost touching. They're at the Bad Company, Whitesnake heavy blues-rock end of the spectrum, with, needless to say, not an atom of feeling or originality. Coney Hatch have managed a wide-screen powerchord sound, but are an appalling drag in every other respect.

Dio can boast a litle more: Ronnie James Dio's foghorn larynx (previously heard with Elf, Rainbow and Sabbaff), and Vinny Appice's supercharged drumming. 'Stand Up And Shout' is rabidly crass rubbish, and thus is the least boring item in four hours of mind-numbing tedium, but the rest of the LP grinds on without any excitement whatsoever. The sleeve depicts a gigantic Satan casting a hapless cleric into the briny deep. Could this be a warning to America's Moral Majority that the Devil looks after his own? Who knows? Who cares?

Last and least cretinous is super-sessioneer (P.Floyd, T.Lizzy, Peter Green) Snowy White's first solo outing. Apart from the expected show-off fretboard wanking, there's little to mark this out as HM, but it's unlikely that anyone *not* dressed in head-to-toe denim will take the remotest interest in this album — always the acid-test of the Metal category. White's pleasantly Lofgren-ish voice breathes unbelievably banal platitudes, and his gold-top Gibson Les Paul pours sentiment and cliche all over songs of unmitigated blandness. Flashy and empty, this is quintessential side man self-indulgence, but after everything that went before, what a relief!

Never again, never again.

Mat Snow

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THE BRASS BITES BACK

BRASS CONSTRUCTION

Conversations *(Capitol)*

THE FATBACK BAND

Is This The Future? *(Spring, US Import)*

THE SYSTEM

Sweat *(Atlantic US Import/Polydor)*

THREE BANDS, two best known from the era a decade or so ago when, along with The Ohio Players and B.T. Express, they shaped the face of the street music, and one band, maybe the first, who are the direct fruit of Prince's synthesised loins.

Strange bedfellows, yet by considering the content of these three sets together it becomes possible to see how, in the last few years, funk tripped over itself in a rush to embrace a new technology that defied its longstanding exponents.

Brass Construction, who threatened great things with last year's 'Attitudes' set, have reverted almost completely to their beginnings and produced maybe *the* dancefloor album of 1983. Fatback fool around with electronics instead of regular trademarks like drums and horns, and sound, for the most part, confused. And The System demonstrate a complete mastery of micro chip to ask more convincingly that Fatback's *"Is this the future?"*

Brass Construction is a destroyer. Merely sitting down and listening to both sides will wear you out. Randy Muller's production strips each song back to the bass, drum and percussion backbone that made him famous in '76's scorching summer, and works the four-piece brass section around this instead of slapping it down on top.

This style is maintained for the album's eight tracks, but with enough variation in pace to stop it getting boring, and the intensity never once lets up. The set's first single 'Walking The Line' is not, like in so many cases, the highlight, but truly a sample.

It is a great pity that it took Brass Construction (still with the original line-up) such a long time to realise what they did best, and that they do it so well they'll keep a fire burning in the souls and discos of the world regardless of what's going on around them. Still, it's wnoderful to have them back.

Fatback Band tell a different and really quite sad story. Band leader Bill Curtis was forced, by the economics of the music biz, to let their famous horn section go and replace it with a battery of synths, and at the same time he traded in his drum kit for an Oberheim DMX, which allowed him to do more at home and cut down on studio time.

The result is an absolute killer title track, 'Is This The Future?', a mesmerising rap with backing stripped down to almost a single riff, and a precedent that is not maintained in the remainder of the set. He appears to go 'synth crazy' and slaps them on with an indiscretion that swamps instead of enhancing any grooves.

If this is the future for The Fatback Band then I suggest they look and listen to Brass Construction before wasting any more of their dwindling budget and time. Meanwhile, any interested parties reading this should buy the single and not the LP.

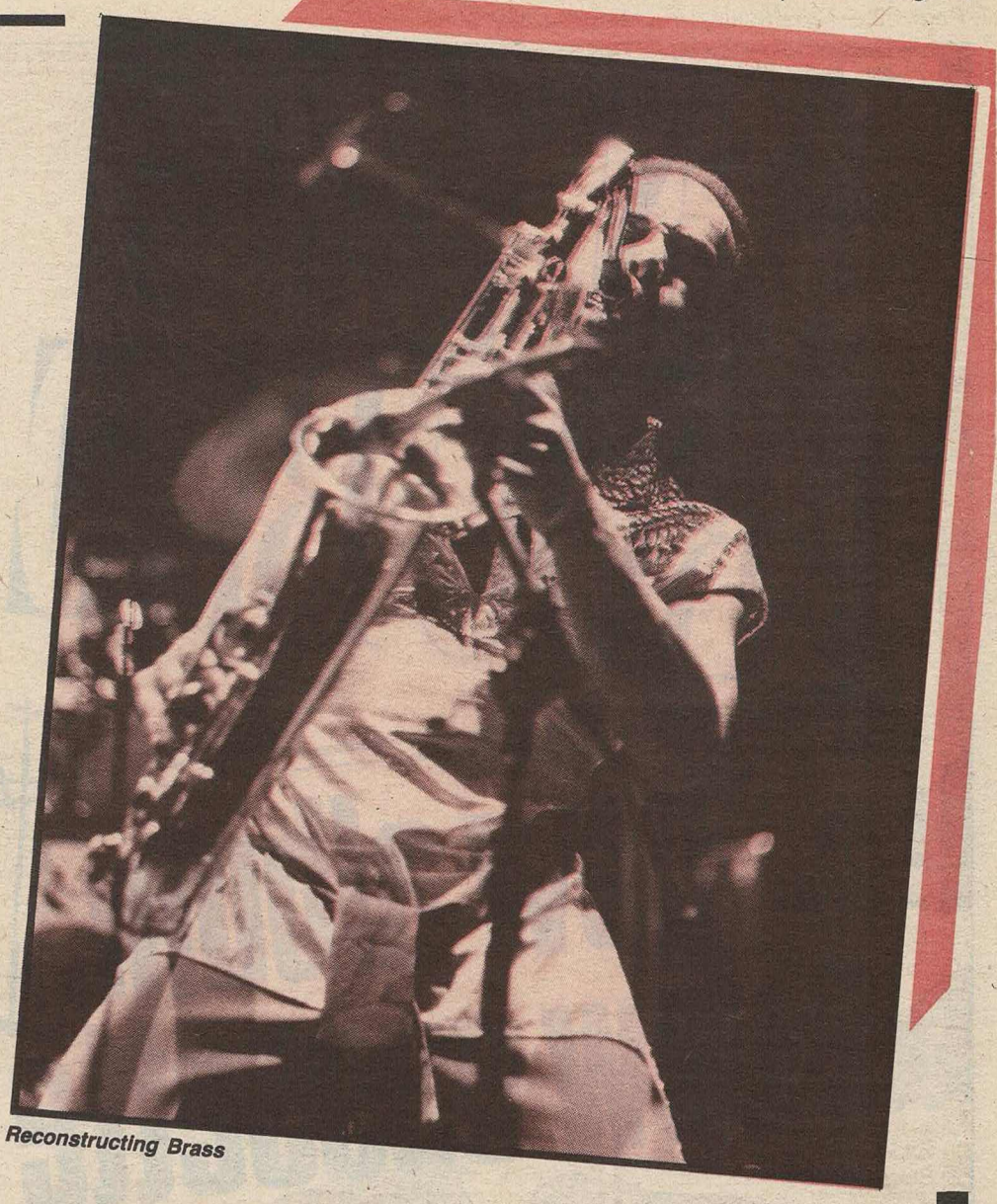
By now, The System — hi tech devotees and up and coming production team Mic Murphy and David Frank — should be well known for their debut single 'You're In My System', either in its original form or in Robert Palmer's feeble imitation.

Like many of today's young turks, The System have begun with electronics rather than changing to them in mid career, are creating new sounds rather than trying to imitate old ones, and so sound fresh rather than phoney.

As I said before, they veer towards the rock'n'roll lines laid down by Prince, and like their father (?) figure they have the capacity to perform both brilliantly and bafflingly. The album has as many hot spots (side one) as it does self-indulgent cold turkeys (side two), but hopefully this is down to nothing more sinister than a lack of experience.

By making music, and not just noises, with their computers, The System could go far. So let's hope they don't get caught up with being clever simply for the sake of it. Support their cause, if only for the superb 'Sweat' and 'You're In My System', and you won't be disappointed.

Lloyd Bradley



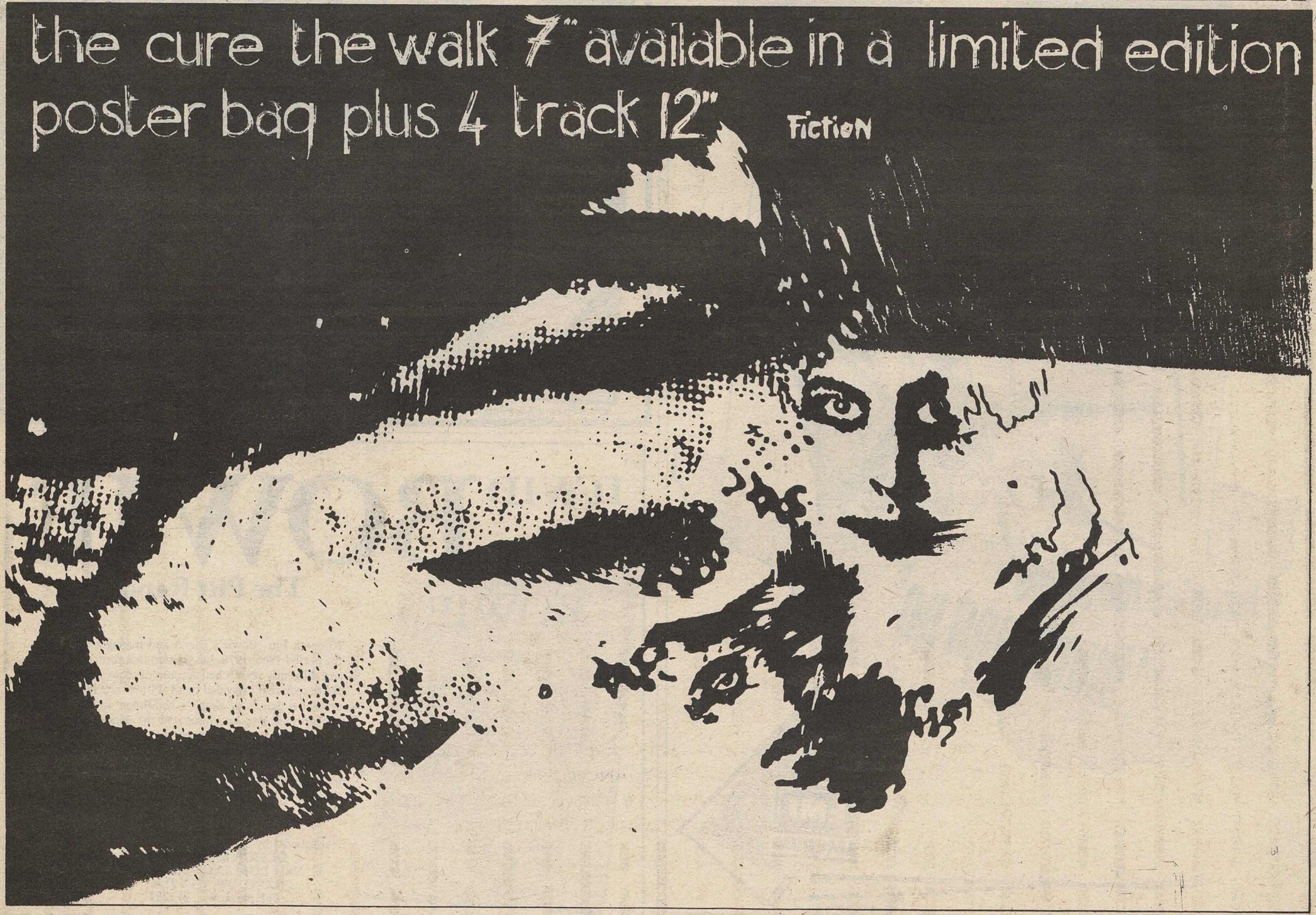
Reconstructing Brass

DEAN MARTIN

The Nashville Sessions *(Warner Brothers)*

THE LITTLE ole wine drinker partakes of some mild Tennessee sour mash. And the result is an inevitable burp.

Fred Dellar

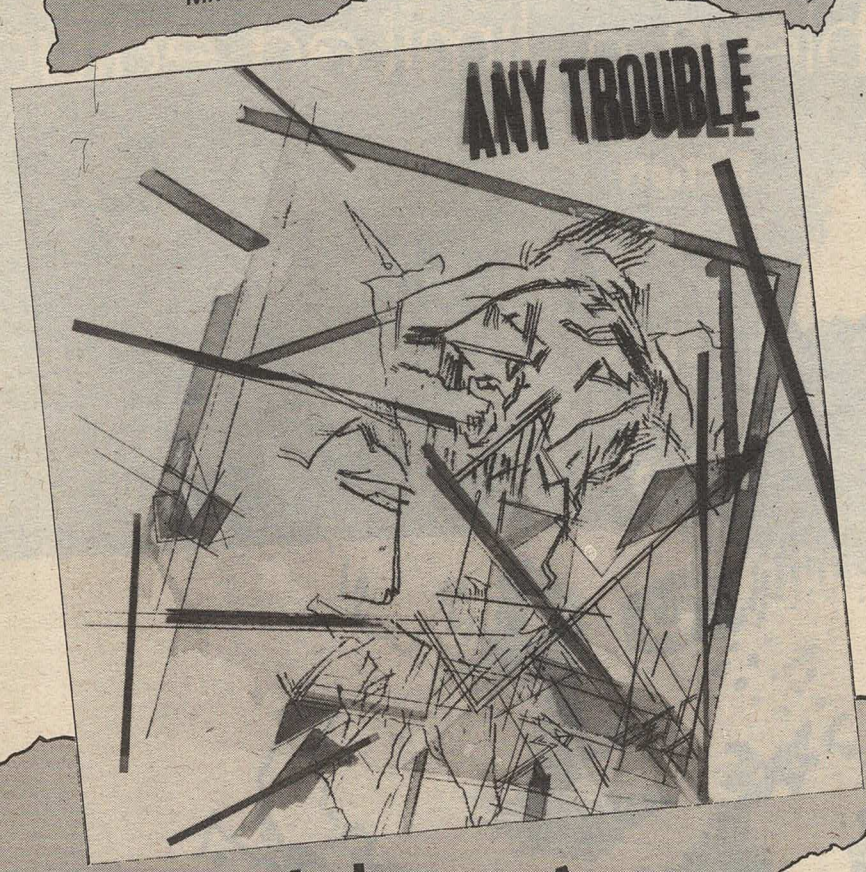


ANY TROUBLE

new album
new cassette

"Any Trouble" is an excellent record....
Clive Gregson has quite excelled himself....
This is really marvellous music.
MM (Allan Jones)

....strong songs and Gregson's own distinctive and superb vocal quality....
SOUNDMAKER (Mike Davies)



includes the single
'touch and go'

EMI AMERICA

FROM PAGE 19

send the unprepared reeling. Gangster James Fox steps down from a fearsome protection ring to the maelstrom of ex-rock star Mick Jagger's Ladbroke Grove basement, and the directors question all senses of balance and perspective in a bravura montage of cross-cuts, drugged colours and dialogue that teases at naturalism. Probably severely diminished by the miniscule TV screen but the prints that do the circuit are so scratchy that a fresh picture will be welcome. **(C4)**

SATURDAY JULY 2

Get Set. Tears For Fears play (dead? wishful thinking) and Wham! talk. And I leave the TV off. **(BBC1)**
Grand Prix (John Frankenheimer 1966). Visually hot stuff with some excellent racing scenes but a bunch of champs – James Garner, Yves Montant, Toshiro Mifune etc – get a bit bogged down in the off-track wordplay. Not exactly the pits (hey!), I remember enjoying the book – good pulp. **(BBC1)**
Amarcord (Federico Fellini 1973). A colossal indulgence – which is a pretty fair description of a certain lady in Fellini's childhood reminiscences. Actually all the scatalogical touches here seem tame beside Ferreri's contemporary *Blow-Out* and *Amarcord* cuts it on the strength of an imagination that is wholly cinematic: some of the visual flourishes in these memoirs have the quality of improvisation and the tone is so affectionate it's hard not to be charmed. Also proves you shouldn't stand underneath churches. **(BBC2)**
The Bargee (Duncan Wood 1964). A modest little curio with Harry H. Corbett on the Birmingham canal, scripted by Galton & Simpson. **(BBC1)**
Summer of '42 (Robert Mulligan 1971). A sappy and entertaining dose of adolescent amour. Gary Grimes gets sweet on Jennifer O'Neill while the war beckons and hearts are bruised. Insincere, neatly crafted. **(LWT)**

SUNDAY JULY 3

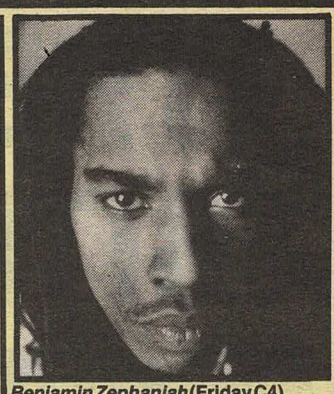
Mrs Miniver (William Wyler 1942). More nostalgia in your maiden aunt's favourite film. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon are the Minivers, a family at war, although it's more of a Hollywood fantasy on English life than anything. Seven Oscars and a box of Kleenex. **(BBC1)**
Reflections In A Golden Eye (John Huston 1967). One of the most overblown and embarrassing films Brando ever graced, despite his own fastidious performance (and peculiar accent) as the troubled military man. Elizabeth Taylor is his wife but Robert Forster is the real object of his affections. And the object of Huston's absurdly stylised direction is incomprehensible. Probably unmissable. **(BBC2)**
Wood And Walters. Last of entertaining repeats. **(C4)**
The Real Glory (Henry Hathaway 1939). An old-fashioned barnstormer with Gary Cooper as an army doc who sorts out a Phillipines uprising with a bit of help from David Niven. **(C4)**

MONDAY JULY 4

I Love Lucy. Lucy Meets Bob Hope! **(C4)**
Tiara Tahiti (William Kitcheff 1962). John Mills and James Mason play a couple of old Sandhurst types with a grudge to sort out. Slow and British. **(BBC1)**
Archie Bunker's Place. A new setting for the anti-hero of *All In The Family* – he's opened his own bar and grill. An intriguing line-up includes Carroll O'Connor and Martin Balsam. **(C4)**
Lady in Cement (Gordon Douglas 1968). A second-rate sequel to *Tony Rome*, with Sinatra back as the private dick and Raquel Welch the troublemaker. **(BBC1)**
Cliff Richard. The old chap live at t'Albert Hall. **(BBC2)**

TUESDAY JULY 5

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Rob remembers his wedding – when he managed to be two hours late. **(C4)**
One Eyed Jacks (Marlon Brando 1961). Brando's only picture as director is one of the great maverick projects of post-war Hollywood. His own performance as the young ex-con seeking vengeance on his former partner is a final refinement of The Method and the photography sets up a California where sundown is a twelve-hour phenomenon and the characters move to a dream-like tempo. Heavily



Benjamin Zephaniah **(Friday C4)** exaggerated, painstaking, erratic, fascinating. **(BBC2)**
Foghorn Leghorn. This gross giant among roosters tea-ah say-teams up with a weasel in *Weasel Stop*. **(Thames)**

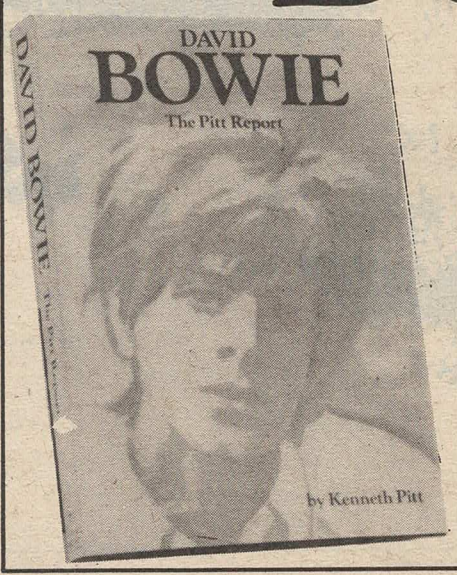
WEDNESDAY JULY 6

The Wizard Of Babylon. Dieter Schidor's profile of Fassbinder, made during the shooting of *Querelle* and including interviews with Jeanne Moreau and the director himself, acts as a curtain raiser to the C4 Fassbinder season which starts tomorrow. **(C4)**
Porky Pig & Daffy Duck: Boston Quackie. The idea of teaming up two misfits with speech impediments was one of the meanest Warners ever had but their joint efforts provided some of the best debunking shorts the section ever came up with. This one takes assorted potshots at Orient Express mysteries, Warners' own gangster movies and the romantic melodrama picture in general. All in five crazed minutes. **(Thames)**
A Plus. If you're at home, catch a surprise afternoon appearance of the Gil Evans Roundhouse concert of a few weeks back. **(Thames)**
The Last Hard Men (Andrew McLaglen 1976). And one of the last of the old hardboiled Westerns, with Charlton Heston as the grizzled Sheriff looking to run down escaped con James Coburn, who's kidnapped the lawman's daughter. A long haul but entertaining enough. **(Thames)**

By Richard Cook

James Fox and Mick Jagger in Performance **(Friday C4)**

DAVID BOWIE
The Pitt Report



Kenneth Pitt, Bowie's friend and manager during the period 1966–1970, has written this authoritative and diligently researched account of those years and the decade that preceded them. Pitt reveals hitherto unknown details of Bowie's childhood and family background, and has illustrated the whole with an exciting profusion of photographs never before seen. DAVID BOWIE – The Pitt Report, is a treasure-house not only for Bowie fans, but for all who have a fondness for the sixties. Hardback, 224pp, £7.95, through W. H. Smiths and all leading booksellers.

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DESIGN

PRINT

VAL WILMER looks at a blues history that fails to give the Devil his dues

ON THE HELLHOUND TRAIL

THE DEVIL'S MUSIC — A HISTORY OF THE BLUES
by Giles Oakley *(Ariel Books, £3.95)*

THROUGHOUT AFRICAN-AMERICAN music history, one anomaly persists. While Black people produce the music, whites package and distribute it and, ultimately, call the tune. Nowhere has this been more applicable than with the blues, root of practically all contemporary music.

Starting with the white recording pioneers who segregated the blues from other, parallel, rural music forms, so that the existing documentation is incomplete, the inequality continues as the music's history is rehashed over and over by those intrepid whites who have spent a few nights in the ghetto or — literally — in the field.

This book, a revised version of a BBC publication that first appeared in 1976, is no exception. Reading it gave me such a sense of *déjà vu* that I almost felt I could spot the exact page where every idea originated. On examining the author's sources, though, I discovered that many quotes come from interviews he conducted with blues artists during the making of the BBC TV documentary of the same name. The five programmes were, as I recall, quite evocative of bluesdom. Why then, with such a wealth of material on hand, is its title the most exciting thing about the book?

I mean I *know* some of the people Oakley writes about. I've hung out with them in their homes, eaten and drank with them. Presented here they come across as names on a page — one-dimensional almost. Gone is the music's fire, and even its poetry looks dead. There are plenty of references to lynching, poverty and oppression; no suggestion that the racist society responsible still exists. It just is not enough today to surround known facts with a sociological glaze.

Of course, it's good to have the chance to read anything halfway decent about the blues. And as a history revealing that Mamie Smith made the first blues record in 1920, how Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith were right-on mamas in their day, and how the influence of Charley Patton and Robert Johnson persists into the disco era, it is more than adequate. But by failing to make any real connection between the events surrounding the music's gestation in all its shades, and between what happened then and what is taking place in Black society today, the author does the Devil's music a disservice.

It's not Oakley's fault that his contact with the culture is limited. But if we can't read Black writers like Baraka, Hughes, Ellison, Shange, Bambara and Lester when they offer their personal blues versions, then let us have the insight and original research of a committed aficionado like Robert Palmer from the pages of whose *Deep Blues* the truth of the music comes ringing like the knifeblade against Muddy Waters' guitar strings.

VAL WILMER

Albert King — demon at play? Pic Vic Wilmer/Format

FRED DELLAR praises a new guide to the music business

MAKING IT

MAKING MUSIC
by George Martin *(Pan, £5.95)*

THE NAME George Martin has always been a synonym for quality — and his involvement with *Making Music*, a guide to writing, performing and recording, does nothing to change that.

In his role as editor, Martin's drafted together a team of writers/experts in their fields that is nigh unbeatable. Also, he's not been content to merely settle for one aspect of any particular subject. When he tackles the subject of record production, he not only donates a chapter himself but also includes a sample of other views by the likes of Christopher Neil, Phil Ramone and Quincy Jones.

The portion of the book that deals with musical instruments boasts a list of credits that is equally impressive, the guitar section alone being provided by one-time Brand X man Tony Marshall; Jeff Beck, whose informative piece modestly commences: "I don't regard my playing as magical — if you want real guitar magic, then listen to Jimi Hendrix"; and John Williams and Eric Clapton, a duo who supply a taped discussion on various playing styles and the qualities inherent in certain makes of instruments.

Songwriting is another subject that receives impressive coverage. The introductory chapter is penned by Bob Barratt, producer to Cliff Richard, Gene Vincent etc, after which further advice comes courtesy of Sting, Jim Webb, Paul McCartney and Paul Simon — the latter attempting to explain why certain songwriters dominate the music scene for long periods and then, for no apparent reason, fade to a position where their wares become virtually unmarketable.

"The age of the average listener and record buyer," muses Simon, "tends to remain the same, or perhaps drifts up a bit, and so the writer finds himself in a situation where, as he grows older, he is dealing with a younger audience. I once read an interview with Hoagie (sic) Carmichael, a year or so before he died, in which he was asked what he would write today if he was still writing. He answered that he *was* still writing but nobody wanted to hear his music; in fact, those were some of his best songs."

Elsewhere in the book, advice on performing is proffered by Tom Scott, Steve Gadd, Julian Lloyd Webber, Midge Ure, Cleo Laine, Herbie Hancock, Warren Cann, Hans Zimmer, David Paich and others, while there's a useful and well-illustrated chapter on home recording provided by Portastudio man Andy Bereza.

Even the wheeler-dealer side of the industry is given ample space, no less a personage than Harvey Goldsmith emerging from behind his cheque-book to explain how to promote concerts and tours — should you wish to hire Earl's Court in order to put on Sidney Schnickelfritz And His Garbage Men, you'll have to find £175,000 in rent money alone! — while Chrysalis publicist Chris Poole explains some of the problems with which his job is beset: "A few vitriolic reviews and comments in *NME* have bruised many an overinflated ego . . . and this attitude has meant that artists are reluctant to expose themselves to a possible mauling."

Other music-biz aspects, such as management, record company activities, music publishing, the fashioning of jingles and the art of video-making, are all covered by personalities boasting impressive track records in their respective fields.

There are some omissions: a few words on copyright might have proved helpful, while a list of contact addresses — record companies, publishers, studios, management companies etc, — could have been useful for those wishing to make their way further in this wonderful world of pop.

Even so, George Martin has managed to cover most of the bases in a manner that is nothing less than impressive and managed to produce a reference book that is basically technical but also emerges as eminently readable throughout most of its 352 pages. Certainly one of the year's best buys for aspiring music makers.

FRED DELLAR

note oilskin base — lowry

A NIGHT AT THE CINEMA WITH MRS., THAATCH!...
OUCH! HEY-YOU TROD ON MY TOES!
FLAUNT IT.
SO WHAT? YOU'RE SO SKINNY I COULD HARDLY SEE YOU ANYWAY!
BUT I THOUGHT I WAS LEANER, MORE COMPET-ITIVE...
HA!
YES-THE NEXT ELECTION CAMPAIGN STARTS HERE!!...
THE ELECTORATE HAVE A CLEAR CHOICE BEFORE THEM-EITHER THEY GET SHAFTED BY THE OPPOSITION OR THEY GET SHAFTED BY US..
LABORIOUS PARTY.
WE HAVE TO RAISE TAXES SO THAT WE CAN CONTINUE TO BATHE IN MONEY!..
PIP PIP!!
HEAR HEAR!!
ROAR!!
SAATCHI PARTY.
FAMILIAR STUFF, ISN'T IT? LET'S SEE HOW MONTY MONTGOMERY, FOUNDER OF THE ROCK AND ROLLIST PARTY, IS FAREING
TEENAGE MUSEUM
ANCIENT JOURNALISTS
PETER YORKIE BAR.
INNATE STYLE.
INNATE POCKET BILLIARDS.
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, PIERRE, OLD FRUIT. I'M QUITTING THE STRIP TO DEVOTE MY TIME TO ECONOMICS AND ROCKING ROUND THE CLOCK...
WHAT A BASTARD!! WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR A NEW HERO, I'LL TAKE YOU ON A GUIDED TOUR OF THE AGE OF TEENAGE!
NEW IMAGE, ALREADY
YORKIE BAR ENTERPRISES INC.
INNATE PIPE
"HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO-EVEN BEFORE THE TEDS-THERE WERE NORMAL PEOPLE."
WHO'S YOUR FAVOURITE SINGER, DEAR?
DENNIS LOTIS, DADDY...
THAT'S IDEOLOGICALLY SOUND..
NEXT-RAMPANT NORMALITY...

the lone groover — benyon

HMM-I'LL WIND UP THESE WACKOIDS..
IN MY OPINION RED INDIANS BUILT STONEHENGE WHEN THEY LANDED FROM DEEP SPACE OVER FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO....
THEY COULDN'T HAVE MOVED THESE VAST STONES WITHOUT BEING TELE KINETIC AND ABLE TO LEVITATE ALONG LEY LINES...
I MEAN EACH STONE IS RILLY A HUGE SILICONE CHIP TURNING TH' PLANET EARTH INTO A POCKET CALCULATOR FOR GIGANTIC COSMIC BEINGS.....
HULL
IS THAT IT?
GOT ANY MAGIC MUSHROOMS?
GOT ANY MEXICAN BOSTIK?
SO?— WHAT'S NEW THEN?
WE KNOW ALL THAT!
I THOUGHT HE HAD SOME NEW CONCEPT!
ME TOO!

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NME Tour News

Intercity Central Line

CENTRAL LINE, who recently released their latest single 'Surprise, Surprise' through Phonogram, will be undertaking a short UK tour during the first half of July. The dates, which climax in a major London show, are the first they've played for three years. They visit Braintree Essex Barn (this Saturday), Luton Pink Elephant (Sunday), Bournemouth The Academy (July 4), Southend Zero Six (5), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (7), Manchester Hacienda Club (8), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (9) and London Hammersmith Palais (12).

SIMPLE MINDS have confirmed that drummer Mel Gaynor has joined the band on a permanent basis. But you won't be able to see them in live action for some time because, due to extensive overseas and recording commitments, their next UK dates are not scheduled until the winter — followed by a major tour next February and March.

DAVID BELL (of Soft Cell) and his fiancee Ginny Hewes have recorded a completely original soundtrack which is being used throughout the performance of the Tennessee Williams play *Suddenly Last Summer*, which has just begun a three-week run at London Hampstead New End Theatre. It's a brand new production, and the extensive use of Bell's music makes it unique.

AZTEC CAMERA are the headliners of the annual multi-act multi-venue event at Coventry Warwick University tonight (Thursday). Among other appearing are Pete Thomas Jumpin' Jive, The Truth, Matt Fretton, Laurel & Hardy, The Smiths, The Impossible Dreamers, Jazz Afrika, Ruby Turner, The Pink Umbrellas, Nigel Mazlyn Jones and Ronnie Golden. Admission on the doors is £5.

STEVE HOOKER'S SHAKERS have London gigs at Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Stockwell Old Queen's Head (Sunday), Finchley Rd. Castle Club (July 8) and Fulham Greyhound (29), plus a date at Southend Blue Boar on July 15. They support the band's new single 'Prisoner Of Love' on Rambert Records (through Rough Trade).

MOSCOW, the Hull five-piece who recently figured in the 'Battle Of The Bands' finals, begin an extensive one-nighter tour with home-town appearances at Spiders (July 14) and Dingwalls (16) – then visit Scunthorpe Epworth School (18), Beverley Hills Club (29) and Newcastle Humberside Theatre (30), with their full schedule to follow shortly. They have a new double A-side single 'Gabriel'/'You Might Think It's Love' issued by Amazing Records on July 12, available at £1.25 from Moscow Promos, 69 Southfield, Hessle, North Humberside HU13 0EX – as is their 11-track cassette 'Flying Over Town', which costs £2.75.

QUASAR, the London band whose debut album 'Fire In The Sky' is released by Q Records in mid-July, are going back on the road to promote it. They've been absent for some time while rehearsing with their new lead singer Sue Robinson, formerly with Solstice, and she debuts with them at Leyland Lost Chord Club (July 19), Colne Francs (20), Blackburn Clouds (21), Garstang Crofters (22), Burnley Bank Hall (24), Dudley J. B.'s (25), London Woolwich Tramshed (26) and Bradford Tickles (28).

PENDRAGON begin a five-week club tour this weekend, after being out of action for several weeks while singer and guitarist Nick Barrett was hospitalised. First confirmed dates are Leeds Fforde Green (this Saturday), Stroud New Lodge (July 6), Broxburn Astor Club (10), Glasgow Night Moves (11), Bannockburn Tamdhu (12), Aberdeen The Venue (14), Inverness Ice Rink (15), Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel (17), Hull Dingwalls (21), Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre (23), Peterborough Key Theatre (24), Watford Verulam Arms (25) and London Woolwich Tramshed with Quasar (26).

Bunnies multiply on the trail!

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN have added yet another date to their north-to-south UK tour, which opens early next week (see *Gig Guide*) — it's at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on July 15. The band have also revealed that they'll be augmented on the road by four extra musicians — percussionist, guitarist, cellist and violinist — and that the support act throughout will be Scottish duo Strawberry Switchblade.

A new Bunnymen single titled 'Never Stop', described as a "post-election protest song", will be released by Korova on July 8 with 'Heads Will Roll' as the flip side. There's also a 12-inch format with an extended version of the A-side, while the coupling features the original pre-'Porcupine' versions of 'Heads Will Roll' and 'The Cutter'.

M'Head Marquee stint

BRIAN ROBERTSON of Motorhead

MOTORHEAD, approaching the end of their lengthy UK outing, are to host a three-night end-of-tour party at London Marquee on July 5, 6 and 7 — as part of the club's continuing 25th anniversary season. The stage is being specially strengthened to accommodate the band's equipment and effects, and both Central-TV and America's MTV are filming the shows for screening as autumn specials.

Tickets at £4.50 go on sale at the venue's box-office today (Thursday) at 2pm, limited to two per person, and available only to Marquee members and members of the Motorheadbangers club — any remaining tickets will be sold to the public on the night at £5.

The band begin a month-long US tour on July 15, then play the Dalymount Festival in Dublin on August 28.

● Other Marquee news: MAN — the Welsh trio who re-formed special for the club's birthday season, then decided to stay together — return there on September 23, 24 and 25. And TEN YEARS AFTER, who reunited for the same reason and appear there tomorrow (Friday), will now also be playing there on Saturday (2).

SIMON KIRKE IS INTO WILDLIFE!

WILDLIFE are a new band featuring Bad Company drummer Simon Kirke, and this week sees the release of their debut self-named album on the Swan Song label – it features ten tracks and was produced by Bad Company guitarist Mick Ralphs. Their initial live appearances are on the Dingwalls circuit – at Newcastle (July 8), Hull (9), Sheffield (15) and Bristol (16). They also support Mike Oldfield at London Wembley Arena on July 22.

Record News

● Skratch Music, Shakatak's management and production company, are launching the SMP label next week – with the object of reissuing classic oldies in value-for-money formats. First two artists featured are **Jackie Wilson** and **The Chi-Lites**, who each have a three-track EP and a five-track 12-inch released. Distribution is through PRT.

● Music For Nations are making available a limited edition full-colour picture disc of the new **Tank** album 'This Means War' – only 5000 will be pressed, selling at £5.75, as opposed to the normal black vinyl price of £4.99. On the same label, initial copies of the debut album by New York band **Ratt** are being pressed in red vinyl (£3.99).

● **Bruce Springstone** is the name of a Baltimore group, engaging in a remarkably accurate impression of you-know-who. Their single 'Take Me Out To The Ball Game'/'Bedrock Rap (Meet The Flintstones)', which already has the makings of a freak US hit, is issued this weekend by Food For Thought (through Pinnacle).

● 'Wired For Clubs' is a seven-track compilation of authentic US disco and soul material, none previously issued in the UK. It features **C-Band, Bar-Kays, Yarborough & Peoples, Fatback, Con-funk-shun, Stephanie Mills** and **Brooklyn Dreams**. It's issued this week on Club Records, a new label launched by Phonogram specially for disco product, and the second album in the series will follow in August.

● Hull band **Red Guitars**, who already command a sizeable following on Humberside, release their debut single 'Good Technology' this week. It's on their own Self Drive label, with distribution through The Cartel.

● Liverpool five-piece **Personal Column** release their second single this week on their own Contrast Records label, through Probe and The Cartel. It comprises 'The Same Old Situation' and 'Terminal Suspicion'.

● **Dif Juz**, formerly with 4AD Records, now pop up on the Red Flame label with a new mini-LP titled 'Who Says So'. It contains eight tracks and should sell for a maximum £2.99. Distribution is by Rough Trade and The Cartel.

THE FABULOUS WEALTHY TARTS (left) have worked extensively with such artists as Jools Holland & The Millionaires, Tracey Ullman, The Piranhas and Paul Young – but now they come up with their own debut single titled 'The Last Time', scheduled for July 8 release by Bright Records. Issued on the same day by Arista is the single 'My Boy'/'Choo-Choo' by London-based girl trio THE JODELLES, whose mission in life is to recapture the spirit of the '60s.

● **The Prefab Sprouts** single 'Lions In My Own Gardedn'/'Radio Love' was originally issued a couple of months ago on local Newcastle label Kitchenware Records, but it's now been picked up by Rough Trade who release it nationally this week.

● **EBN-OZN** (pronounced Eeben-Ohzen) comprise two New York nutcases, Ned Liben and Robert Rosen, who've come up with one of the craziest singles for months called 'A.E.I.O.U Sometimes Y'. It's issued by Arista this week, as is 'Wot A Wally' by South London singer **Sharon**.

● Here's an unsual single – 'Him' by **Sarah Brightman**, issued by Polydor this weekend. It's an adaptation of Hubert Parry's 'Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind' by Andrew Lloyd Webber, with lyrics by Richard Stilgoe, and music by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The B-side is 'Memory' from *Cats*, and royalties go to the Royal College of Music Centenary Appeal Fund.

● Three-piece band **The Opposition** release their debut album 'Intimacy' on Charisma this week. All tracks were written by the group, who also produced in conjunction with Kenny Jones. They'll be gigging in the London area during July to support the LP.

● Jive Records have signed **Newtrament** (aka Bertram Johnson), whose debut single is an adaptation of 'London Bridge Is Falling Down', and there's a 12-inch version with 25 minutes of rapping, dub and vocoder. Same label issues 'I Need You Now' by New York group **Sinnamon**, with special dub mixes on the 12-inch format. Both are out this week.

● **Jane Kennaway** is back after a lengthy absence with a new single titled 'I'm Missing You'. It's on I.O.U. Records, who've also produced a video of the track. Pinnacle are distributing.

● Two new reggae singles issued by Greensleeves Records this week are 'Joe Grine Last Night'/'I Want To Go Home' by **Winston Hussey** and 'If I Had Known'/'Welfare People' by **Ken Boothe**.

● **The Shorts** are a four-piece Dutch schoolboy band, who are currently topping the charts in Holland with 'Comment Ca Va', which has become that country's biggest selling single for five years. Now Holland has decided to pass the Dutchie to the UK, where it's released by EMI this week.

● London band **Irrelevant Time**, who support Hunters And Collectors at London Leicester-Square Triffids at The Subway tonight (Thursday), have their debut single 'If You Were Here' released on Rhythmic Records.

THE DEATH CULT, you will doubtless remember, were formed three months ago with a line-up of Ian Astbury (ex-Southern Death Cult), Billy Duffy (ex-Theatre Of Hate) and Ray Mondo and Jamie Stewart (both ex-Ritual). This weekend sees the release of their first vinyl offering, a 12-inch EP featuring 'Brothers Grimm', 'Ghost Dance', 'Horse Nation' and 'Christians'. It's on the Situation 2 label, through Beggars Banquet.

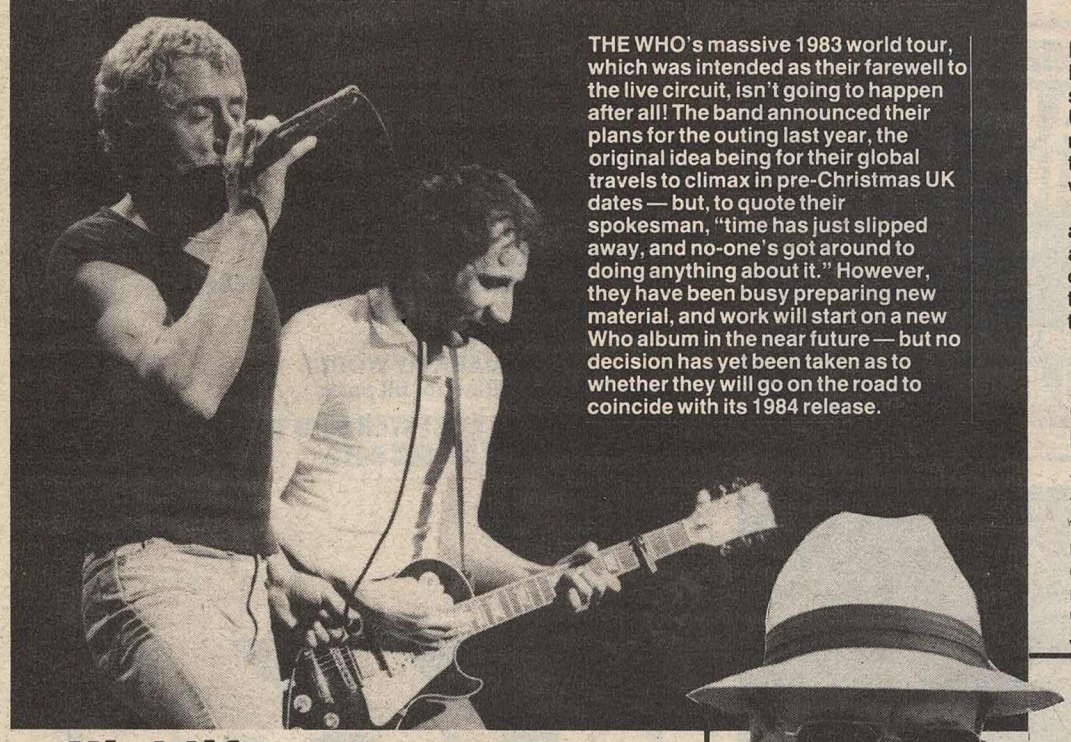
STEVIE NICKS of Fleetwood Mac releases a new single on July 8 through WEA International titled 'Stand Back' — she wrote it herself, the producer was Jimmy Iovine, and it's taken from her recent LP 'The Wild Heart'. The B-side 'Garbo' is previously unissued.

YAZOO, whose two members are about to go their separate ways, release their second and final album next Monday (4). The 11-track set is titled 'You And Me Both', and it includes their current hit single 'Nobody's Diary'. The record label is Mute.

THE CREATURES, aka Siouxsie and Budgie from The Banshees, follow their recent hit 'Miss The Girl' with a new single titled 'Right Now' — a departure from their last release in that it also features other musicians, including a three-piece brass section. The song was first recorded over 20 years ago by Mel Torme, but the B-side 'Weathercade' is a Creatures composition. It's on their own Wonderland label (via Polydor).

JUNIOR is back in action with a new album titled 'Inside Lookin' Out', released this week on the Mercury label. It's also available in chrome cassette format.

WHO ABANDON WORLD TOUR



THE WHO's massive 1983 world tour, which was intended as their farewell to the live circuit, isn't going to happen after all! The band announced their plans for the outing last year, the original idea being for their global travels to climax in pre-Christmas UK dates — but, to quote their spokesman, "time has just slipped away, and no-one's got around to doing anything about it." However, they have been busy preparing new material, and work will start on a new Who album in the near future — but no decision has yet been taken as to whether they will go on the road to coincide with its 1984 release.

ANOTHER TWO LONDON CONCERTS BY STRAITS

DIRE STRAITS have announced two extra London concerts at the Hammersmith Odeon on July 22 and 23. Their Prince's Trust benefit show at the Dominion Theatre on July 20 was to have been their only UK show this year, but these two additional dates have been set up mainly in response to the many people who were unable to obtain tickets for the Dominion, and they conclude the band's ten-month world tour.

Both Hammersmith shows are to be filmed and recorded, and accordingly tickets are at what's described as the special price of £6 and £5 *(Thinks: what would the ordinary price be?)*. They can be obtained only by personal application to the Odeon box-office, where they go on sale at 11am this Saturday (2), and they are limited to four tickets per person.

— BUT CS&N BLOW ONE

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH have cancelled the last of their three projected shows at London Wembley Arena — on Wednesday, July 13. They explain that, due to unforeseen transportation difficulties, they find they need that extra day to get their concert equipment back to the States in time for the opening of their American tour. Well, that's their story, though it's significant that tickets for the cancelled show may be exchanged for either of the two remaining dates — such exchanges must be at the point of purchase where, alternatively, refunds are also available. As reported, the group's new single 'War Games' — from their newly released live album 'Allies' — is issued on July 8.

JOE BOWIE

Defunkt in London

DEFUNKT, featuring the evergreen Joe Bowie on trombone and vocals, are paying a brief return visit to London to play a one-off date on July 13, as part of an extensive European tour – and they've chosen Deptford Albany Empire as their venue. Rest of the group's line-up remains Kelvyn Bell (guitars), John Mulkering (trumpet), Kenny Martin (drums) and Kim Clarke (bass), though they are augmented for this tour by guitarist Bill Bickford.

Highlife comes to town

MAINTAINING the current boom in authentic African music, two top stars from Ghana are to present a couple of highlife spectaculars in London. Eric Agyeman and A. B. Crentsil, comprising one of Africa's leading groups Sweet Talks, will be augmented for these shows by four stalwarts from Osibisa – Mac and Frank Tontoh, Daku Potato and Emma Rentzos.

They play Kensington Town Hall (July 16) and Tottenham-Court Rd. Empire Rooms (30). They'll also be a Highlife Competition and Highlife Queen, with a week in New York as first prize – heats at the first show, final at the Empire Rooms.

Advance tickets at £5.50 (Kensington) and £6.50 (Empire Rooms) are available from Summitmist of Battersea, Roshview of Hackney and Sterns Record Shop, Whitfield Street, W.1 – on the nights they will cost £6 and £7 respectively.

Between the two London dates, the highlife show is touring Germany, and Sweet Talks are also recording an album with the four Osibisa members. The promoters plan to bring other African acts to the UK next summer.

Chelsea back in action

CHELSEA have been busy working in the studio since Gene October re-formed the band a few weeks ago, and now they're ready to go on the road for a string of comeback dates. They visit Newcastle Dingwalls (July 5), Leeds Brannigans (6), Hitchin The Regal (8), Coventry General Wolfe (11), Manchester Morrissey's (16), Bristol Granary (19), Norwich Gala Ballroom (24), Glasgow Night Moves (25) and London Marquee Club (30 and 31). More gigs will be added later, details to be announced shortly.

Head man DAVID BYRNE

The name of this tour is The Talking Heads

THE TALKING HEADS, whose new Sire album 'Speaking In Tongues' has convincingly re-established them in the UK charts, are being lined up for a string of British concert dates this summer. As reported three weeks ago, the band are to star in a TV special on Channel 4, which will involve much of the material on the new LP — and it now transpires that this will be screened live from Tyne-Tees' Newcastle studios.

As they are coming over for the TV show, they will take the opportunity of playing some selected dates while they are here, and these are currently being pencilled in. They can't be firmed up until Channel 4 has scheduled the date of the special, and this is still in the final planning stages — but their visit is likely to be within the next few weeks.

Meanwhile, they have a new single released on July 15 comprising two tracks from the LP, 'Burning Down The House' coupled with 'I Get Wild/Wild Gravity'. And the current album is now available in cassette form, featuring longer versions of five of the tracks.

Chas & Dave at holiday resorts

CHAS & DAVE have now confirmed details of their "Bucket And Spade" summer tour of holiday resorts, for which initial plans were revealed by *NME* a couple of months ago. They visit Weymouth Pavilion (August 14), Brighton Dome (15), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (17–19), Eastbourne Kings Club (20), Paignton Festival Theatre (21), Poole Arts Centre (22–23), Margate Winter Gardens (25–27), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (28), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (30–31) and Hastings White Rock Pavilion (September 1–3).

JOHNNY COPELAND, reputedly the largest selling blues artists in the States at the moment, makes his UK debut at London Camden Dingwalls on July 8 supported by his five-piece band. The singer and guitarist, whose album 'Copeland Special' was recently named Blues LP of the Year in the coveted W.C. Handy Awards, then travels on to festival dates in Europe.

DEPECHE MODE, The Thompson Twins and Musical Youth are among bands to be featured in a new Granada-TV series *Hold Tight!*, which begins a 14-week run on July 26. The shows are being filmed at Europe's biggest pleasure park, Alton Towers in Staffordshire, with seating for around 2000. Members of the public will be able to see the action there on July 6, 7, 11, 12, 13 and 14; and August 9, 10, 11, 16, 17 and 18. (Ring 061-228 1199 to see who's appearing on which day).

SARACEN set out next weekend to play a series of gigs in South America. They resume touring in the UK in August, and their first four confirmed dates are at Runcorn Cherry Tree (3), Whitehaven White House (4), Carlisle Creeps (5) and Sheffield Dingwalls (12).

JACO PASTORIUS, probably the world's leading jazz bassist, plays a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon this Saturday (2) as part of the Capital Music Festival. He'll be joined by his six-piece Word Of Mouth group, and tickets are available at £6, £5 and £4.

THE VIRGIN PRUNES stop over in London, on their way to a Belgian festival, to play a one-off at the Electric Ballroom in Camden on August 11. Support act is The Sisters Of Mercy, and tickets are currently available from usual outlets, priced £3.50.

MIDGE URE and MICK KARN have collaborated on a single titled 'After A Fashion', released this weekend on Ure's own Musicfest label (through Chrysalis). The current Ultravox singer and the former Japan stalwart have been working together for some time, since they first met when they played in the all-star band at last Year's Prince's Trust Rock Gala, and the single is a foretaste of an upcoming album.

JOE WALSH, the former Eagles and James Gang guitarist, releases his debut album for Warner Brothers on July 8 titled 'You Bought It — You Name It'. It contains ten tracks, all penned by Walsh, three of them in conjunction with the LP's guest drummer Joe Vitale.

HALF-YEAR CHART POINTS

It's a Jackson walkover!

MICHAEL JACKSON is the runaway leader, in both album and singles sections, at the halfway mark in the 1983 *NME* Chart Points Tables. His LP 'Thriller' has already amassed 620 points, which is not only 250 ahead of its nearest challengers ('True' by Spandau Ballet), but is more than last year's winner scored in the full year.

David Bowie's 'Let's Dance' isn't yet in contention, as it only entered the race in April. Theoretically it could still overhaul 'Thriller' – but it would take the equivalent of 12 weeks at No. 1 to do so, and then only if Jackson's album didn't score any more points. So it look as though the top LP of 1983 is a foregone conclusion.

The points table for the singles artists doesn't give Jackson such a massive lead – but even so, he has 402 compared with runners-up Kajagoogoo's 315, while Bowie and Wham are jointly poised in third spot with 300 apiece. And to complete the walkover, his 'Billie Jean' is the top single of the year so far (232 points), just pipping Bowie's 'Let's Dance' (227).

● As *NME*'s weekly charts were not expanded to Top 50's until April, we are continuing to base our annual points tables on the Top 30 for 1983.

PETER GABRIEL's new single is a remixed version of 'I Don't Remember' from his 'Plays Live' album, couped with his classic 'Solsbury Hill'. The 12-inch format carries an extended remix of the A-side, plus the bonus track 'The Kiss Of Life'. It's issued this weekend by Charisma.

ICEHOUSE, who'll be supporting David Bowie at Milton Keynes this wee have their latest single 'Uniform'/'Great Southern Land' out on Chrysalis this week. There's a limited edition double single, which includes the extra tracks 'I Can't Help Myself' and 'We Can Get Together'. Also a 12-inch format which features extended and German versions of 'Uniform', plus 'I Can't Help Myself' and 'Great Southern Land'.

THE BEE GEES' new single 'The Woman In You' is a foretaste of their upcoming soundtrack album 'Staying Alive', which is the sequel to 'Saturday Night Fever'. The B-side is the movie's title song and, already a hit in the States, it's issued here by Polydor this week.

YELLOWMAN, who begins his sell-out four-night season at London Edmonton Picketts Lock next Wednesday, has his single 'Divorced!'/'For Your Eyes Only' issued this week by CSA Records (distributed by Spartan) – and the first 10,000 copies come in yellow vinyl. The A-side is the title track from his current album with Fathead.

CHRIS REA, who recently released a new album called 'Water Sign', is now lifting a single from it – titled 'Love's Strange Ways', it's issued by Magnet this weekend, with 'Smile' as the B-side. After his first major US tour, he'll be playing British dates in the autumn.

THE THOMPSON TWINS release their new Arista single on July 8 – it's a track from their gold album 'Quick Step And Side Kick', titled 'Watching', completely remixed and featuring new vocals. The B-side is 'Dancersaurus (Even Large Reptiles Have Emotional Problems)', and it's also available in 12-inch form. The band are now busy writing material for their next album, which they start recording in September.

DAVID GRANT has his new single issued by Chrysalis on July 8, 'Watching You, Watching Me' coupled with 'In The Flow Of Love'. It's also available in extended 12-inch format which, in a limited edition, comes in a giant 25" x 38" poster bag.

THE STRANGLERS release their third single for Epic Records three weeks before their headlining appearance in the Reading Festival. It is 'Paradise' coupled with 'Pawsher', and it's issued on August 5.

KIM WILDE will have her new single 'Love Blonde' issued by Rak Records on July 18. Prior to this, the label this week releases 'You Can't Live On Memories' by BILLY J. KRAMER, to mark the 20th anniversary of his chart debut. And on July 11, there's the single 'It Ain't Me Girl' by HOT CLUB – comprising Glen Matlock (bass), Calvin Hayes (drums), James Stevenson (lead guitar) and new singer Clark Datchler.

EURYTHMICS will have a new single released by RCA on July 8, titled 'Who's That Girl'. Meanwhile, their smash hit album 'Sweet Dreams' – which recently went gold, and is the third best-selling album in the UK this year – is now available in limited edition picture disc form.

BOB DYLAN has now completed his new album – produced by Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits, and featuring Jamaica's top rhythm section of Sly Dunbar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass) – and he's busy mixing it in New York, so release details can presumably be expected shortly. Sly and Robbie have now returned to Jamaica, where they are producing albums by Toots Hibert and Black Uhuru.

EARL KLUGH, the guitar virtuoso who's had nine albums issued by Capitol, is to have six of them released as double-play cassettes at only a marginally higher price than a single tape. These three double cassettes, together with his latest LP 'Low Ride', will form the basis of a major Klugh campaign being undertaken by Capitol in early July.

● New London band **World Service**, formed by Steve Lake and Lawrence Wood (both ex-Zounds), have their debut single out on Rough Trade Records. It's in 12-inch form only, and features 'Celebration Town' and 'Turn Out The Light', with an instrumental reprise on the flip side.

● R&B band **The Mosquitos**, who've already built up a considerable following in the Midlands, have their debut single 'How Could They Know?'/'Something Outa Nothin' issued on Leamington independent label Discovery Records (through Small Wonder and The Cartel).

● Spartan Recordsi have signed new generation Liverpool band **Virgin Dance**, and release their single 'Are You Ready (For This Feeling)'. It was previously issued on independent label Probe Plus, but is now nationally available.

● New London three-piece **Different Dialect** have their self-named cassette single available at £1 (including p&p) from John Grieves, 36 Cartwright Gardens, London WC1.

● Northeast Music is a new label showcasing acts from (surprise, surprise) the North-East. First releases are the three-track EP 'Men of Action' by Durham's **State Of Emergency**, the three-tracker 'Joanne' by Sunderland's **Times Square**, the four-track EP 'Four Waves' by Newcastle trio **Dream Unit** and the singles 'Run For Miles' by York's **Ha Ha-Mono** and 'Two Hundred Voices' by **No Cover** from Shotton Colliery.

● **Everything But The Girl** (aka Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn) have their classic single 'Night And Day' reissued by Cherry Red next week in both 7" and 12" forms – with 'Feeling Dizzy' and 'On My Mind' on the B-side. Also due is the previously reported **Eyeless In Gaza** album 'Red Rust September', and there's a cassette version which includes 15 bonus tracks of rare, deleted and unreleased material.

● Anagram Records have signed London band **Alien Sex Fiend**, who contributed a track to the recent Batcave album and have just completed a tour with the Specimen, to a long-term deal. Their first single, scheduled for late July in both 7" and 12" formats, was produced by ex-Killing Joke bassist Youth and is called 'Face The Machine'.

● **Nash The Slash**, best remembered for his tour with Gary Numan, releases his new LP 'And You Thought You Were Normal' on Shanghai Records. Other new albums from the same source are 'Moods For Mallards' by **Hifi**, the guitar instrumental 'Versions' by **Robby Krieger** and 'The Jupiter Menace' by **Synergy** (alias America's foremost synthesiser exponent, Larry Fast).

● London poet **Anne Clark**, who recently issued her debut mini-LP 'The Sitting Room', has now completed her first full-length album 'Changing Places' for July 11 release by Red Flame – one side accompanied by keyboards man David Harrow, the other by Durutti Column guitarist Vini Reilly. From the same label comes the single 'Juggler Of Hearts' by **Cynthia Scott** (7" and 12"), and that's due out in late July.

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TEN YEARS AFTER
Plus Keith Christmas & Martin Ball

Sunday 3rd July (Adm £3.00)
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Plus guests & Nick Henbrey

Monday 4th July (Adm £3.00)
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SPIDER
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MOTORHEAD
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Thursday 30th June 9.30p.m.–3.30a.m.
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THIS WEEK

Wednesday 29th June	MIDNIGHT OIL - Ground Zero	£3.20
Thursday 30th June	Phone For Details	
Friday 1st & Saturday 2nd July	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
Monday 4th July	JULUKA	£4.20
Tuesday 5th July	JOHN CALE & HIS BAND - Viva Lula	£4.70
	COMING SOON	
Thursday 14th July	Saul Special Featuring EDWIN STARR - Very Special Guests - Leo's 'Midnight Hour' ALL NIGHT	Adm £3.20
Wednesday 20th, Thursday 21st & Friday 22nd July	ROY AYERS	£5.20
Wednesday 27th July	AMAZULU	£3.20
Thursday 28th July	ZAINE GRIFF - Special Guests Hollywood Killers	£3.20
Friday 29th July	HEATWAVE	£4.20

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FAC 51 THE HAÇIENDA

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THE ARTY PARTY
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Members Free.
Friday 1st July
MATT FRETTON
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Wednesday 13th July
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Saturday 2nd July	HEATWAVE + Baby Go Boom + C.I.D	£4.00
Sunday 3rd July	SIR COXSONE'S Sunday Special	£1.00
Monday 4th July	SUGAR DREAD Vortex, One Unity, King Tubby's Hi-Fi	£1.50
Tuesday 5th July	SHOCKABILLY Orson Family, Sunglasses After Dark	£2.00
Thursday 7th July	JAMES BLOOD ULMER + The Frank Chickens	£3.50
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9th July	DOLLAR BRAND	£4.50
15th July	THE FALL / THE BOX	£3.00

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Tickets on Sale Now — at Red Records + Premier Box Office London Theatre Bookings + Rough Trade + The Cage in the gear Market (Punk Gigs only) — Kings Road — ALL SHOWS DOORS 7.30 pm

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HOPE & ANCHOR

PRESENT

29 Wed £1.50 **GUANA BATS**
30 Thurs £1.50 **THE MILKSHAKES**
1 Fri £1.50 **DANCE HALL STYLE**
2 Sat £2.00 **BARRACUDAS**
3 Sun £1.50 **RUFF HOUSE ALL STARS**
5 Tues £1.50 **HOLY INNOCENCE**
6 Wed £1.50 **URBAN SHAKEDOWN**

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The Rockgarden entertainment

Are you hot to trot?

the Bouncing Czechs
Thu Jun 30
"Sparkling entertainment... the best in 50's kitsch." Sounds. "Funny, musical, toe-tapping, charismatic even..." The Times. "'40's swing, '50's ballads, doo-wop, Hawaiian, Latin, you name it...they were really very good." The Listener.

"Ring-road soul"

The Decorators
Fri Jul 1st
Too often all an act's imagination goes into thinking up a name and there's none left over for the music. Not so The Decs. "Have good things in abundance...rare gifts in this age of rhyme-a-line composition." Sounds. "They're good." NME. Two sets at 10pm & 11.45pm

Blues and soul and some damn fine vocalising from:

MS. RUBY TURNER
Sat Jul 2nd
Shouting blues, blues ballads and gospel blues sung with immense energy and passion. An Etta James, a female Bobby Bland. Two sets at 10pm & 11.45pm

Sun Jul 3rd: Mirage + Room 13.

Mon Jul 4th: Still Life + Ashen Grey.

Tues Jul 5th: CID + Staggering Monkeys

Menacing, miasmic, hard pop

JAMES KING & the LONE Wolves
Wed Jul 6th
"Relentless, hard-hitting beat, with twin bass attack, they created an aural bombardment...often melodic." NME

Magazine and Velvets' rawpower:

The SMITHS
Thu Jul 7
"Proud and powerful, pale and angular, a formidable and inventive force." NME.

music venue:- IS OPEN 8.00PM till about 2.00A.M. MON. THRU THURSDAY • 8.00PM till 3.00A.M. FRIDAY & SATURDAY AND 7.30PM till 12 MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY. SET TIMES ARE USUALLY 10PM & 11 P.M. - WEEKENDS IT'S 30mins. LATER • IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO PHONE BEFORE SETTING OUT TO CONFIRM THE ABOVE INFO! THERE'S A BAR, COCKTAILS, RECORDS, VIDEOS AND DANCING YOU HAVE TO BE 18 OR OVER • **restaurant:-** OPENS 12.00 MIDDAY till 2.00A.M. MON to WEDNESDAY • TILL 3.30A.M. ON THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND UNTILL MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY **note:-** YOU GET UP TO **60% off** ADMISSION TO DOWN-STAIRS IF YOU EAT FIRST IN OUR RESTAURANT — WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING AND JAMES STs (nr COVENT GARDEN. WC2.

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Tickets £1.50
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Thursday 30th June £1.50
DYNAMITE BAND
Authentic Explosive 50's Rock 'N' Roll
Friday 1st June £1.50
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Wednesday 27th July £3.00 Adv
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BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 30th June £1.00
BARNEYS 50's DISCO
Friday 1st July £1.50
THE ANONYMOYS SISTERS
+ Pulse
Saturday 2nd July £1.50
GUNA BATZ
+So You Think You're A Cowboy
Sunday 3rd July £1.00
HEARTS A GAS
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Monday 4th July £1.50
BROADCAST
+ Number One Sons
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Wednesday 6th July £1.50
A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS/ TO THE FINLAND STATION
Real Ale Served between 7.30–11.00pm

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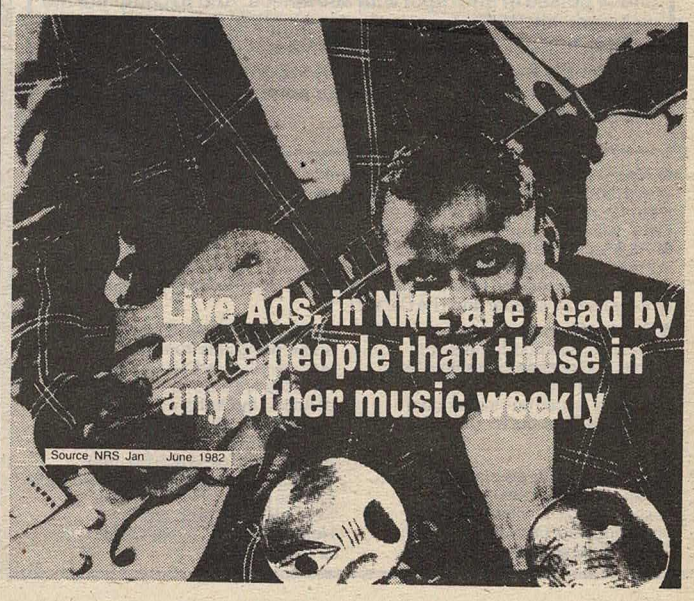


nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 30th

Bath Sweeney Todds: **Blue Side Of Midnight**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **Kissed Air**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Nikki Sudden/The Rag Dolls**
Birmingham Newham College: **The Europeans**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Umo Vogue/Force Majeure**
Bristol St. Paul's Festival: **Benjamin Zephaniah**
Cardiff Dowlais Inn: **Harfoot Brothers**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Reg Coates Experience (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Zander System**
Coventry Warwick University: **Aztec Camera/ The Truth/Matt Fretton/Laurel & Hardy/ Jazz Afrika/The Impossible Dreamers etc.**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Catch**
Dartford Flicks: **Set The Tone**
Dartford Thames Polytechnic: **Straw Dogs**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Ian Shawcross Band**
Dudley Scorpion Club: **Heat & The Beat Party**
Edinburgh Town Hall: **The Residents**
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **Icicle Works**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Renegade**
Guilford Wooden Bridge: **Larry Miller**
Halfax Heathcliffe's: **X Y Love**
Hartlepool Nursery Inn: **The Outer Limits**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Ritch Bitch**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Approaching Footsteps/Syntax**
Hull Dingwalls: **X Mal Deutschland**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Tony McPhee Band**
Leeds Warehouse: **Mighty Clifton Brothers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **John Tank/Bobby Wellins/Tony Lee**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Chris Burn Group**
London Brixton The Fudge: **Test Department**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Questions/ Tracie/The Craze/Vaughn Toulouse**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bouncing Czechs**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Maggie Bell (until Saturday)**
London Covent Garden The Piazza (outdoors): **Wayne Pritchett/Wild Girls/Little Brother**
London Crouch End King's Head (Culture Bunker): **Zen Agents**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Joolz/Slade The Leveller (until Saturday)**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Supertramp**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jiff Boy Jive/ Kahuna Dream**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Academic Hamiltons/One Burning Heart**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Difference/Jonah & The Whales/ Travellers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **David Bowie/ Amazulu**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Pat Kilbride/ Shegui**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Swimming To France**
London Kensington De Villier Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Mike Garrick & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Leicester Square The Subway: **Hunters And Collectors**
London Marquee Club: **Girlschool**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chris Barber Band**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Machito & His Salsa Big Band (until Saturday)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Eggy Ley's All-Stars/Betty Smith**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Will Michael Quartet/Art Themen**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The Eggsperts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Mezzoforte**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Passion Puppets/Facing West**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Dynamite Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Oriental Wind**
Milton Keynes Peartree Centre: **English Rogues**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Mighty Strypes**
Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **East Side Torpedoes**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing**Cloven Hoof**
Oxford Redcliffe Arms: **Frank Fish & His Fins**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Preston Warehouse: **The Membranes/ Genocides**
Ramsgate Royal Hotel: **Dokey Hill**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Sinatras**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **A.P.B.**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Poison Girls/Cabaret Of Fools**
Southend Queen's Hotel: **Le Mat/Doctor & The Medics**
Southport Follies Club: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Stockport Smugglers: **Soldier Dolls/Nu-Trix**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Chameleon**
Watford Bailey's: **The Grumbleweeds (until Saturday)**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Bleak House**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **Master Stroke**
Wokingham Angie's: **U.K.**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
York Hellfire Club: **Mumbo Jumbo/Zoot & The Roots**

friday 1st

Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Set The Tone**
Birmingham University: **Benjamin Zephaniah**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Smiths**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Rip Rig & Panic with Don Cherry/Orchestre Jazira/ Valdez/Ian Stewart Band with Charlie Watts**
Bradford Palm Cove: **The Bollock Brothers**
Bournemouth The Academy: **Haysi Fantayzee**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Five Guys Named Mo/Skin The Peeler**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Jasper Carrott**
Bristol The Era Club (at the Sedan Chair): **Finish The Story/The Passion Play**
Cambridge Fisher Hall: **Beshera/World Peace And Disarmament/Channel One**
Chelmsford Heroes: **Riot Squad/The Mau Mau's**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Here & Now**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Motorhead/ Anvil**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Deal Yew Tree Inn: **Health Hazard**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Ghost**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **X Mal Deutschland**
Durham Fowlers Yard: **State Of Emergency**
East Stour Village Hall (Dorset): **The Outer Limits**
Feltham Football Club: **Abrasive Wheels**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Freeway**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Bauhaus**
Hereford Market Tavern: **30 Seconds/ Transmission**
Hopwas (Lichfield) The Chequers: **Dark Alleys**
Hull Dingwalls: **Sisters Of Mercy**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Man Upstairs**
Leeds Fford Green Hotel: **Poison Girls/ Cabaret Of Fools**
Leeds Warehouse: **Juluka**
Leicester University: **The Residents**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Wayne Pritchett/Wild Girls/Little Brother/The London**
London Brixton The Ace: **Winston Reedy**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Eyewitness**
London Camden Dingwalls: **East Side Torpedoes/The Shakers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Blueberries**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hollywood Killers/Southern Gypsies**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Skinflix/Voodoo Child**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Super Combo/ Carol Grimes**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Theatre: **Phase One/A Scanner Darkly/Artyficial/ The Standards**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Anonymous Sisters/Pulse**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Lucy Show**
London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Maxie & Mitch**
London Kennington Surrey Tavern: **Joolz/Son Of Man/Slade The Leveller/Jenny Lecoat/ Little Dave/Markus Jahn/Pete Murry**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **The Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **Ten Years After**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Nick Heyward**
London University Union: **Zerra I/The Jazz Band**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Matt Fratton**
Milton Keynes Concert Bowl: **David Bowie/The Beat/Icehouse**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Aztec Camera**
Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddle Arts Centre: **Cosmotheka**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Dave Kelly Band**
Norwich Peaceful Green Festival: **Solstice**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Kabbala**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Mezzoforte**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Toy Dolls/Major Accident**
Sheffield University: **Big Country**
St. Ives Manchester Arms: **Larry Miller**
Sunderland Annabels: **Caffrey**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Orange Juice**
Toddington The Angel: **Tony McPhee Band**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Reactors**

saturday 2nd

Aylesbury Friars: **Orange Juice**
Aylesbury New Zealand Club: **Gothique**
Barnet Hadley House: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **George Benson**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Tik & Tok**
Bolton Dance Factory: **Set The Tone**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Sunwind/Graham Collier/Eddie Provost Quartet/Paul Rutherford Trio/Stinky Winkles/Maggie Nichols etc.**
Braintree Essex Barn: **Central Line**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Press**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Scream & Dance/Papa Yung Yung/The Yo Yo**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Jasper Carrott**
Cambridge Buckleigh Arms: **Larry Miller**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Hanoi Rocks/ Playn Jayn/Storm**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Deal Astor Theatre: **Chris Beckett & Country Expression/Dave Keen Country**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Doozoot**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Toucan Trolls**
Hayes Beck Theatre: **Richard Digance/Neil Innes/Roy Harper/Dave Cousins/ Cosmotheka/Arizona Smoke Revue/ Proper Little Madams etc.** (continues Sunday)
Hereford Market Tavern: **Assyne**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Wild Willy Barrett**
Hull Dingwalls: **Poison Girls/Cabaret Of Fools**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Bauhaus**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Pendragon**
Leeds Packhorse Hotel: **Silent Routine**
Leeds Warehouse: **Haysi Fantayzee**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Ace: **Heatwave**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Rent Party/Ivor**
London Camden Dingwalls: **East Side Torpedoes/Agent Orange**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Ruby Turner Band**
London Crystal Palace Concert Bowl (noon–8pm): **James Cotton/Alexis Korner/ Mainsqueeze/Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis and Curtis Mayfield.**
London East Dulwich Old Cherry Tree: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dirty Nights**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Opposition/ Shazam**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Barflies/Red Brick Houses/Missing Airmen**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Guana Batz/So You Think You're A Cowboy**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jaco Pastorius & The Word Of Mouth Band**
London Kennington Surrey Tavern: **Little Brother/Kevin Coyne/Spartacus R/ Belinda Blanchard/The Czechs/Emile Sercombe/Chris Cardale**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Wayne Pritchett/Wild Girls/Little Brother/The London Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **London Jazz Big Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsdon Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Nick Heyward**
Macclesfield Gawsworth Parish Hall: **The Macc Lads**
Manchester Morrissey's: **The Bollock Brothers**
Milton Keynes Concert Bowl: **David Bowie/The Beat/Icehouse**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetos**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **The Directors**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Mezzoforte**
Ramsgate Royal Hotel: **First Offence**
Retford Porterhouse: **X Mal Deutschland**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Humanity**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Guildhall Solent Suite: **Look Back In Anger/The New Convertibles/Two Finger Zen etc.**
Stirling Albert Hall: **Big Country**
Tonypandy Royal Naval Club: **Exposure**
Watlington Carriers Arms: **Fair Exchange**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 3rd

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Big Country**
Ashford The Crusader: **The Alleykats**
Birmingham Odeon: **Bauhaus**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila/Ekome/Bobby McFerrin/ Oregon/Lennie Best Quartet/Kabbala etc**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Centre: **George Benson**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheriton White Lion: **Jack Pound & Friends**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Ed's U Win** (lunchtime)/ **Dave Kelly Band** (evening)
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Mister Meaner**
Eastbourne Diplocks: **The Press**

CONTINUES OVER

Summer hots up

THE GIG lists have started their high summer decline—when the colleges begin to shut up shop, many venues take their annual break, and most groups are off the road prior to the autumn frenzy. But although the aggregate number may be down, this week's selection is one of the most interesting we've had all year.

Kicking off with the new tours, top Aussie band MEN AT WORK are doing the UK rounds for the first time, cashing in on the remarkable chart successes they've enjoyed here in recent months—and you'll find them initially at Glasgow (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday) . . . Although one of the most renowned names on the rock scene, STEVE WINWOOD has never previously headlined a solo tour, but he's about to rectify that situation when he sets out at Oxford (Sunday), Bristol (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN are playing a series of summer concerts, but it's a tour with a difference, in that it starts way up in the outer isles—Skye (Tuesday) and Lewis (Wednesday)—before steadily working its way south to finish in the more hallowed surroundings of London's Albert Hall later in the month.

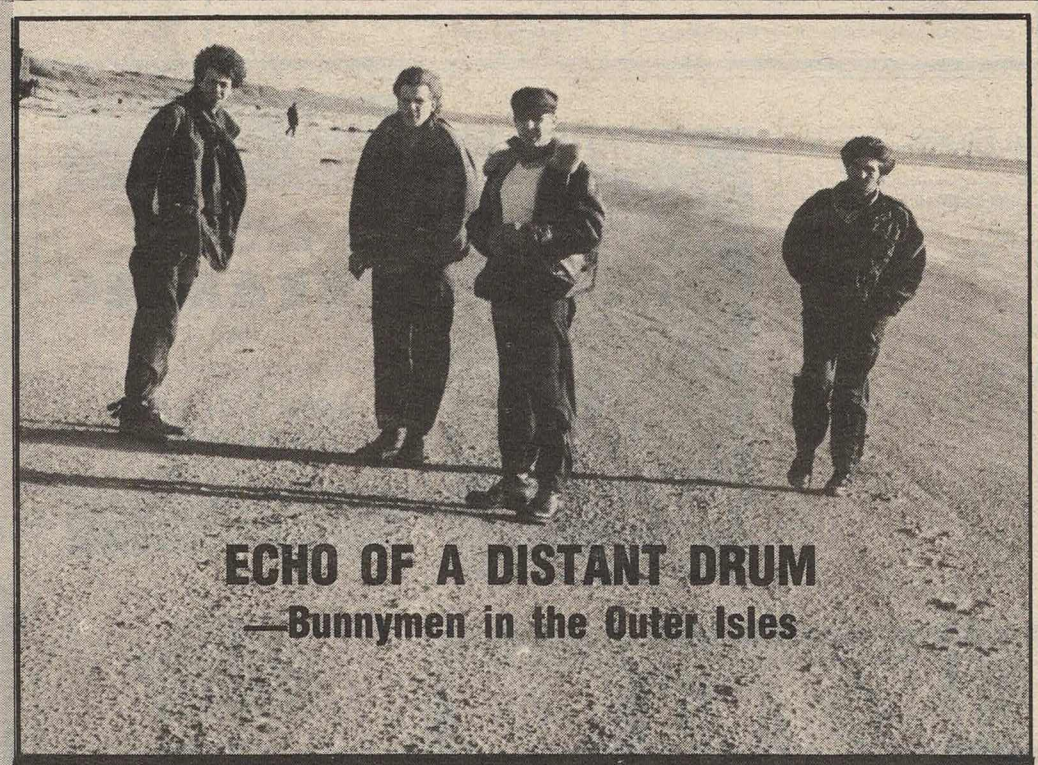
Also newly on the road are HAYSI FANTAYZEE playing their first British dates (still working to backing tracks until they get a band together), the recently re-formed CHELSEA, African multi-racial group JULUKA, HEATWAVE and CENTRAL LINE in their first outing for three years.

If you don't happen to have DAVID BOWIE tickets, you can skip this paragraph—but of course, it's another important week for his vast legion of supporters. It starts on Thursday with his exclusive charity show at Hammersmith Odeon, then moves outdoors to the Milton Keynes Concert Bowl for three days from Friday, with THE BEAT and ICEHOUSE supporting . . . Also open-air, there's another GLC sponsorship at the Crystal Palace Bowl in South London on Saturday, this time a blues event with the likes of CURTIS MAYFIELD, JAMES COTTON, ALEXIS KORNER and MAINSQUEEZE.

Capital's Music Festival is now in full swing, and among the highlights are a weekend folk festival at Hayes Beck Theatre (NEIL INNES, ROY HARPER, DAVE COUSINS etc.), bassman extraordinary JACO PASTORIUS at Hammersmith (Saturday) and a four-day stint at Edmonton Picketts Lock by Jamaica's near-legendary YELLOWMAN (from Wednesday). And to cap it all, the start of a 12-day WOMAD season at the ICA featuring, among others, GASPAR LAWAL (Tuesday) and DURUTTI COLUMN (Wednesday).

Also in London, MAGGIE BELL is back in live action at Covent Garden Canteen (Thursday to Saturday), TEN YEARS AFTER are the latest group to arrange a one-off reunion for the Marquee Club's 25th birthday season (Friday and Saturday), and JOHN CALE re-appears at The Venue (Tuesday).

Finally, there's the ever-popular GEORGE BENSON, who drops in to play his only two UK dates of the year at Birmingham (Saturday) and Brighton (Sunday), this time by-passing London. And with that little lot from which to choose, it seems that the summer gig scene has this year aspired to a new lease of life.



ECHO OF A DISTANT DRUM
—Bunnymen in the Outer Isles

PLAYTIME FOR MEN AT WORK

IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN

—Hammersmith, Milton Keynes concerts

Exeter University: **The Playn Jayn**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Men At Work**
Glasgow The Mayfair: **Set The Tone**
Great Chesterford Station Club: **Larry Miller**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck** (lunchtime)/**Rodeo** (evening)
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Elderly Brothers** (lunchtime)/**Ruby Turner Band** (evening)
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mirage/Room 13**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (benefit): **Judie Covington/Cleo Laine & John Dankworth/Andy Mackay/Tim Rice etc.**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fuilham Golden Lion: **The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/The Downbeats**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hearts A Gas/Hired Guns**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Orange Juice/The Screaming Nobodies**
London Marquee Club: **Eddie Tenpole Tudor**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Band**
London Paddington Abbeys: **The Charts**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Shakers/The Blurts**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Hanoi Rocks/Eddie & The Hot Rods/James King & The Lone Wolves**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Tim Laycock**
London Wood Green Brabant Rod. Centre: **Wayne Pritchett/Wild Girls/Little Brother/The London Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Nat Temple Sextet**
Luton Pink Elephant: **Central Line**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mezzoforte**
Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
Milton Keynes Concert Bowl: **David Bowie/The Beat/Bauhaus**
Milton Keynes Willen Festival: **Solstice**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Exposure**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Green Festival: **Here & Now**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Stevie Winwood**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Legend**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Wrathchild**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Saffron Summerfield/Andy & Peter**
Reading Fives Bar: **Warm Snorkel**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Windsor Blazers: **Heatwave**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Nashville Teens**

monday 4th

Bournemouth The Academy: **Central Line**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Likwid Ice/Automatic Diamini**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Stevie Winwood**
Croydon The Cartoon: **D Zone**
Easington Colliery Youth Club: **State Of Emergency**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Men At Work**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Big Country**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Impact/Chaos**
Hull Dingwalls: **Toned F./Les Yeux**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Venue Club: **The Chameleons**
London Brixton The Ace: **Sugar Dread/Vortex/One Unity**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Still Life/Ashen Grey**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bill Perkins Quintet (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Marino The Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **40 Rifles/Fictitious Four**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Leasing Edge/Career In Commerce**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Broadcast/Number One Sons**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Bauhaus**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Valdez**
London Putney Half Moon: **Noel Murphy Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Jasper Carrott (until July 14)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Juluka**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Mansfield Folk House: **Riot Squad/The Mau Mau's**
Middlesborough The Albert: **Aqua Velvas**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Mike Garner Blues Band**
Ramsgate Sands Wine Bar: **Roma**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Dave Kilmer/Haze**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

tuesday 5th

Ayre Pavilion: **Big Country**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Hunters And Collectors**
Bristol Dingwalls: **X Mal Deutschland**
Canterbury Miller Arms: **Keith Harwood**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Rhythm Method**
Derby (Sadler Gate) Smithy's Wine Bar: **X Offender**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Hull Dingwalls: **Emerald**
Isle Of Skye (Portree) The Gathering Hall: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Kingston The Dolphin: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pickwicks: **Mezzoforte**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brixton The Ace: **Shockabilly**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Europeans**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **The Wait**
London Camden Dingwalls: **A.P.B.**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **CID/Staggering Monkeys**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rhythmic Itch/The Nomadiks**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Jools Holland/Stax Bodene/The Horizontals**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Bauhaus**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London The Mall ICA Theatre (WOMAD): **Gasper Lawal Band/members of Rip Rig & Panic**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Cale**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Still Life**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Stevie Winwood**
Newcastle City Hall: **Men At Work**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Chelsea**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Straw Dogs**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Wall To Wall America**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southend Zero Six: **Central Line**
Stockton John Walker: **King Bees**
Wolverhampton Scruples: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 6th

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford Tickles: **The Three Johns/Seething Wells/Little Brother**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Denym**
Chester-Le-Street Lambton Arms: **Times Square**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Ricky Cool**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard**
Hull Dingwalls: **A.P.B.**
Isle Of Lewis (Stornaway) Caberfy Hotel: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Leeds Brannigans: **Chelsea/The Enemy/Ginger John**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Strange Migration**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Shillelagh Sisters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Auto Da Fal**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **James King & The Lone Wolves**
London Dalston Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Republic/Dave Bitelli's Onward Jazz**
London Edmonton Picketts Lock: **Yellowman**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Rhythm Method**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/Fugitive**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Popular History of Signs/To The Finland Station**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Nick Pickett**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Haywire!**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Putney Half Moon: **Holloway All Stars**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Digby Fairweather/Eggy Ley's All-Stars**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre (WOMAD): **Durutti Column etc.**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Smiths**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Icicle Works**
Newcastle City Hall: **Stevie Winwood**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Mezzoforte**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Record Players**
Plymouth Sound City: **The Works**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Abrasive Wheels/The Negatives**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swindon Solitaire: **X Mal Deutschland**

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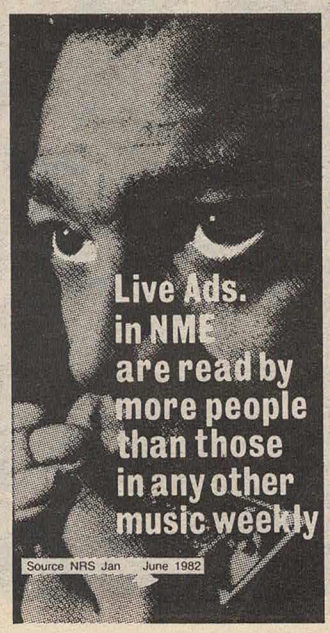

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Monday 4th July	**40 RIFLES** + Fictitious Four	£1.25
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Monday 4th July
NOEL MURPHY BAND
Tuesday 5th July
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MANSFIELD: Revolver Records
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MIDDLESBORUGH: Town Hall
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NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: City Hall
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PLYMOUTH: Virgin Records
POOLE: Setchfields
PORT TALBOT: Derricks Records
PRESTON: Guild Hall B/O
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SHEFFIELD: Virgin Records & Cavendish Travel
SUNDERLAND: Spinning Disk
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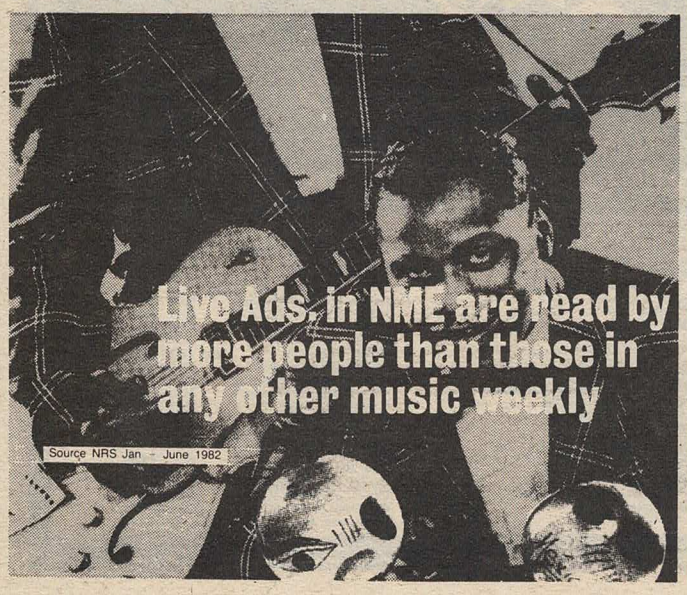


BAUHAUS

Sheffield Top Rank

GUNG-HO GLAM GONE GREEN

"The bats have left the belltower, the victims have been bled."

YOU CAN tell that this tea party is going to include a few surprises as soon as the curtain opens and Daniel Ash strolls on with a sax to introduce 'Burning From The Inside' – the title track of the forthcoming Bauhaus LP. Maybe it's the recession but everything from the stage set-up through the costumes and right down to the song structures smacks of economy where we've come to expect extravagance. Last year's gung-ho glam has been seceded by a surprisingly expressive, oddly acoustic introspection. Bauhaus without parody? No excesses? As X Moore would say, no speed?

Just when you thought the Northampton wonders were dead certs for stardom – and about as sincere as Hughie Green – they have the audacity to do THIS. No copious cash-ins ('Ziggy Stardust'), no ideas swamped in perfunctory excess ('Lagartija Nick') and not a single track from their third, and most obviously successful album, 'The Sky's Gone Out'.

Instead we're subjected to no less than seven previews from the new album (an interesting marketing technique this, doing the tour before the album is released!), most of which sound somewhere between the Velvets, Floyd and the Banshees from where I'm standing. Just when commercial daylight looked set to flood the belfry, the bats have bolted back into the dark.

But what about the fans, I hear you pleading? What about all the serious young people who've swopped life for Bauhaus? What about all those boy virgins who need Bauhaus to spice their prospective first love with glamour and voodoo? What about those young girls, I hear you screaming, who should know better but still insist on taking Murphy's law (a grotesque parody of sexuality) seriously? S'okay folks. The delights of moral squalor, the cartoon corruptions, the intimidating nihilism is still there in buckets: they couldn't ditch *those* old favourites.

'Terror Couple', 'Stigmata Martyr', 'Hair Of The Dog' and 'Dark Entries' . . . all the art gallery orgies are still here and testifying to the simple incongruity of a basic rock energy swamped with an ostentatious, gross, pseudo-gothic melodrama. Peter Murphy doesn't ham it up so much anymore, he seems to have debunked the conscious self-effacing humour of old (the only saving grace of Bauhaus, as far as I'm concerned) for a more serious, pained artisan pose.

The songs may have changed – 'She's In Parties' is whittled down with acoustic breaks, and David Jay injects a Vocoder element – but the essence of a live Bauhaus show remains the same. The audience – a horde of sexless, stringy spurts of black hair – expect to be intimidated, they expect pathetic promises of sex, power and knowledge. . . and Bauhaus deliver. Only now, when someone spits at Bauhaus (and they only spit because they want to be scolded), the onus is on Daniel Ash to wield his guitar in the direction of the culprit's head while Murphy looks to one side.

Bauhaus remain a place to dream of adventures, a source of constant voyeuristic existence; while they remain the crudest exploitation of spiritual/sexual taboos, Murphy will always be the clumsiest of hypnotists.

For those of us who don't need the Bauhaus therapy, there will never be anything more than token appreciation. But for all the plaintive toughness of a Bauhaus fan, I couldn't help wondering how the boy virgin feels walking through the subway on his way home.

Amrik Rai

Murphy by Cummins

SOLSTICE

London Marquee

AFTER ENDURING one of the worst discos in the history of recorded time ("And now here's something by Caravan"), I was mightily relieved when Solstice appeared in a blaze of cut-price lighting. Visually, Solstice are amazing, if not perhaps particularly original. Four of them have very, very long hair, three of the 'guys' have very, very long beards, and all of them bar the drummer (who affects a kind of ex-hippy chic by having his hair just touching his ears) wear the kind of clothes that were de rigeur for Bangor in 1967. After that, *nothing* comes as a surprise, not even one's mounting disbelief. Did the lead singer *really* say, "This song hasn't got a title yet, which is a bit untogether of us"? Did they *really* get massive cheers every time they mentioned their appearances at Glastonbury and Stonehenge? Did they *really* think we were all likeable? Did the audience *really* throw socks at them? Does Noddy's little car go 'parp-parp'? . . .

The music was fascinating. Beautifully played, it managed to avoid *any semblance* of originality. Even Mike Oldfield, for goodness sake, occasionally thinks of something new, but Solstice stuck to the guidelines of hippy orthodoxy so tightly they made Steeleye Span (who were never averse to a touch of Brecht) sound like 23 Skidoo. After enduring three distinctly ambient rambles, plus a ballad called 'White Lady', a country/folk hoedown, and an obligatory bluesy number that was probably called 'Obligatory Bluesy Number', I got my act together and blew . . .

David Quantick

DR FEELGOOD

London Dingwalls

FOR A third encore Lee Brilleaux announced 'Six Days On The Road'. The band looked blank then burst into 'Great Balls Of Fire' while Brilleaux dangled nonchalantly from an overhead sprinkler pipe and finished up with "Thank You Glasgow". Time to pick the chewing-gum off my elbow and drag my soggy body home.

During the second half of the '70s, 'Down At The Jetty', 'Malpractice' and 'Stupidity' were essential albums and forerunners of *that movement* in '76. But with the arrival of the '80s, the departure of Wilko and the subsequent string of line-up changes, Dr. Feelgood seem to have gone into orbit.

They're still satisfying the die-hards, still packing out the Dingwalls of the world and delivering a tight hard set by normal standards; but compared to their former brilliance they're merely ticking over.

'Back In The Night' and 'I Can Tell' from earlier days, with 'Milk And Alchohol' and 'Down At The Doctor's' are so immediate that they could almost play themselves, but newer additions such as 'Baby Jane' veer dangerously towards heavy metal.

Still, squashed into this ecstatic full-house, who could give a toss about such minor weaknesses? I'd still prefer to watch the Feelgoods roll over and scratch rather than have neo-pap counterfeit enthusiasm — presently rife in other quarters — shoved down my neck.

Regine Moylett

MANDRAX 2

STONEHENGE FREE FESTIVAL

STONED AND/OR unhinged is the altered state vital to the proper appreciation of the Stonehenge Midsummer Free Festival, now in its tenth year. "Start the day with a hot knife" ran one runic slogan, and every second tent offered Red Leb, Black, Blotters, Mics, Smack, Speed, Mushrooms and variations thereof. Bizarre emporia jostled cheek by jowl: 'The Festering Kipper', 'Cocaine Parlour', 'Afghani Raisin and Rice Wine £1/pint'. Munchies, scrumpy, snorts and smoke did booming business, and entrepreneurship ran to the youngest; "Wanna buy LSD?" chimed a ten-year old Owsley in the making.

Thatcher's Britain!

Bikers and original hippies shared head space with punks of a positive inclination and even a smattering of skins vegetated in the sun. It was as if the ley lines magick had gathered all the disaffected since 1967 and dumped them in a *Mad Max 2* shanty town just an obelisk's throw from the ancient stones themselves. Enhancing the sense of dislocation, of things being out of joint, was the music itself. Urbane, chic and 1983 – the best groups were out of time and out of place on the ramshackle stage, a cosmic bandstand around which basked dozy revellers soaking up heat and sound.

House Of Hearts are two girls, Korina and Asher, who respectively sing and play a variety of instruments live and all those on the backing tapes. Their songs are tuneful vignettes, quirkily arranged and drawing from a multitude of sunny rhythms. Imagine The Marine Girls crossed with The Funboy Three – ideal in an intimate club but pretty good too in the Great Outdoors.

Andy Jarman (bass, vocals, tapes), Pete Scammell (guitar, synthesiser) and Paul Clarke (percussion) are a A Popular History Of Signs, a familiar attraction in North London's rockpalasts. Their preoccupations are political but they do not rant; APHOS address you in measured tones and draw up scenarios, yet there's nothing dry or didactic about them. Passionate, dramatic, *modern* sounds are their modes of persuasion. They know that a good tune proclaims more eloquently than a thousand words.

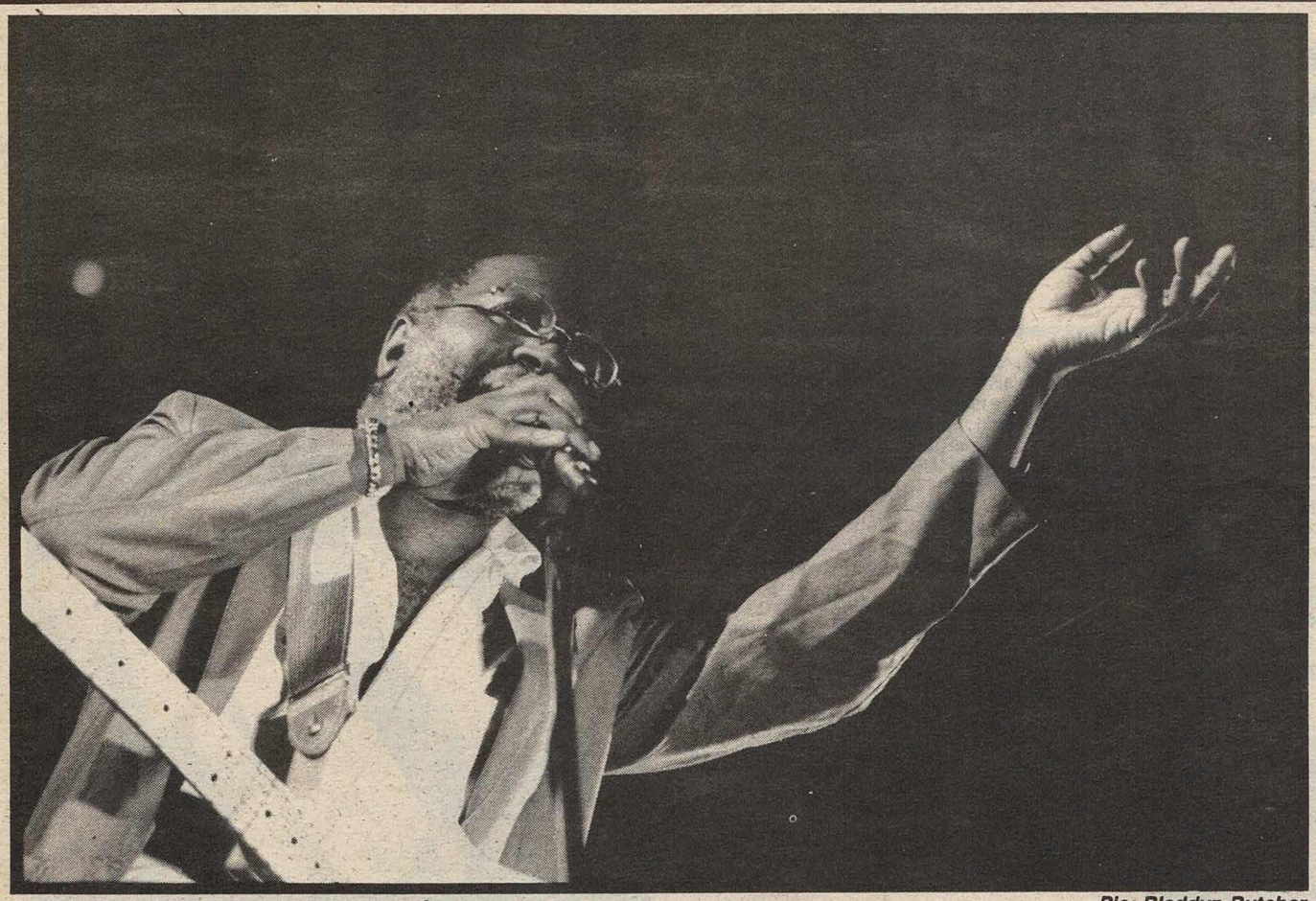
More confrontational are To The Finland Station, long-time comrades in agit-pop of APHOS, and sounding like an arcane collusion of The Seekers and The B-52s, with ahint of para-Fall primitive dissonance. Don't be put off – like APHOS they sing rather than sermonise.

As the shadows lengthened, people flocked to the stage for warmth and mellowed out to Natural Roots' musical sensemillia. I took a stroll beyond the camp perimeter, and, as the bats played kiss-chase in the gloaming, I pondered the question put to me earlier that day: "Aren't you proud to be part of the counter-culture?"

Pass.

Mat Snow

LIVE



Curtis exhorts history fans to move on up!

Pic: Bleddyn Butcher

STRUGGLE OF LOVE

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Kensington Commonwealth Institute

NO FREEDOM train, no train to glory – it was the history train we rode with Curtis Mayfield last week. He gave us half-a-dozen of The Impressions' greatest hits, a handful of his best-known solos, but nothing later than 'Superfly', now 11 years old.

That history has its own glory – of course! – plus *fierce* commitment to freedom, but the decision to neglect LPs like 'Back To The World', 'America Today' and last year's brilliant 'Honesty' had a curiously distancing effect. As if, by ignoring his post-'72 work, Curtis Mayfield was performing a kind of self-amputation, almost denying the *continuing* relevance of those struggles and aspirations which have always inspired his best songs.

Perhaps he feels that 'People Get Ready' and 'Freddie's Dead' matter as much today as when they were written, and perhaps he's right too, but for me – a person who rates 'Honesty' one of the best soul LPs of the '80s and 'Dirty Laundry' as epocha as 'Move On Up' – this monopoly of older material was a little bit sad.

Only a little bit, because for most of the set I was too busy enjoying myself to worry about it. There were niggly imperfections – the sound lacked his studio clarity, the band were sometimes too loud, the horns (too expensive to bring over) were missed – but Curtis compensated for them all with his sheer presence and his illustrious history.

The high, sensuous tenor and chiming guitar have retained all their power to invoke dreamy pleasure and common purpose; celebrations of sexuality and Black pride encoded in a deceptively opiate voice, full of yearnings and exhortations, and a plain, downtown phraseology that strikes the common chord. 'It's All Right', 'I'm So Proud', 'People Get Ready', 'Move On Up', 'Give Me Your Love' – music for loving and for fighting back, the two so fused in communal roots and collective hopes that they become aspects of one another, indivisible, a visionary politics of Black optimism.

The music's emphasis on 'upward mobility' has been construed, critically, as middle-class but it draws on traditions (chiefly gospel) and addresses itself to situations (like oppression) which are shared by the whole Black community. And one can even speculate that it is precisely this sense of *community* which has sustained Curtis Mayfield through more than two decades of ups and downs in the business.

But let's not get sentimental about a strength that is only a few generations from slavery, and which owes its being to the malignant persistence of white racism. It's ironic that this gig was held in the Commonwealth Institute, where the alcove displays of Ugandan cotton picking, fishing villages in Malawi, and suchlike blandly omit any mention of Britain's imperial exploitation, those vaunted "Victorian values" which held Black people around the world to be as worthless as shit.

It would be fanciful to think it was this blatant *denial* of history that led Curtis Mayfield to reaffirm his own so proudly. But for all the artistry, all the pleasure of seeing a legend relive his greatness, I went away with a nagging sense that something important had been missed. By dismissing the last 11 years, by dismissing 'Honesty', Curtis Mayfield seemed to be undervaluing himself, *consigning* himself to a history that he could so easily have linked with the present.

The puzzling outcome was a gig that would have been perfect in nineteen *seventy* three but had rather the air of a night trip to the (albeit glorious) past in our current troubled times.

Graham Lock

XPERTZ

Hereford Market Tavern

KARL MARX was really horrible about peasants – he thought they were backward because they preferred smallholdings to factories – (his taste in music wasn't quite up to what you'd expect from a genuis, either), but I have no intention of following suit and criticising the peasants of Hereford for the way they *work*.

However, it is only fair to mention the way they spend their *leisure*. The truth is that our peasantry tend to spend their leisure time relaxing (feet on the barn door, straw in mouth), whereas city folk, if they notice the difference between work and leisure at all, usually spend their spare time practising 'wind-ups' on the rest of the population.

The 'wind-up' is the art form, *par excellence*, of the urban dweller, because it involves saying one thing but meaning or doing the opposite. The 'wind-up' is an essential skill if you live in a city where one set of people (the politicians, 'community' police, judges etc) try to tell another set (the young, white, black and gifted) what to do with their lives.

The Xpertz play the nearest musical equivalent of the 'wind-up'. So imagine the scene when they played in Hereford's homely Tavern; suddenly the peaceful, pastoral idyll of peasant leisure is shattered by a reggae-funk band from Birmingham, playing like wild things in their own unique, urban style, making everyone dance (music as good as this has its own inner laws of compulsion) and wowing the deferential peasantry. In short, The Xpertz charmingly disturbed an otherwise settled routine of pleasures.

The recipe of an Xpertz 'wind-up' is as follows. Firstly, take lyrics of poetic eloquence. Add themes of equal parts of hope and despair, then add the elegant duplicity of jazzy bass lines, '60s commercial swing and other well-known devices of good dance music. (These undercut the lyrics with the bigger meaning of sweet, spiralling melodies.)

Finally, add a snibber of rumour of the 'wind-up' kind. "Is it true that Andy, singer of The Xpertz, used to be in Duran Duran?" a young female yokel asks me. 'Tis true, but he left because he got his hair cropped, wore Doc Martens and was generally uncouth.

A wind-up or utter idiocy? Who can tell? It's not for me to unweave the rainbow or interpret the wind-up. All I know is the result of the Xpertz expertise: elephants never forget, and neither will the peasants of Hereford. The Xpertz deserve success, they are unforgettable.

Amanda Root

THE HIGSONS

London Triffids

THE HIGSONS are Norwich's Caucasian funksters who wear palm tree duds and take frantic stabs at dancefloor pop(ping). Triffids is another new night at Club 28, Leicester Square, home of the Batcave and the Mudd Club, among others. This Sunday, as the crowds queue for 007, we descend to catch the gang who make the fun in funk *fly*.

Granted, they do it well. A jolly funk (of the palest shade) mixed in with pop (not too fizzy) — which goes down well at those student gigs where that boring old bastard doing Geography has his shirt off and is popping and strutting with the best of them. But tonight there's a vitality missing, and their rapid rush of bouncing bass and bangs and brass rarely leaves room or space.

Are there any good bits? Yep! They've got a sense of humour. Beginning with 'Who Stole My Bongos', following up with the 'Attack Of The Cannibal Zombie Business Men' (their Parliament number) and then to Andy Williams, who is becoming a national rave these days.

One of the plastic hipster's croons is accordingly dug up, 'The Name Of The Game', taken at a cracking pace with lots of horns. And then it dawns on me what The Higsons' true vocation is — abrasive MOR.

I. Jones

A LEGEND BUILT ON BALLS

ROD STEWART

London Earls Court

SCALE IS what has destroyed Rod Stewart. As he points out, he is not David Bowie: he has no grip on the implications of stadium shows. To conquer those dimensions you must create your own behemoth, fashion a monster music to devour the gulf; and Stewart's legend is built on small; coarse intimacies, a clumsy whisper or a public bar party.

The 140-foot blonde who lies prostrate over the stage, a shoulder strap demurely loosened, is cradling a large ball with one arm, but she might as well have the singer by the same artefacts. Stewart puts nothing on the line, neither a singularly colourless heritage of songs nor his essentially inoffensive personality: he is such an ordinary man. Drunks are the most tedious people on earth, but Stewart doesn't even get drunk anymore. That he still relies on a boozer's itinery of singalongs is one lead foot; that he attempts to update with such a cringing slug of middle-aged bourgeois rock as 'Baby Jane' is the other.

As a long evening wears on, Stewart comes clean. He is a sad figure. The throwaway murder of 'Hot Legs' and 'D'Ya Think I'm Sexy' argues that his heart is far from that revolting material, and on the only two worthwhile stabs at the guts of things, 'I Don't Want To Talk About It' and 'You Wear It Well', he shrugs and surrenders them to the greedy audience ritual.

As Paolo noted, he is one of the last of a dying breed, a public figure saturated by a blinkered past. But he still exemplifies a recurrent falsehood. Most of this vast crowd, content to bawl tunelessly along with 'Sailing' and 'I Don't Want To Talk About It', already have ABC and Culture Club records in their lockers; yet they still turn out for a hero out of their time. It is their enduring but heartless faith in Stewart that reinforces the great lie of pop music, its lubrication of the safety valve, its faith in a familiar twist. For them to maintain Stewart's pre-eminence is to betray all they should have learned from these 'revolutionary' years.

Stewart's rock 'n' roll is, in its way, no more geriatric than that of U2 or Wah! When he says he hears no contradiction between The Human League and Bob Seger there is a queer truth lurking in a preposterous statement. He is, nevertheless, as streamlined and gauche as he would have to become. And I have him placed now: he is Meatloaf's father. Just so much balls.

Richard Cook

All nose and no nouse, Rod gets on down

Pic: Bleddyn Butcher

ARMOURY SHOW

PROFESSIONAL NEDS

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE

Leeds Warehouse

MUSIC FOR Pleasure are torn between musical stools and all the more invigorating for it. Thunderous low notes and tribal hammers are clashed to perfection with sweeping strings and romantic swagger to produce a sound that on occasions has the best of all worlds. Say it with flowers and kick where it hurts.

After a series of uplifting singles, an under-achieving debut album and two years of relentless live work the group has now come to something of an impasse. Hitless, hopeful and hardened by pressure for a five loaves and two fish trick from suits and ties, they are determined to throw up an ace without egg on their collective face. My fingers cross for them and it is clear that given the time and space they will produce something special.

Tonight they pulled out all the stops for a home crowd, playing most of the songs from their album 'Into The Light' with a fresh determination and an aggression that a piece of plastic couldn't possibly harness — the new material they tried out illustrated their willingness to push forward in many directions

On the minus side, they rely rather too often on a dull wash of chords for dramatic effect and, being house-trained, I can always hear a guitar that isn't there, fleshing out and adding depth. By the time they reached 'Light', possibly their strongest song and one that unfortunately got away, it became evident that singer Mark Copson has a far greater vocal range than he makes use of much of the time. A touch too much macho-rumble and concrete in the throat à la Iggy/Sylvian/Oakey when he could be Billy MacKenzie being Scott Walker shouting out stardust.

Minor grizzles aside, there is more than enough spark and invention in Music For Pleasure for a successful tomorrow to be thrown in their direction and their next single 'Dark Crash' could just be the creation to endear them to a generation.

Bart Bartle

THE ARMOURY SHOW

Glasgow Night Moves

THERE IS a good turnout tonight, accompanied by a good deal of speculation as to whether Jobson is all set to high-kick his way back into stardom or about to lead his cohorts down a blind alley. More idle chatter and assumption goes into *why* he's doing it. Bored with the highbrow? Tired of poetry readings? Or just itching to prove that anything Stuart Adamson can do he can do also, if not better?

Whatever the reason, The Man With The Jaw is back with alarming intent and desperate seriousness. He has gathered around him some talented musicians – bassist Russell Webb from The Skids, John McGeoch on guitar (ex-Siouxsie), drummer John Doyle (ex-Magazine) and poor old Evan Charles on keyboards (about whom I must plead ignorance since I don't know what the hell he did before joining The Armoury Show). You could say it was an ex-band.

You could likewise assume that with sources both so familiar and so *distinctive* The Armoury Show would at least have bowled us over by displaying the best of all worlds. Wrong assumption. What is most surprising about them is their complete lack of style; they play a tight, well rehearsed set of songs with no hook to hang a hat on. (Pick a tune, any tune . . .)

Jobson, of course, is every bit as much the trouper he always was. And I can't help thinking that he must be so relieved to be able to return to being a professional ned.

Andrea Miller

RIGHT: SMOOTH PERFORMER RICHARD JOBSON HITS HIMSELF IN THE FACE WITH HIS MICROPHONE.
BELOW: JOBBO LOSES HIMSELF WITH A GAULOISE
ACTION PICS: ROWAN MAIN

GILBERTO GIL

London Theatre Royal

THE NIGHT the Brazilians came to town, the Theatre Royal got the shock of its life – halfway through the balconies were rocking frighteningly up and down to the beat of a thousand Maenad dancers, lighting gantries shook precariously over the edge of the stage, the chandeliers rattled and threatened to crash to the floor. Such celebrations can be positively dangerous.

On stage it was primal beat therapy, a tiny percussionist in red tights walloped his numerous drums and rattles like a little red goblin, while two keyboard players even managed to drag soul from dreaded synthesizers. A saxophone howled dervish tunes, and in the middle – Shaman and showman – stood Gilberto Gil, Third World superstar, in England for the first time in 13 years with his seven piece band.

Skat singing percussive figures around the delicious thunder of his rhythm section or singing ironic blues to the sole accompaniment of his nylon stringed guitar, he charmed, joked and cajoled the audience into total acceptance. At a wave of his arm, the extraordinary band would change gear, from rock to samba to reggae to funk, with no sense of culture shock. In Brazil, assimilation is the name of the game.

Gil's friendship with Jimmy Cliff gives him a particular interest in reggae, and his reworking of 'No Woman No Cry' – a huge hit in Brazil – drew inevitable comparisons with Bob Marley – and in truth, I have seen no artist since Marley dominate both musicians and audience so completely as Gilberto Gil.

As the band roared to a climax three hours after the show's commencement, I was left wondering whether he would be able to translate his stardom into English. He managed to pack the Theatre Royal purely on reputation but will he manage to overcome British prejudice against foreign language performers? Whatever his commercial potential, he is a different drum indeed.

David Kay

JULUKA

Sweat through struggle

"For two hours on a stage, a South African audience can see what a non-racial tomorrow could be like."

It will take a live performance of their music and spectacular Zulu dances to really launch Juluka into the British music arena.

Impi! Impi! Impi! Black and white fists punch the steaming atmosphere as the chant races to a crescendo. The great sweat is on. Juluka fever is here.

The successful and powerful fusion of urban and rural, of the classical and the innovative, of a former university lecturer and an illiterate gardener, of theory and practice...

...Juluka, the South African rock group that is shattering social taboos.

The audience went wild. Black and white youths pranced in the aisles and danced on the seats.

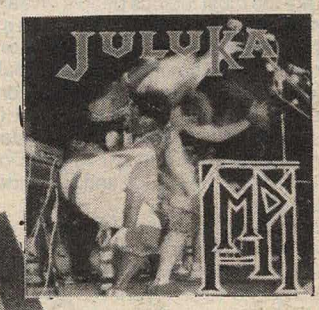
...the culmination of 14 years of survival under a system which should have destroyed the band before it had a chance to begin playing.

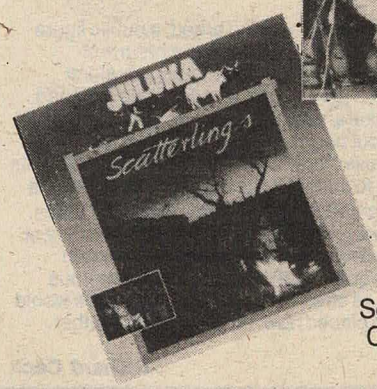
"The police used to take me home to my ma and tell her it was a dangerous place for me to be with all those black men...and faction fighting, shebeens and dagga smoking."

It was illegal for them to play in a public place without a permit... "But we refuse to apply for those permits just as we refuse to play before a non-integrated audience."

"For me Juluka means hope, that people believe there is hope that we will come together."

The new Juluka single Impi (Zulu 3)





The album: Scatterlings Shaka 1 Cassette Shaka C1

SAFARI

THE Venue
JULUKA live at Monday July 4th

FB3 MIN. POP

ASWAD

London Commonwealth Institute

TWO HUNDRED yards from The Commonwealth Institute lies Holland Park Comprehensive School. It was there Brinsley Forde conceived the foundations of Aswad (in between the Double Deckers) . . .

The Institute is your archetypal cultural reservoir complete with authentic decor from all corners of the world. The surrounding stairways were *littered* with apathetic hordes of Drongos sitting in the lotus position and, between your natty prototypes, the ex-Pink Fairies disciple enlightened by the cosmic spirituality of dub-wise!

It wasn't until 'Not Satisfied' that the evening really took off. Introduced with an Election reference (Labour call them black. The Tories call them British. They call themselves Aswad) the familiar song built up to a crescendo of psychotic rhythms. Onstage Brinsley Forde's like a matador; jaunting across the limited stage area, taunting and momentarily winning the crowd to sing along. Bensonesque (jazzy) guitar and drum solos finalise the elongated tune.

However, it was during the encore Aswad showed their true colours. A lengthy medly opened with 'African Children' which eventually branched out into different rhythms, the metamorphic stages being held together by the skill of Drummie Zeb. They fused the Root Radic's 'Gunshot' and 'Entertainment' cuts, leaving Brinsley to toast over 'Let Go Mi Hand Gateman' . . . "*make me rock and come in yaa* . . .", lyrics reverberating through the hall.

Aswad have shown they can maintain their edge live, but it is that fine edge they must now reproduce in the studio . . .

In their own right . . .

Dominic Kenny

THE FUN BOY THREE

Manchester Hacienda

HOW MANY fun boys does it take to play a hit single? Well I lost count around ten, I ran out of fingers.

Stage apart, The Hacienda when heavily populated is not the most pleasant of experiences . . . tonight was more a seething bedlam than a nightclub, testament to the huge appeal FB3 have, as hip dudes and bank clerks tripped over one another, stood on each other's toes and generally had a good time. Sure sign of a quality pop band when grannies and toddlers alike are found to be humming the songs.

FB3 have class, they have an instinct for timeless three minute classics. They understand the essence is effective simplicity, the grace of form which makes The Police so formidable and made Abba so very charming.

It would be difficult not to warm to FB3; they're honest, passionate performers who do not preach or patronize. Mum's favourites – a multi-racial, clean, YOUNG band with sensible values. Dig. And here begins the tale of young Terry. One of the most intriguing performers ever to grace the glossy colour pin-ups. As if suddenly placed in the midst of a very real and very frightening pop phenomena, Hall comes on like everyone's sulky older brother, playing coy and sensitive to the cajoling, exuberant rhythmic doodles of Lynval Golding and Neville Staples. An unlikely marriage which is the very foundation of FB3's bitter-sweet pop; the dour Hall plays off the buoyant Golding, a partnership which has produced pop of real substance and comment.

Hall's paradox as teen star was illustrated when a young lady clambered up on stage and gauchely kissed a bewildered Terry Hall who, mocking, sang "*I'm so attractive* . . ." and didn't seem to quite believe what was happening.

Me? I'm not about to argue with a mob of 2000, but FB3 didn't really play very well tonight. The vile acoustics of The Hacienda did not help matters, neither did the volume more suited to a heavy rock outfit, which was a shame since the subtlety and delicacy of 'Our Lips are Sealed' and 'The More I See' were reduced to a bombastic, graceless thrash. The real trouble though, lies with the band themselves.

They seemed under rehearsed and uncertain, all of which only served to expose Hall's awkward, almost embarrassed stage manner. The precision and clarity which marked the singles slid into a muddled confusion; The Fun Boy Three, or was it nine, seemed to be fighting against each other, the resulting sound staggering like a drunk on a tube train.

FB3 have now reached the stage where they want to extend and expand their ideas, but really, percussion, brass and cello sounded *too* busy to be effective. The basics of the sound need to be stripped down and tightened up before FB3 head into the Leon Russell 'Mad Dogs' (more people on stage than off) concept. Like Madness, who were smart enough to stay, FB3 are quite superb at what they do but must resist the temptation to become over complex, whilst progressing at the same time.

'The End' did of course, in the time honoured tradition of musical cliché, signal that it was "*Time to go home / Time to go home* . . .", which wasn't what the audience thought. After a near riot (I was hoping so much that someone would slash the video screens, or be sick on the hi-tech . . .) FB3 obliged with a short encore.

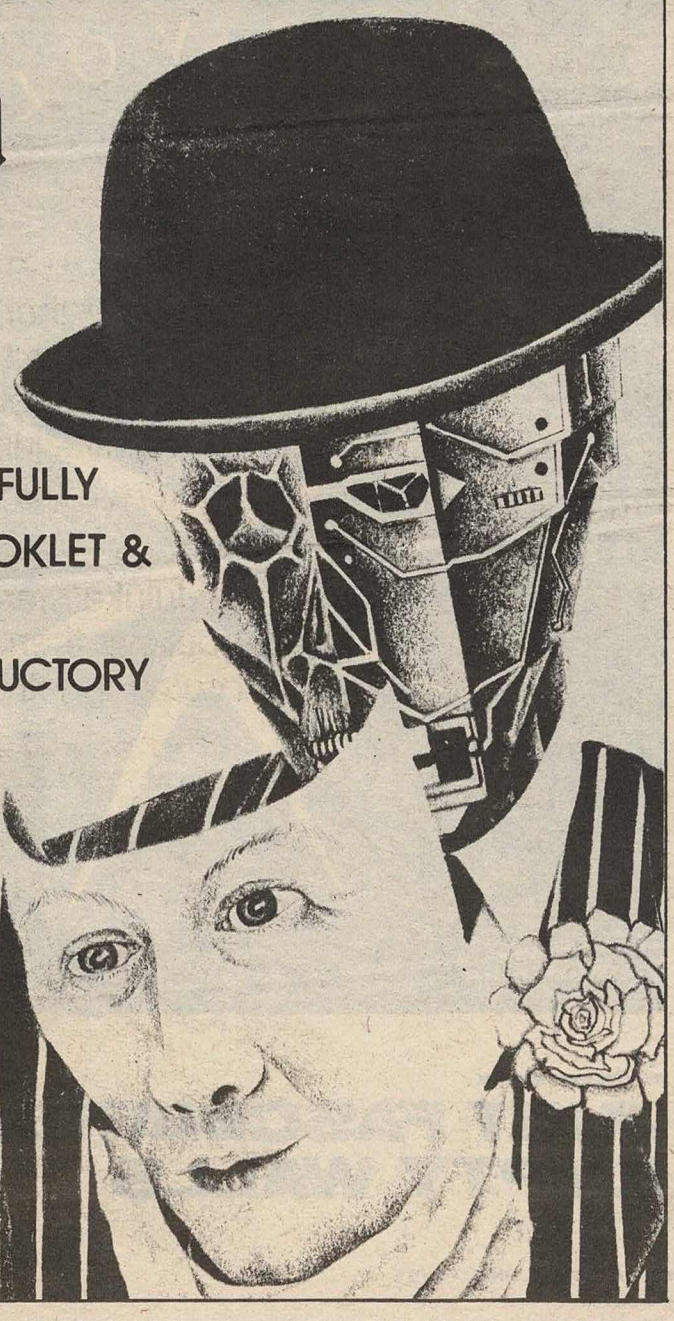
Everyone danced. And everyone went home sweaty and happy and SATISFIED; everyone, that is, except for all the fun boys it took to play those hit singles.

Liz Neer

3 minute pin-up Terry Hall ***Pic: Kevin Cummins***

THE PLAGUE

demon



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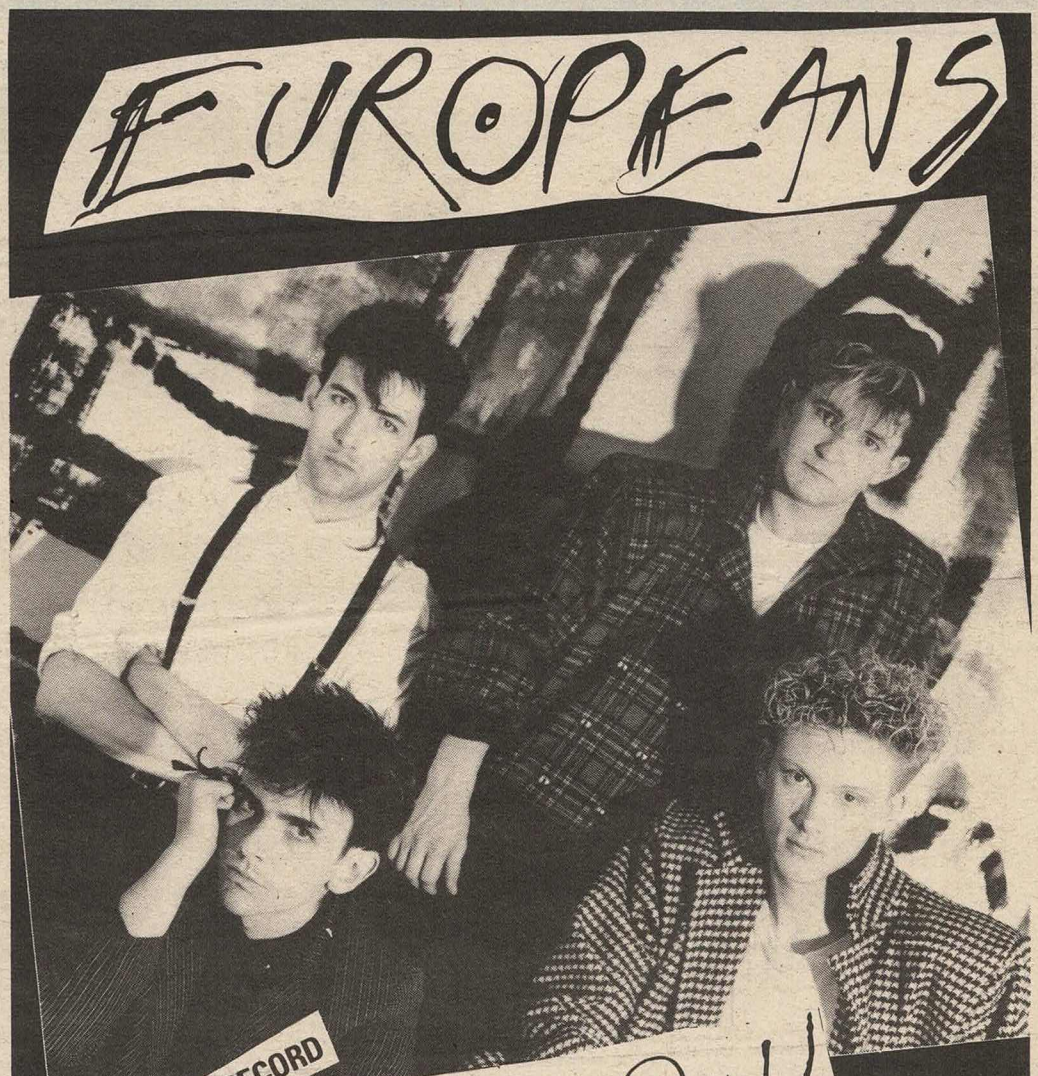
EUROPEANS



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ON STAGE

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JULY 2	**LONDON** CRYSTAL PALACE (CONCERT BOWL FESTIVAL)	JULY 5	**LONDON** BRIXTON FRIDGE
		JULY 9	**LONDON** HERNE HILL HALF MOON

A&M RECORDS

L'AFRIQUE!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

The lively Kanda Bongo Man was much missed when he finally left, encouraged by 'Lyole's success. They put up his poster in the factory, and all his work mates taped the copy he gave them.

Two more years of struggle followed before he was able to release 'Djessy' but now there is talk of him playing in England – a possibility which pleases him.

"This music has to leave the ghetto, be international!" he says, and raps the kitchen table fervently.

THE PARISIAN papers have waxed ecstatic over the Senegal band Xalam, boosted by the fact their percussionists are working with the Rolling Stones.

I like the fact that Xalam wrote and play the music in the African Pavilion at Disneyworld!

The ecstatic dancing audiences at their recent concert at the Bataclan perhaps thought they were a new band, but Xalam have been together for 14 years, ten of them spent living together in one house. When Xalam got tired of playing R&B, James Brown and Jimi Hendrix imitations for the citizens of Dakar, Senegal, they decided on a creative retreat. They chose poverty. Ten of them lived in one room, with all the instruments living in the room next door. Locked away, they practised eight hours a day.

Their drummer, Prosper, a tall flamboyant figure, explained their progress to me while the band were preparing backstage for the Bataclan gig. All round us, musicians were transforming from blue-jeaned anonymity to peacocks in extravagant stage gear, gaudy prints studded with African cowrie shells – once used for money – and with cut-out holes in seductive places, in an intriguing extension of punk's sexy slits in T-shirts.

Xalam's retreat lasted for years. "People stopped wanting to engage us, they thought we were mad," Prosper laughs heartily.

Their music is a combination of different Senegalese tribal rhythms. What we know as Senegal is actually ten different nations, each with their own language, customs and rhythms, and Xalam-ites come from all round the nation.

Xalam have set themselves up in Paris because, says Prosper, "It's a good time for African music, so we should profit from it. I've noticed that the media here are ready to accept our music, even more than they are in Senegal. There's 10,000 musics in Africa, you know. Every day people create another new music. But when we stopped playing American influenced music and started to make a new, more African music, the people in Senegal didn't like the way we used our own traditional African rhythms. They say that our own old music is too folk-loric, only good for old people. They're still suffering from acculturation – being taken away from their roots."

Although Senegal, along with Togo, is one of the few African countries to boast a 24-track studio (owned by musician Francis Senghor, son of the ex-President Leopold), new technology doesn't always work; the studio lies idle for long periods. Once, a sand-storm swallowed the city of Dakar, which is constantly threatened by the surrounding desert, and microscopic grains got into the equipment. An engineer had to spend days working with a toothbrush, and it still didn't sound right.

Meanwhile, Xalam say: "For us, Europe is just a stage before we go to America . . ."

AFTER TALKING to Prosper, I was surprised at how jazzy Xalam are. I'd naturally thought they'd come on with a barrage of roots sounds; instead they sounded positively Grover Washington in parts.

But many African musicians check jazz as the highest music, or at least the most stimulating evolution of their traditional sound. Purist fans of African music regard this jazz obsession as a scourge, as 'free' represents a fine line between brilliance and boredom, depending on the imagination and ability of the musician.

Parisian Afro-jazzers are building on a tradition spearheaded by great, little acknowledged artists like the late alto sax player Joe Maka, the man Don Cherry called "our big brother in Paris".

A Guinean who loved to play and thought so little of material gain that he left his cash out in his room for all his mates to help themselves if they were running short, Maka's young disciples include musicians like Dou Kaya, the dread bassie from the Cameroons, who has released a few Afro-jazz albums with his group Dou, and the group Edja-Kungali (meaning Yin and Yang) who play at the Club Dunois, a small avant-garde music space, often used for improvised music.

The audience for this multi-West African percussive free jazz combo (whose members also play in another band called Ovo), is almost exclusively white. I haven't seen so many bearded Afghaned hippies dancing in a long time. A mite short on ambience . . .

After the set, sax-player Yebga says mournfully, "It's almost always white people who come to see us. African people don't appreciate what we do."

Pierre Akendengue doesn't have that problem. Black, white, yellow, even purple people dig Pierre. His new CBS album, 'Mando' is one of the most magnificent Afro-Parisian works I've heard, and CBS here will be releasing it in Britain shortly.

It's a mystical, spiritual dance music that evokes the world of the woods and streams where spirits still hold sway over mortals, and make them dance.

Pierre's from Gabon, and he's been making music in France since '64. 'Mando' is his fourth LP, and the single 'Epuguzu' is so irresistible that this blind piano player is bound to be heard internationally – if the spirits stay with him.

When he was asked to appear on *The Tube's* 'African Music in Paris' special, he requested to perform outdoors. "That's really where my music should be heard."

Yes, Pierre, but how about if it rains?

"Don't worry about that," Pierre said serenely, "I'll just speak to the ancestors."

It's a serious thing. Don't laugh, or Mamiwata herself might grab you . . .

SUITABLY, WE were eating an African meal in an Antilles restaurant when we first heard Kassav. We were peeling the hard outer leaves off the shiny, translucent dish made from the kassav fruit, crushed then compressed till it looks like a cathedral wax votive candle.

Kassav – also the greatest group from Guadeloupe.

The first hook was the horns. Melodies and arrangements that twist and turn in perfect formation, like a phalanx of fighter planes on display. The Kassav rhythms had the familiar-but-new excitement of a music you think you've heard before, maybe in a dream. Checking the group out at the Afric' Music shop, we discover no less than *five* Kassav albums, with a staggeringly low naff quotient per disc. Paris's biggest musical present! Total, tickling danceability.

Kassav includes Pierre-Edouard Decimus and his brother George (who's just released his first solo flight), and a big Bacchus of a man called Jacob Desvarieux.

I met with Pierre-Edouard, a serious, articulate man with a sense of humour. His native island of Guadeloupe did well in the Colony Game, having passed through Spanish, then French, then English, then French (again) control. Now the Caribbean isle still has French buses and education – and Pierre-Edouard reckons more work needs to be done before his isle's ready for independence. But he's proud to be a link between the older traditional Guadeloupian musicians and the young anti-colonialist, nationalist musicians who fight for acknowledgement of their own Creole culture.

Decimus describes Guadeloupe as "a bouillion culture", a stew of races still bubbling through its political and cultural evolution. Since the foundation of the sugar cane plantations, a mixture of musics has been crucial to Guadeloupe. Violins with ancient African drums? It's normal, for Guadeloupe.

Pierre-Edouard simply says, "I couldn't reject European culture. It's too deep in me."

Despite recording in Paris with classy all-round session musicians, despite their multinational approach, Kassav still stress their Antilles heritage. In 'Neg Mawon', for example, they sing about the Maroons, the slaves who arrived from Africa and, with great cunning and courage, managed to escape into the hills and create independent free settlements.

"Colonisation taught my parents to call me a Maroon when I'd done something wrong. It was used as an insult. I realised that they should be adoring the memory of the Maroons, but they'd been trained to reject all spirit of rebellion."

Just like the role of the original Rastas in Jamaica, dubbed 'Blackheart Men' by over-protective parents warning their kids away from these dodgy-looking longhairs.

Decimus, at 35, has passed through a long process of politicisation. At 15 he was playing at local balls with much older musicians; hence his intimate understanding of the traditional rhythms. Then he joined The Vikings, one of the most popular Antilles bands. They were named after their favourite football team, but after a time people started to give them very strange looks. Why should a Black Antilles group name themselves after a bunch of blond, blue-eyed pirates, rapists and marauders?

"I was really embarrassed," recalls Decimus. "I couldn't stand that name any more. It didn't fit in with our political evolution. Although a few years before, none of us had ever thought of it that way."

Decimus decided to leave the group, and the music business, altogether. "But I wanted to make just one record the way I'd always wanted to, and then retire."

The success of that first Kassav record, made with money lent by a friend, together with George and Jacob, meant that Decimus's destiny lay in the recording studios. Now Kassav's reputation has burst out of the Antilles, and the Guadeloupians are one of Paris's most popular black bands.

KASSAV ARE part of the answer to a question that's often puzzled me. Here in England we've had great exposure to music from Jamaica and, to a lesser extent, Trinidad. But what happens in the other islands?

Answer: lots.

Paris, receptive as ever to other forms of cultural expression, while producing limited quantities of its own, plays host to hordes of folk from the French-speaking West Indies. Kassav aren't the only Antillesians to record there.

The mighty Malavoi from Martinique are becoming more and more popular, with their highly arranged massed-string extravaganzas. Their first album 'Malavoi' featured lots of brief, sparkling jigs with rhythms to set sparks flying in the heads of innocent Brits who've never heard nothin' like it in their lives.

It was such a success that their second album on the GD label, called – go for it, guys – "Malavoi' – is a kind of conceptual double, where each piece extends the length of a side, and they really let rip with the stops, starts and super-swing changes.

Oh, those Antilles rhythms! Oh, those steamy nights at Serge Kruger's Tango club, swinging till four round the floor of a club whose ambience is totally tropical, day-glo paintings of cavorting couples on the black walls, terribly torrid, with hands lazily resting on your partner's hips, knowing just when to twitch'n'switch to the elegant stops and starts of the Beguines, the Merenguez, the Sambas, Pachangas, and Charangas of Martinique, Guadeloupe and Haiti. When *will* we hear them here?

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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

In cock-wattle sunset or grey dawn . . . following acclaimed reception of his beseeching stage act at Sunsplash, rock steady pioneer Roy Shirley emerges with a new album for Dynamic subsidiary matrix Weed Beet entitled 'The Return Of The High Priest'. Produced by Tapper Zukie's brother Blackbeard, the set contains amid ten tracks versions of his 'Music Field' and 'Get On The Ball' songs . . . **when the dagger points again of longing** . . . the sojurn of the Observer at Channel One now bears fruit with a new Sugar Minott LP issued on Hitbound. Titled 'With Lots Of Extra', the set is suitably a nine track affair, including 'Row Fast', 'Trying Man', 'No Vacancy' . . . **for what was never home** . . . the combined talents of Yabby You and proteges Michael Prophet and Wayne Wade are showcased on another nine track set 'Prophecy' (WLA). Vivian Jackson sings five of the featured songs, while his pupils contribute two apiece . . . **we needs must turn away** . . . nine tracks too from Johnny Clarke on 'Yard Style', a Mad Professor production issued on the engineer's Ariwa label . . . **from the voices that cry 'Come'** – . . . also up is 'Standard Procedure' by Robi, Wayne, Desi, Alla, Keith, Mikey and Devon as Sunsplash septet Chalice. Issued on their own Pipe label, the album contains the two latest pre singles 'Can't Dub' and 'Stew Peas' . . . **that under-sea ding-donging** . . . new on 7" pre includes: Jaytees, 'West Beirut'; Ranking Jerry, 'Play O', Roger Goldman and Captain Bold, 'Mike Champion'; Josey Wales, 'Baby Come Home With Joseph' . . .

* * * *

Dingle-dongle . . . live on stage at the Brixton Ace on Friday is Cimaron singer Winston Reedy. From 7.30pm until 1am . . . **bells and bluebells** . . . also on Friday at the Nightingale Pub Hall, 349 Wood Green High Road, N22 — 7pm till late — a dub saga between North London champion Fatman Hi-Power and from Brixton Front Line International. Adm: £2 . . . **snapdragon solstice** . . . also in the district on the same night is a summer rub-a-dub dance at the Regal ballroom, Sterling Way, Edmonton, N18 — 7 pm until 1 am — with music by the Seven Warriors plus Unity Hi-Fi . . . **lunar lull** . . . on Saturday is held the Homerton House dance at Upton House, Homerton Row, E9 when Sweetboyz present — 7.30 pm till late — music by Unity Hi-Fi plus Danny Casanova the peoples sound . . . **the wasp circling the honey** . . . and on Saturday too is commemorated the St Vincent & Grenadines grand summer dance at Grosvenor Rooms, Walm Lane, NW2 — 8 pm to 3 am — with music by Zagada . . . **or the lamp soft on the snow** . . . the same night is also the occasion of the Ms Trinidad & Tobago (UK) beauty contest at Acton Town Hall with entertainment by soca singer Gravel plus Marabuntas and Lord Sam Soca Wax DJ . . . **these are the times at which the will is vulnerable** . . . at the Tabernacle in Powis Square on Sunday evening — 4 pm until 10 — the first outing this year by Mangrove Steel Band. Fee: £1 . . . **the trigger-finger slow** . . . and at the Ace in Brixton on Sunday from 6 pm till 11 Sir Coxsone in residency with Sticksman Hi-Fi. Admission £1 . . . **the spirit lonely** . . . and every Monday at McMillans Club, 1 Concert, Liverpool in tune to Operation Radication . . . .

* * *

These are the times at which aloneness is too ripe . . . duly commencing next Wednesday (6) at the African Centre gallery in Old Covent Garden is *Art On The Rocks*, a photographic documentation of stone age art by Richard Solomon. Daily Monday to Saturday 10 am to 5.30 pm until July 30 . . . **when homesick for the hollow heart of the Milky Way** . . . currently on tour of the Caribbean are Steel Pulse, who play Sunsplash at the weekend. Following which, the band travel to Martinique and Guadeloupe. A new LP is due on Wiseman Doctrine label . . . **the soundless clapper calls and we would follow** . . . the second issue of new monthly newsletter *Reggae Music Service* is now on sale price 10p. Published by Rupie Edwards, the latest edition looks at soca, All Nations club, Belinda Parker and contain top 50 singles and albums. Available: Sensation Sounds, 31 Glenarm Road, London E5 OLY . . . **but earth and will are stronger** . . . also out is the 14th issue of reggaezine *Small Axe* with cover story on Don Carlos, plus Prince Hammer and Lloyd "Bullwackie" Barnes, news and reviews. Price 35p inc p&p from Ray Hurford, 17 Hume Point, Jersey Road, Custom House, E16 3QP . . . **and nearer** . . . also flourishing is Chicago free monthly newsletter *Riddim*, whose first anniversary and 12th issue is now available from PO Box 14301, Chicago, Illinois, USA . . . **and we stay!** . . .

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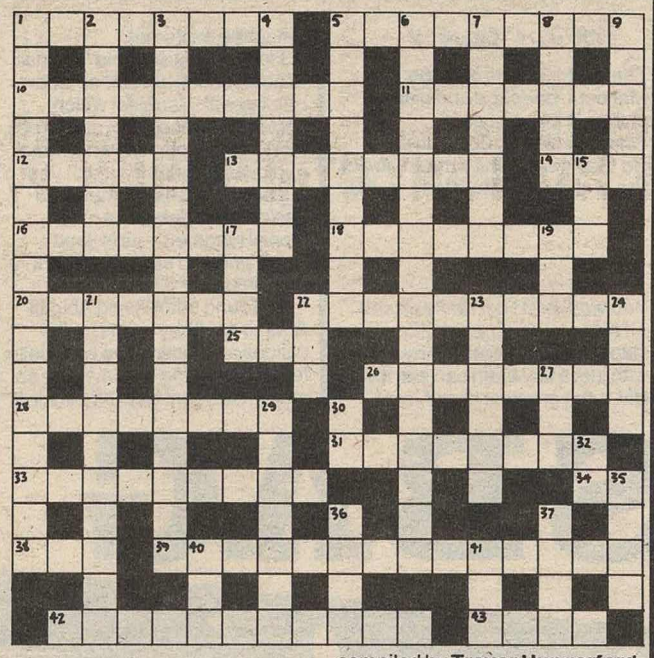

compiled by **Trevor Hungerford**

CLUES ACROSS

1. Now split – but are they still in love with the girl on the Virgin Manchester Megastore checkout desk? (8)
5. Town in southern England which, from 1974 until the year of the punk, preferred the Stranglers' name. (9)
10. Michael Jackson takes a number from a Pink Floyd album? (3-3-4)
11. Cor, what a mix-up to be inside this U2 album. (7)
12. Surname of Rod, original member of Deep Purple, or real surname of Chubby 'Ernest' Checker. (5)
13. + **30D.** Bring up a Troggs single – ie get vomit. (4-2-2-2)
14. Ancient band from somewhere at the beginning of yesterday. (3)
16. A couple of their B-sides have been 'Maggies Farm' and 'Rude Boys Outa Jail'. (8)
18. See 35D.
20. + **22A.** The first of the Herd's few hits from 1967. (4-3-10)
25. + **4D.** Punk drummer whose real name is Chris Miller. (3-7)
26. Black US group who produced a string of hits from the '60s through to the '70s, relying heavily on Holland/Dozier/Holland early on. (4-4)
28. 1968 Who single, just scraped into the Top 30. (5-3).
31. Glasgow six-piece band who in the last few weeks have signed to Virgin, current single 'Waiting For Another Chance'. (8)
33. Kut corner (like) in making a rough anagram for instrumental number one hit in 1962. (3-6).
34. Bowie single. (2)
38. Bowie, Kajagoogoo, Cliff Richard label. (3)
39. Even steal pills, he would, being such a non-special person. (7-7)
42. Lenny gets mixed up with the hue and cry, but then he is Irish. (5-6)
43. See 29D.

CLUES DOWN

1. A blooming love affair with PiL. (7-2-7)
2. Something burning down The Passage. (7)
3. Manfred Man Top Ten hit from 1967 (2-2-4-3-5)
4. See 25A.
5. Glenn Campbell song about the delights of a Texan town on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. (9)
6. *"And he can see no reasons, 'cos there are no reasons, what reason do you need to die?"* 1979. (1-4-4-7)
7. US city which spawned the Motown sound, was also the birthplace of Lene Lovich. (7)
8. Buddy Holly And The Crickets' hit, much later in 1975 a Number One for a British group. (2-3)
9. British band who have knocked up numerous hits since 1977, during their early years Den Hegarty was a vocalist. (5)
15. Modern———, Liverpool band on the Dindisc label. (3)
17. Thomas———, whose 'Private Plane' was included on Virgin's compilation LP 'Machines'. (4)
19. Pigbag borrowed it a few months ago, and would they return it so that I can listen to something else now. (3)
21. Crass label band with a whole singleful of angry songs. (5-5)
22. What Sham's kid might have been, and the last football team to chart were. (3)
23. In 1977, if you looked up the Gig-Guide for Joy Division, you'd find them around Manchester under this name. (6)
24. Just a record by another name. (4)
27. Cyril Fletcher type message from Bobbie Gentry to Billy Joe. (3)
29. + **43A.** Bad Manners first single to reach the Top Ten. (7-4)
30. See 13A.
32. Initials of DJ who started out on Radio Caroline in the heady pirate days; then the Beeb; now famed for doing nothing. (1-1)
35. + **18A.** Were the Lurkers merely unlucky with this single? (4-8).
36. 'Jolé———', 1981 Gary US Bonds single which also featured Bruce Springsteen. (4)
37. Monday, moon, angel, or just simply . . . is the colour. (4)
40. Joe———, country rocker who supported Clash on a tour a few years ago. (3)
41. Initials of Scottish band who sang 'Cut The Cake' and 'Pick Up The Pieces'. (1-1-1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 + 3D Every Breathe You Take, 7 Bob, 9 Smurf, 10 Repetition, 12 Tunisia, 14 Thank You, 16 Mu, 17 Jam, 18 OTT, 20 Into, 22 Boots, 24 Map, 26 Beat, 27 Small Wonder, 28 Nea, 29 Feed, 30 Peach, 32 Petrol, 33 See 27 D, 35 EMI, 36 To, 37 Loves Jezebel.

DOWN: 1 Everett, 2 Elephant Man, 3 See 1A, 4 Rant, 5 Ascot, 6 HMS, 7 Blues Brothers, 8 Buffalo Soldier, 11 Numa(n), 13 Lucky, 15 Own, 17 Jo(Boxers), 19 Tale, 21 Tunnel, 23 O(n) A(rrival), 25 Plant, 26 Beach, 27 + 33A Street Hassle, 30 Pops, 31 Hate, 32 PiL, 34 Sob.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

CURTIS MAYFIELD

"It has always been my way to write messages of inspiration, no matter how controversial . . ." Currently without a recording contract, has the game finally beaten the man most rated as the finest soul musician of the last 20 years? Or has Curtis Mayfield yet another ace in his hand? PAOLO HEWITT goes to the court of King Curtis to find out. Photography ANTON CORBIJN.

RICKIE LEE JONES

"I'm 28. I feel old. I'm getting strong. The most important is starting to not be afraid. I was always *afraid*. When I was a little kid I was always afraid of the dark . . ." Rickie Lee Jones talks to RICHARD COOK about her fears, her music and her turbulent career.

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GASBAG

INSIGHT!

"It's not hip to be cool" — David Bowie, 1983.
"We're through being cool" — Devo, 1981.

And David Bowie is an anagram of Aw, I Bid Devo. Mere coincidence? I think not.
Warhol Polanski, Inverness.
I blame it all on the Trilateral Commission and the Bilderberg Group myself. — AG.

MORE INSIGHT!

The Style Council are the Humble Pie of the '80s.
Bruce, Rick, John & Dids, Stockport.

CULT

Thank God those boring OMD anagrams have been kicked out. I've been trying my hand at the new Southern Death Cult ones:

DOUCHES HURT AT LENT
EACH TENTH SOUL TURD
OUST THATCHER UNLED

My analyst says I'm anal. What does he mean?
Athol Y Trike, Liverpool
Something to do with talking through your arse, I'd imagine. — AG.

I've found a Southern Death Cult anagram!

DANCE THRU HOT LUST

Do I get a Blue Peter badge? Can I pull out of NATO? Where do we go for lunch?
The Albino, TonyBennGrad.
Who's buying? — AG.

BUNGLE JOKE

Not trying to be totally boring or anything, but in the article about Walt Disney and Bow Wow Wow in June 18th's rag, it wasn't the bear in *Jungle Book* that said *"Boop-ee-doo, I wanna be like yoo-oo-oo!"* it was the orangutan.
Monk (the film expert), Cleveland.
If there's anything worse than a smartarse, it's a pedantic smartarse. Bears, orangutans . . . they all shit in the woods, don't they? — AG.

NASTY

I wish that Andy Gill's conclusions to the problem of 'Video Nasties' were to be as practical in their application as they are in their simplicity. I too hate the idea of state-imposed censorship, Andy — for much the same reasons as you. But look, something has got to be done about the (apparently) effortless ease that these things can be got hold of. Personally, I'd be quite happy if the bloody things weren't made at all, if only on the grounds of the obnoxious and obscenely sexist nature of the Beast which ought to be an insult to sentient beings everywhere. But, as you can't legislate for other adults' morals — and we are adults, aren't we, Andy — so the things will continue to be produced, and, I suppose, satisfy a particular need of sorts.

I did sit down to watch a video nasty — not the Romero Trash jobs — as I do genuinely try to practise my philosophy of "don't knock it till you've tried it" — and honest to God, it scared seven barrels of shit out of me. Not because it was 'badly made', which it was, or also had undertones of the greatest, unmitigatedly evil thought-process that I'd ever experienced — it had that, too — but mainly because I thought, as I watched it: "Christ, I know seven-year-old kids who have seen this".

Now, I don't know if that's important to you (not just you, Andy), but it's damned important to me. I don't have kids of my own, but I hope to one day and I don't want them to be in a position where they can get hold of this junk with no legislation, or 'code of ethics' within the industry, to restrict the flow of non-certificate movies to the consumer at large. If it could shake me — and I consider myself to be a mature man of 24 with an ability to choose — then God knows what impression it makes on kids. I don't know, can it really be deemed to be Puritanical to believe that, even after the 'enlightened' '60s and all the barriers it replaced with positive attitudes to sex, art and movies, that somehow something seems to have gone wrong somewhere? Is it really too much to believe that morals not only exist for individuals but also for society as a whole?

But, do we agree, Andy, that the line has to be drawn somewhere? I don't accept that, although they may well try to extend such state-imposed limits to political debate and discussion in both social and artistic life, they'd get away with it. Arguably, it would even act against the Elite's interests to do so, for such debate — and that broadly, may also be taken to include Rock — is so far removed from Policy and Societal moulding processes that it doesn't pose a threat, and in any case provides the image of Democracy (free speech and all that), which in itself acts as a social palliative. Let them eat cake.
Peter Howard, Kent.
Do you really believe that kids might "grow up thinking this is the way things are"? When I crept in as an underage pre-pubescent to see *Camp On Blood Island* and the like, I was under no illusions as to the status of what I was seeing. A similar point was made on the recent *Broadside* documentary on video nasties, in which the mother of some pre-teen splatter fans indignantly rebutted suggestions that her children might confuse fantasy with reality: "They see the Falklands War on the news and they know *that's* real, and they know that horror films are *not*." It may seem odd to you, but children are not completely bereft of common sense.

In the same programme, a young boy was seen enthusing about *Evil Dead* in terms of: "this man dies, then comes back to life, and gets his head chopped off, and there's all this stuff coming out of his ear . . ." If you find such innocent enthusiasm for special effects in some way sinister, I pity you. It's all part of growing up. Remember? — AG.

HELMUT NEWTON

Thanks for the pic on page 11. Marxism, bondage and black undies. More please.
Chris Anderson, Edinburgh.
So that's what they mean about the glamour of Marxism. — AG.

HM...

You wankers! I get really pissed off with you when you start slagging Heavy Metal. Anyone with just a tiny brain can see that HM is the greatest street-level music for idiots anywhere. OK, so the technical brilliance of Motorhead and Saxon may leave something to be desired, but how can you really slag Rush and Marillion off, as you have done recently?

I hate all your bands such as U2 and The Bunnymen because they've got no balls and can't play for toffee. So wot if HM is dated? As long as it keeps appealing to jerks everywhere it doesn't matter. Piss off you tossers.
Adrian 'Unhappy Hippy' Goodman.
Look, we said Grand Prix were great, didn't we? What more do you want, hippy? — AG.

NASTIER

I should like to see the question of violence and pornography treated seriously by a man for once – and not dismissed with amused, detached contempt.

Hollow casuistry and 'a sense of humour' will not suffice when dealing with a subject which obviously causes a lot of distress to a lot of people. The enormous, exploitative industry which you supposed 'left-wing' males so assiduously defend, is not a 'social lubricant' — it is itself a fossilizing and sterlizing agent — it is a fossil.

T. Young addressing Abigail Adams as 'Abby' sums up the callous and insensitive attitude to female suffering displayed by so many men. I am beyond thinking that there is any possibility of stemming the tide of "inhumanity" that is overwhelming us — we can only wait for the day when mankind wakes up, looks around and sees what he's done. I think he'll find the notion of a thing "well-made" will be of little comfort when there's no spirit to inspire it. He might then remember Chekhov's assertion that an artist must be humane to his finger's ends.

Hoping that you're born a woman in your next life.
R Taylor, Greenwich SE10.

1) I was not referring to the porn industry when I wrote of 'social lubricants'. I was referring to the growth of laws from small scale social contracts.
2) If calling Abigail "Abby" strikes you as callous and insensitive, then I'm glad you're not making laws for *me* to live by.
3) There is no "next life", dreamer. When we die, we die.
4) Until the anti-porn, anti-splatter squad base their arguments on other than vague, unfounded assertions and false "statistics" seemingly plucked out of thin air (see below), they deserve to be treated with the same contempt afforded *any* lying politician. — AG.

MARI-AGE PROPOSAL

Tall, dark, timid Caucasian male, 19, seeks serious but swinging relationship with a certain young lady into '60s pop culture. Beehive, white silk evening gloves & leopard-skin pedal pushers obligatory. Must have own bed linen. Can we meet over a *cappucino* someplace?
Stretch, Marleston, Norfolk.
PS: Also have a complete set of Monkees bubblegum cards, swops?
What, no Bowie tickets? — AG.

STOMP OUT VIRGINITY!

I'm still a virgin but I've lost my 'Stomping At The Savoy' cassette. Does that count?
Walley Village.
Only to ten. — AG.

NASTIEST

Why are racial and class politics treated with kid gloves in *NME*, and sexual politics with derision and irreverence? I suggest that Andy Gill makes an analogy of every insult he throws at feminism in terms of race or class, just to test out his "radicalism". For example, would he consider it "authoritarian" to censor British Movement propaganda? Pornography is the propaganda of sexism in exactly the same way.

All oppressions are about power and hatred, and in a country where hard-core pornography is one of capitalism's greatest growth industries, in a country where 90% of all murders are committed by men and 50% of the victims are women, in a country where a man is not convicted of raping a female hitch-hicker because of her "contributory negligence", don't tell me I'm just paranoid.

I've taken part in feminist discussion groups on pornography — I've sat and watched slides of women being humiliated, depersonalised, beaten and tortured. One slide showed a women having a nipple torn off with tweezers. If you think that contributes to sexual liberation, Mr Gill, and if you can find it in you to be flippant about such evil, then you just don't fucking deserve to be alive.
Caroline, Oxford.
Of course it would be authoritarian to censor British Movement propaganda. All opinions, however repugnant, have a right to be heard and laughed off the stage. As for the "contributory negligence" incident — which appalled me as much as it did you — that's another case entirely: the judicial system is at fault there, not the porn laws. Your figures on murder victims are sheer fantasy, I'm afraid, as Cindy will point out in a moment. The fact that you need to fabricate them merely proves my basic point, that those obsessed with this "cause" will tailor information to fit political theories.

As regards the torn-off nipple and similar snuff-style stuff, have you ever wondered why the rumours about snuff movies started at exactly the same time as movie special effects reached new levels of sophistication? *Snuff* itself was long ago proven to be an FX fake, remember.

Finally, as regards "sexual politics": it is obvious to anyone with a grain of sense and a level head that *NME* supports the general aims of the feminist movement — equality of pay, opportunity and the like; what annoys you is that some of us have the temerity to suggest that your cause might be better served by concentrating on such cast-iron issues rather than chase red herrings like porn and splatter movies on the unsubstantiated pretext that there is some connection between them and violence against women. – AG.

Good critics try to define their terms and write in a context, particularly when they use contentious terms like 'pornography' or 'oppression'. But these efforts are often overlooked by correspondents whose letters demonstrate that they pay little attention to what a writer *actually said*.

Re what 'Caroline' actually says about "90% of all murders" being committed by men and "50% of the victims" being women: the actual statistics available are for *homicides*. Criminal statistics are based on legislation, and in court, homicide breaks down into murder, manslaughter and infanticide. In the last set of statistics — and the only fully completed set in from '81 — the percentage of recorded women homicide victims is less than 50% (the average number during '76–'80 was 236 and the average number of males for the same period was 259). Of parties found guilty of *murder* in '81, 122 were male, 4 female. The majority of these crimes were 'domestic matters', ie. involving 'friends, lovers or relatives'.

To quote the Home Office who compile the statistics: "The murder rate has in fact not risen with the rise of video; we cannot comment but statistics on the rate show it has gone down between '79 and '81". I checked all their available stats and this is so.

I got these statistics to point out that it is generalisations such as Caroline's which contribute to negligence about the *reality* of crime — in which any *theory* about it must be grounded.

As for this film with the nipple being wrenched off, everyone else who told me they'd seen it said it was done with pliers. All of these indignant parties who supposedly saw it – and want to tell me about it — were women. — Cynthia Rose.

ANDY GILL experiences the ultimate terror of READERS' LETTERS

Write to: Gasbag, NME, 5–7 Carnroby Street, LONDON W1V 1PG

SMALL SCALE TACTICAL EXCHANGE

Just read your report on Glastonbury 1983, and having performed there, I just had to comment on the most scurrilous, unfair piece of reporting I have witnessed from your paper.

NME is smart and *NME* is bland I know, and Marillion were quite the most dreadful pretentious rubbish, I agree, but something is missing. Your taxi, you say, "was claimed" by someone else. Did that mean you were staying in some five star hotel nearby like other self-indulgent rock stars? Why no tent, no sleeping bags like the rest of us proletarians?

We were camping in the Performers Area behind the Theatre Tent — which you obviously did not discover — and had a great time. Glastonbury is a feeling, a spirit glimpsed around some of the camp fires; it was certainly in evidence in the Theatre Marquee and Field at times. It's something you missed – you have to look beyond the beer cans and litter, which we thought was the worst thing about the festival, the punters' disregard for the farmland.

I enclose a poem from European Theatre of War's repertoire which was going to be read from the Main Stage, but time did not permit.

Robert Stredder, European Theatre Of War, Swindon.

Unfortunately, space does not permit us to print European Theatre of War's contribution to contemporary culture. As for this hotel business, have you ever tried typing a review in the middle of a field surrounded by dirty hippies whilst exotic cheroot smoke billows all around you? — AG.

SUMMED UP IN A SENTENCE

To all those people who placed adverts in this week's *NME* wanting offers for their "Bowie, Keynes tickets":

IF YOU DIDN'T INTEND GOING TO THE CONCERTS YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SENT OFF FOR TICKETS IN THE FIRST PLACE YOU RIPOFF BASTARDS.

Tony, London SE27.

NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED...

I know that you asked that all correspondence concerning the recent 'Racket Packet' tape offer be directed to the Borehamwood address, but I'm writing to you as a last desperate measure to get something *done*!

In April I sent off for both tapes — 'Racket Packet' and 'Stompin' At The Savoy', sending the three tokens and a £3.10 PO. After 28 days had elapsed, I wrote enquiring what had happened to my order. No reply. After a week or so I wrote again, rather concerned this time, particularly as the May 31st deadline for correspondence was fast approaching. *Still* no reply. Both times I wrote to the Borehamwood address. Now, after waiting a further two weeks, I thought it was about time you lot pulled yer bleedin' fingers out, so I'm writing to *you*!

If I hear nothing within two weeks (ie. end of June) I'll conclude you lot don't give a fuck about us on the dole, to whom £3.10 is a lot of money, and take more drastic measures which may incur unwanted (bad) publicity for your organ. Not that I suppose for a minute your caring, respectful, responsible *NME* would give a fuck about that either.

Sorry to be so harsh, but this seems typical of the *NME*'s flippant attitude. Hope to hear from you *soon*!

Tim Barlow, Chester.

A thousand million apologies to Tim and anyone else who's not yet received their cassettes. This is due, as we reported a couple of weeks ago, to the unexpected voluntary liquidation of the distribution company. Any readers in a similar position to Tim should write direct to: Not Much Racket In My Packet, NME, 5–7 Carnaby Street, LONDON W1V 1PG, and we'll sort it out ourselves. — AG.

T-ZERS

WHIRRRRRRR . . . buzzzzzzz . . . zhummmmmmm . . . bangggggggg!

Yes, it's that time of year again. The staff members are two weeks into their three-month summer sabbatical and the office has been over-run by a gang of removal men who are noisily dismantling the famed marble pillars, antique Georgian desks and matching mahogany stools of the *T-Zers* dept and replacing them with the latest Habitat ranges. It's all part of the Ed's new policy of updating the image of an inside back page which many thought was out of touch with the fast-changing face of rock journalism.

And so the sound of this week's column is not the click of the typewriter key but the buzz of the Black And Decker drill, the shrill sneer of the electric saw and the almost poetic pandemonium of a dozen dungaree-clad demolition men hammering away at the very foundations of this last outpost of credible hackdom. Whuzzzzzzz . . . drurrrrrrr . . . boinngggg . . . thunnkkkkk! **Chris Bohn** thinks that it's the best thing he's heard since **DAF** split and is currently typing a 4,000 word feature on the drill solos. The rest of us aren't so sure.

But fear not for the rich tapestry of your wild and wacky *T-Zers* column. Come hell or high water, rain or shine, alterations or demolitions, we never close. Not until the pubs open anyway.

So come with us, gentle reader, and wade through the waist-high piles of sawdust to a makeshift hovel somewhere between **Andy Gill's** grubby cubicle and the brass-framed **Little Nicky Heyward** posters that adorn the wall of **Gavin Martin**'s private art gallery. Wearing protective helmets under a metal web of scaffolding, the *T-Zers* team are hard at work. Why don't we join them? And don't forget your earplugs. Whackkk . . . whooosh . . . kazaaam . . . dinnnnnnn!

YOUNG SOUL REBEL **Paul Weller** put in an appearance at **Curtis Mayfield's** show at the Commonwealth Institute at t'weekend and was promptly asked whether he wished to join the Superfly Guy onstage for a rendition of 'Move On Up'. The Cappuccino Cadet, of course, once sang the song with his old band **The Truth** but, blushing most heavily, refused said offer and spent the rest of the show straining to catch a glimpse of Curtis over the heads and shoulders of the assembled . . .

John Lydon and his platoon of **PiL** clones, fresh from their debut in last week's column, have now completed their mini-tour. The marathon trek consisted of a concert in LA and another in Japan in which a tuxedoed JR addressed his startled audience in their native tongue . . .

Bow Wow Wow, meanwhile, have nixed the last 30 dates of their Stateside *soiree* and stand to lose ¼ million bucks as a result. The Wow Wows were grounded by an injury to mad axeman **Matthew Ashman,** who broke two bones in his left hand while falling off the stage during their New Jersey gig. He is currently recovering in a Florida hospital complaining of the absence of ladyfolk . . .

T-Zers isn't the only place currently undergoing the slings and arrows of the demolition gang. A stray crane, being used on a building site adjacent to the Raymond Revuebar in Soho, became an uninvited guest at **Eddie And Sunshine**'s 'Living TV' show last Monday evening. The crane snapped in two and crashed into the odd couple's dressing room shortly before they were due on stage. Troupers that they are, our cover boy and girl decreed that the show went on . . .

IS IT a walking advert for the Brylcream bounce? An insurance salesman's after-office party? No . . . it's just another whacky jape captured for T-Zers by the camera of Joe Stevens. The gent on the right is American illusionist David Copperfield and the woman in the middle beauty queen Miss New York (Don't we all? — Ed). As the snap shows, she is being levitated by Copperfield to the amazement of his bearded assistant A. Mazed. Mr Copperfield claims to have the skills to make the statue of liberty vanish. And all our freedoms too?

Still in Sohohoho, The Wag Club is going overground on Friday nights from now on with the advent of **The Syndicate,** a mysterious group of people who have vowed to make the place a club for all ages and sizes. Spurning all elitism, the gang are welcoming everybody to come and shuffle their tootsies to, among others, Capital whizz kid **Gary Crowley,** with the emphasis on dance and fun rather than prance and slum . . .

And opening on Thursday nights from now on, a new club called The Stomach Pump at The Fridge. This week's digest includes **Test Department, Fan Tan** and **Creatures Bent On Death And Destruction.** The Fridge plays host to the Pump for the next two weeks before they move across town to Deptford . . .

Comings and goings: despite being married to the boss's daughter, **Jermaine Jackson** has jumped the Motown flagship in search of a more challenging record deal, leaving him free to re-join his bros for record and live work. **Riuchi Sakamoto,** star of *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* and **Yellow Magic Orch,** is slated to play Japanese novelist **Yuko Mishima** in forthcoming film to be made by **Francis Ford Coppola.** And **Valac Van Der Veene** has quit *Snouds* for a far more lucrative career as guitarist with **The Bollock Bros . . .**

WE HEARD the news today, oh boy, that **Pete Capaldi** of *Local Hero* fame is taking a break from recording with his band, **The Big Store,** to star as **John Lennon** in **Willy Russell's** stage play *John, Paul, George, Ringo and Bert.* Capaldi says that he bears "no resemblance to Lennon apart from the pot belly" so he is driving the rest of his combo crazy with funny haircuts and lame Liverpool accents . . .

Sly Stone, busted for the third time this year in Fort Myers, Florida – this one for non-payment of a hotel bill and possession of coke residue – had his 570 bucks bail raised by a couple of fans. No one else, it seems, was prepared to help him out. Funk me . . .

The release of a new **Madness** single has been put on hold after the disappearance yet again of keyboard maestro **Mike Barson.** Nutty boy Barso has not been heard of since leaving his Dutch domicile with wife **Sandra** and dog **Chappie** for a holiday somewhere in Europe . . .

Bands you may have forgot (or, never heard of) dept: having finished with their manager **'Rebel' Wheeler, Under Two Flags** have been scouting for a new svengali. And lo, who should be the first would-be supremo to turn up on their punky doorstep but **Bernie** 'The Bolt' **Rhodes**? And even lo-er, who should be the first to get a refusal slip but **Bernie** 'Missed The Boat' **Rhodes**? Funny that . . .

Far be it from us to speculate, but could the cancellation of **Set The Tone**'s London showcase gig at Heaven last Monday have had anything to do with fears about the attendance – or even the lack of the same – at the concert? The Toners, a lickle birdie tells *T-Zers*, managed to attract a grand total of fourteen – yes, One-Four punters at their Hacienda bash a few days before they were due to hit London . . .

LA hipsters **X** broadening their horizons with a release of the old rockabilly hit 'Breathless' as well as scoring the soundtrack to the forthcoming film *Nightmare* . . .

Brooooo Springsteen in line for a guest slot on the new **Mark Knopfler**-produced **Bobsie Dylan** album. He'll be joined by **Charlie Watts, Mick Taylor, Sly Dunbar** and **Robbie Shakespeare** . . .

Prince awarded a 1,999 buck scholarship to a minority student in Detroit when he played the Motor City on his recent US tour. The LA leg of the same shuffle attracted an all-star audience including **Springbeam, Stevie Nicks** and **Eddie Murphy** of *48 Hours* fame . . .

"Well, it was easier than running 26 bleeding miles round London," said one square eyed dot after sitting through *The Tube's* five hour Midsummer Night's Snooze thingy. Highlights, apart from archive TV clips, proved to be **Talcy Malcy's** B-Girls Skipping team, **King Sunny** steaming up the camera lenses and **Boy George** talking more sense in three minutes than the increasingly loathesome **Durham Durham** managed from their South of France chateau in twenty. We won't mention the equally awful **Tubes.** *(Oh go on – Ed)* Alright, they were just horrible. *(Anything else? – Ed).* Yes, **Viv Goldman** was on, wearing those bloody silly earrings again, and **Paula Yates** is going going gone. *T-Zers* is to present her with a memorial piece of the wall on which **Roy Carr** stuck his centrefolds of *Whitehouse* . . .

Adam Ant's new single will be played on and produced by one **Phil Collins.** Can't sound any worse than our office does. Whrrrr, buzzzz, Kazammmmm!

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THE NEW HONDAS. ENOUGH TO SEND A MOD CLEAN OFF HIS ROCKER.

Our salesman was pale and visibly shaken.

"All I did was tell him about the new Honda Lead and Spacy. How the Lead comes in either an 80cc or 125cc model. How the V-matic transmission is just the gear for cruising up and down hills as if they weren't there. Even with two up. And how the hydraulically damped suspension smooths out the rough."

"What happened then?" we asked gently.

"Well, he kept muttering 'ace, ace.' So I began to tell him a little about the 125cc Spacy. You know, about the four-stroke liquid cooled engine, electric starting, retracting halogen headlamp and feet warming air outlets.

But as I pointed out the digital instruments, without warning, he lets out a banshee wail and jumps three feet into the air."

It's not an unusual story. The futuristic Honda Lead and Spacy have 'freaked out' even the most mild mannered customers.

Ring the Honda Hotline on 01-409 3189 for brochures and prices.

Or see them at your nearest Honda dealer. He'll also tell you about the **Hondacare** option: competitive insurance and an extended warranty.

Just one thing though, when you're down there, go easy on our salesmen.

Believe in freedom. Believe in HONDA